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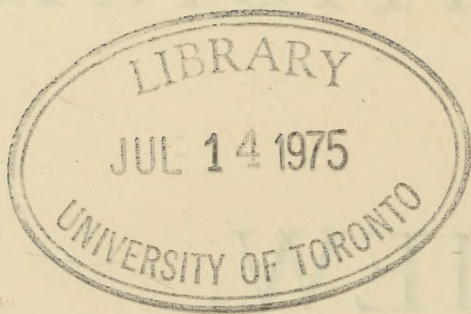
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# THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

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JULY, 1879.

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## RUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.

AN accomplished English observer and writer not long since called attention to the fact, that among the many books and essays lately published concerning Russia there is nowhere to be found a description of what the empire is doing for the education of its people. Even Mr. Wallace has not touched upon the subject, and on a question concerning which he is silent, English readers in vain look elsewhere for information. Only by going to the Germans can the deficiency be supplied. Among their indefatigable students, who so seldom disappoint, Lindheim, Eckhardt, and Celestin have each treated the questions clustering about the work of education in Russia with conspicuous ability; and from their volumes it is easy to make large additions to the information furnished by writers in our own tongue. These authors, while they lack the grace of Mr. Wallace, fortunately happen to be strong at the very point where he is weak; and in their works the subject of education in Russia is treated with admirable fulness and fairness.

The work of the Emperor Alexander in the interests of education cannot be estimated at its true value without placing it in comparison with that of Nicholas. Such a comparison is rendered necessary by the fact, that the educational projects of the present czar are not a mere development of ideas and methods already established, but a complete abandonment of old ideas and methods, and the establishment of new and very different ones in their place. What he has done is nothing less than to cause the whole system of Nicholas to

face about, and to march in precisely the opposite direction. That he has yet carried the nation very far on its new way can hardly be affirmed ; but he has at least started it in the right direction, whereas his predecessor was guiding it directly toward the ignorance of the Middle Ages. It can be shown, that within the last twenty-five years the progress of Russia in matters of education has been considerably greater than that of any other nation on the globe.

The most insidious and the most successful opponent of an advanced system of education is national vanity ; and national vanity was the besetting weakness of Russia during the first half of this century. The Russians were supremely content with the part played by their climate, if not by themselves, in the destruction of Bonaparte ; and while Prussia was preparing to furnish the most remarkable lesson in history on the uses of national adversity, Russia seemed bent upon devoting her energies to showing the dangers of national prosperity. From the fall of Napoleon to the accession of Nicholas, therefore, there was no change for the better either in matters of education, in the organization of the army, or in the administration of civil affairs.

The next war tended in a singular manner to strengthen that vanity which had already gained a lusty growth. The battle of Navarino annihilated the Turkish fleet, and gave to Russia the command of the Black Sea. It mattered not that the victory was due to the presence of English and French vessels : it was the Russians who profited by the result. Upon the land, too, Russia was even more fortunate. After England and France had retired from the contest in 1827-28, Russia carried on the war alone ; and never, perhaps, was a series of blunders rewarded with so great success. Von Moltke, in his comments on the war, has given us a vivid picture of the imbecility and the success of the campaign. Turkey was really on the brink of ruin. Her fleet had been annihilated. Her army was but half organized, in the impotent manner which had been adopted after the destruction of the Janizaries. She was exhausted by six years of war with Greece, and was without an ally. Had Russia fought with even moderate skill, Turkey must have been ruined ; or had Turkey been still in full possession of her energies, weak as they were, Russia must have been driven back. But no such skill or energy was present with either army. At Jambali 15,000 troops fled before 800, leaving behind them food and ammunition enough for a campaign. At Adrianople a garrison of 40,000 surrendered to a besieging army



of 20,000, and that too at a moment when the besiegers were chiefly anxious to secure their own safe retreat. From beginning to end the war was a succession of senseless panics, interspersed here and there with spasms of heroic but misguided, and therefore unavailing, endeavor.

The consequences of this bungling success were two-fold. An important increase of Russian territory on the western shore of the Black Sea was more than counterbalanced by an increase of that national vanity which was already her worst weakness. Of the demoralizing effect of a pervasive national egotism upon national character, history furnishes abundant examples. The victories of Napoleon I. begot Chauvinism, and Chauvinism overthrew the second empire. The United States has been imbued with a like sentiment for two generations. Germany, since 1870, has been experiencing some of the worst of its evils.

It was from this spirit that Russia suffered during the reign of Nicholas. It showed itself in a thousand ways. On one occasion a haughty and formal complaint was made to England and France because, forsooth, Russia was obliged to humiliate herself to the extent of treating directly with Turkey. "The conduct pursued toward the Russian cabinet is unheard of," said Nesselrode to Seymour; "the sultan is consulted in regard to the terms on which he is disposed to make peace." Even more contemptuous, if possible, was the czar. When driven into a diplomatic corner, he gave vent to his spirit by labelling the Emperor of the French as "Number III.;" and the sultan of the Turks as "*ce monsieur*." In fact, during the negotiations his chief anxiety seemed to be, lest the sick man should be put out of the way before proper arrangements had been made for a disposition of the property.

So long as this national infatuation prevailed, no improvement in national affairs was to be looked for. Even the army was kept up for ornament quite as much as for use. "I hate war," said the commander; "it so spoils the regiments." It is not strange that under such influences military education of a high order was deplorably neglected, even though the whole empire was, in a sense, a military organization. National spirit fell into decay; and vacancies, even in the army, came to be more and more generally filled with foreigners. German officers at the head of Russian troops were as common as French cooks had been in German kitchens before the battle of Rossbach. That people whose all-invading and all-conquering minds

accommodate themselves to all necessities and survive all vicissitudes, worked itself by degrees into the best places of the administration and of the army. At one time we encounter the astounding fact, that eighty out of every hundred superior officers in the Russian army are Germans. On hearing the roll-call one day, the czarovitch, when the long list of German names was at length interrupted by that of Kotzlaf, exclaimed, "Ah! thank God, at last there is a Russian!"

It was from such dreams that the nation was rudely aroused by the Crimean War. It is not strange that the war had scarcely begun, ere it became manifest to all military observers that the Russian army must be completely remodelled, before it could occupy the place to which the numbers and courage of its soldiers would entitle it. Still less is it singular, that to the Emperor himself the issue of the war was a shock from which he could not recover. For his was not merely the responsibility of an ordinary monarch. He alone had been the cause of the war; and so completely had his superhuman energy penetrated every corner of the empire, that it was said, "Not a mouse can stir in Russia without permission from the czar." Still further, the war had been brought on for the accomplishment of that supreme Russian aspiration, never during a century lost sight of, the opening of a free passage from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. The necessity of such a passage had been seen by Peter the Great. It was the object of that famous journey of Catharine II., when she junketed to England in company with Joseph II., in the winter of 1786. Alexander I. said to Napoleon, at Tilsit, "I must have the key that unlocks the door of my house." But he died, leaving this unsatisfied demand as a legacy to his son; and Nicholas had since been working in his Asiatic way to prepare his people for the conflict. At length it came. His disappointment at the issue was not merely that arising from an ordinary defeat, but such as was proportioned to the complete failure of a system to the establishment of which all the energies of the emperor's marvellously energetic nature had for more than a quarter of a century been directed. It crushed all his hopes, and finally broke the tough cordage of his truly imperial heart.

For some months after the accession of Alexander II., the world was left in doubt as to the future policy of his government. But it soon became apparent that, however blind others might be, the czar at least saw clearly the necessity for a reform which, to be



effective, must be far more comprehensive than any one had as yet ventured to suggest. It must not only embrace methods of administration, but also the means by which officers of administration are created. In a word, it must include a national system of education.

It is not necessary to believe that the emperor fully comprehended the magnitude of the task before him ; but that he acted with much wisdom is certain. He was not in haste to mature his plans ; on the contrary, there were signs of restlessness at his apparent inaction. But his answer to the critics was, "After her great disaster, Russia does not sulk, but meditates." That there was reason for meditation the condition of the empire afforded abundant proof. His task was not simply that of reforming an administration which had become encumbered with corrupt habits and methods ; it was not even the work of sweeping away completely a series of Asiatic institutions, and attempting to install in their place some semblance of the civilization of Europe : it was rather the more difficult task of infusing European ideas into Asiatic methods, of engrafting into an old stock of Oriental habits and traditions scions which might be expected to bear a new species of foliage and fruit. It was nothing less than an effort to change the character of the national growth, without giving established institutions so great a shock as to bring on a destructive and powerful reaction. That this was a work of even greater difficulty than would at first appear, a glance at a single phase of the intellectual and social condition of the country will make apparent.

During the reign which had just come to an end, the dominant powers of the country, both intellectual and political, had exerted all their energies to develop what may be called the Asiatic side of civilization. Nicholas himself, whatever had been his incidental purposes, had devoted his mighty energies largely to this ultimate object. To this end he had desired to put a check upon the intercourse of his people with Western Europe ; and, accordingly, the price of passports had been placed as high as four hundred dollars. The schools and universities, which by the law of 1804 had acquired some measure of independence, and which had now begun to do something for the introduction of European ideas, were reduced by ingenious means to complete impotence. As an illustration of the manner in which this end was accomplished, it may be noted that the teachers of higher grade, especially the professors in the universities, held their positions only at the price of oft-repeated bribery. Indeed, bribery was reduced to an organized system. The system of purchase, which Mr. Forbes

pointed out as the crying weakness of the Russian army in the late war, was, twenty-five years ago, still more prevalent in matters of education. Places were put up at auction, and professorships were knocked off to the highest bidder. If the whole system had been ingeniously framed for the purpose of throwing ridicule on the work of giving instruction, it could not have dragged the profession of teaching into a more degraded condition.<sup>1</sup>

In the gymnasia, specialists were driven from their chairs in great numbers, and soldiers of no education were installed in their places. In 1828, within three years after the accession of Nicholas, the schools were so transformed that instruction was made practically impossible to all except the sons of nobles. This was even avowed as the purpose of the transformation; for the czar in a formal decree ordered the bureau "to restrain the unbridled impulse of the young people of the lower classes toward a higher education, through which they would only be sure to pass out of their original and proper condition without benefit to the State."

But the system of Nicholas fell with heaviest weight on the universities. These institutions had originally been organized after the German model, and prior to this reign had been allowed considerable independence. But now this independence was taken away by imperial decree. The new law not only deprived them of the right of choosing their own rector, but placed them under the most rigid police regulations. For example, an imperial ukase forbade the professors to talk of tyranny, even when lecturing on men like Nero and Caligula. In one of the official manuals prepared for the use of schools, it was declared "that the Romans had maintained a Republic only for the reason that they had not yet experienced the benefits of pure monarchy." But even these methods were found to be not sufficiently effective. Accordingly, in 1852, the study of Greek was declared dangerous to the State, and was banished from all the

<sup>1</sup> Celestin relates a number of curious anecdotes for the purpose of showing the caprice with which positions in the universities were filled. As one among many, may be given the following: The Rector of the University of Cracow had in some way or other been brought under special obligation to a policeman by the name of Canov. The policeman demanded as a reward a permanent place in the University. The Rector assured him that such a matter could be easily arranged; and, in a day or two, summoning Canov into his presence, said: "Do you know, Canov, that I am going to make you a university professor?" "Very well," said Canov. "And you are to lecture on Philosophy," continued the Rector. "I understand your excellence," responded the new-baked professor, — faced about, procured a German Leitfaden, and at once began his course.



schools. As the crowning work of this repressive policy, the number of students in each of the universities was limited by imperial command to three hundred.

In this singular policy of repression the government, it ought to be said, was not without active and powerful support. When, in 1842, Haxthausen, perhaps the ablest of all the observers of Russia, began his investigation of the institutions of that country, he found a group of young men at Moscow who were ardently devoted to the study of German philosophy. Disgusted with the hollow ostentation then prevailing in Russian society, these students had betaken themselves to the realm of free thought under the guidance of Hegel and Schelling. In the course of a brief period they found themselves separating into two distinct groups, and drifting in opposite directions. One of these groups, under the inspiration and guidance of Alexander Herzen, found their favorite studies in the works of the extreme Hegelians and French socialists. The other group buried themselves in the ideas of Schelling and of the Germans of the Romantic school, and soon came to be denominated the Russian Romanticists.

These two schools of philosophy, each in its distinct way, have played conspicuous parts in Russian politics, and have exerted a powerful influence on the modern institutions of the nation. But in this connection we have only to do with the followers of Herzen. From Hegel they had learned that every race called to govern the world was the bearer of a new *Idea* or *Principle*; and such an Idea they believed themselves to have found in the Slavic organization of society. The modern social system of Western Europe they declared to be built up on the principle of Individualism, or Egoism. This idea of individualism they found to be contrary to all the fundamental teachings of Christianity; and therefore doomed to failure. The Russian idea, on the contrary, is founded, not on the isolated welfare of individuals, but on that of the general community: while, therefore, the Western idea is essentially selfish, the Eastern is essentially generous. The one concentrates every thing in self; the other literally fulfils the injunction to do unto others all things whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you. The Slavophil's idea of society, therefore, is the idea of the early Christians, — of the community whose members, as we are told, possessed all things in common. While a war of every man against his fellows — *bellum omnium contra omnes* — is the result of Occidental civilization, the fundamental law of society in Russia favors the individual only through the advantages it confers on society as a whole. Western

civilization necessarily divides society into two hostile and irreconcilable factions,—the landlords and the landless. The members of one class, certainly if left unrestrained, accumulate great wealth,—as they have done, for example, under the free institutions of England; while the members of the other class remain hopelessly poor. No such distinction ought to exist. It is no more true that every man is entitled to freedom, than it is that every man is entitled at the time of his birth to a portion of the land in which he is born. No one can be deprived of his natural rights through the fault of his parents; it follows that when a youth reaches his majority and becomes a member of the community, he together with all the other members is entitled to his lot in the general distribution of the soil. The unit of society, therefore, is not the individual but the community.

These ideas, strikingly like those which Disraeli developed about the same time in "Coningsby" and "Sibyl," made a powerful impression on the thinking men of Russia. The question came to be asked in all grades of intelligent society, What the course of Russia should be? Ought the Western idea or the Eastern to be discouraged? Should Russia develop the individualism of European civilization; or should the nation rather build up a civilization of its own on the Slavic idea of socialism?

The energies of Nicholas acted in complete harmony with the young dreamers whom Haxthausen found at Moscow. The Crimean War was in some sense a contest between the antagonistic ideas. The Slavophiles looked upon it as an opportunity for showing the excellence and the power of their new form of civilization. They predicted the complete success of Russia; and their faith was scarcely shaken even by the intervention of France and England. The people of the West, they declared, were about to learn that their boasted free institutions would be of little service in the hour of danger. "It was now at length to be shown to the world," as one of their organs declared, "that an all-directing autocracy is the only means of preserving national greatness." At last, Russia was to realize under this new impulse the dream of Catharine II.: the Turks were to be driven out of Europe; and Russia was to acquire absolute control of the passage from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean. The date at which Russian troops would be in Constantinople was actively discussed; Jerusalem was to be liberated from the power of the infidel; and the czar was to be proclaimed as autocratic ruler of the new and universal pan-Slavonian empire.

To these confident predictions the result of the war was a terrible



blow. Many of the most intelligent of the Russians learned from the great national humiliation its true lesson. The policy of Nicholas, as well as the doctrines of Herzen, had been put to the test and found wanting. The administrative fetters which had cramped both universities and schools, and had been effective in suppressing every spontaneous movement, had wholly failed to fulfil the purpose for which they had been forged. The nation came very generally to perceive that the prevalent system of training, or rather want of training, made mere automatons even of the higher officers of the government and the army. The soldiers, indeed, still showed those fine qualities for which they had been so conspicuous at Zorndorf and Borodino; but the officers, while possessed of great personal courage, were utterly wanting in individuality and moral force. Peculation everywhere abounded. The commissariat excited the indignation or the raillery of men who had long been accustomed to official jobbery; and the national finances, which had been supposed to be in a satisfactory condition, succumbed beneath the preliminary expenses of the war. Thus it gradually dawned upon the intelligence of the nation, that while during the past half century the rest of Europe had been steadily advancing in civilization and power, Russia had at best been standing still. After all, Peter the Great had been right in trying to introduce Western ideas into the empire; and Nicholas was wrong in attempting to banish them to Siberia. Perhaps even the great Slavophil himself began to doubt; for he is reputed to have said of the system: "My successor can do as he pleases, but I cannot change."

The Asiatic idea died hard. Long after it was doomed, many a homesick imagination sighed for its recovery. A Russian princess, surrounded by the luxuries of Naples, is said once to have exclaimed, "Ah, yes! this is very fine; but then, it is not Siberia." Just so the Slavophiles long declared that Western civilization might be well enough in its way, but it was not Russian.

But they were obliged to yield. The system, in spite of all artificial props, was effectually broken down by the Crimean War. Though the censorship which had been established by Nicholas still remained unbroken, and would allow no general and public criticism, yet there was no lack of evidence that very many of the people comprehended the true nature of the national weakness. Innumerable tirades were written and passed from hand to hand. The air was for a time filled with inflammatory and bombastic rhetoric. Nesselrode was accused of selling the nation to its enemies. Mentchikof was laughed at as

the amphibious hero of lost battles by sea and land. Even the czar was summoned, in these inflated pasquinades, to present himself "before the judgment seat of history and of God;" and, when this summons seemed likely to pass unheeded, they would be content with nothing less than his "bowing down before his brethren and humbling himself in the dust." In short, it soon became evident that a strong reaction had begun; and that the tide of popular intelligence was setting strongly in the direction of a return to the policy of Peter the Great and Alexander I.

The spirit of reform in Russia, after the Crimean War, fell very far short of being as thorough-going as was the spirit in Germany after the battle of Jena; and yet it may be said that in the two countries there was one idea in common. In Russia, as well as in Prussia, it was acknowledged by the leading minds that reform, in order to be thorough and far-reaching, must begin with education. In both countries it was understood that reform never comes as a result of spasmodic effort, but rather through such a system of changes as will result in an ultimate modification of character. It is of the first importance to note that the czar comprehended fully what is not always understood, that the easiest way, and perhaps the only way, of effecting such a change in public character is through the education of those on whom in the next generation the character of the nation is to depend. This was understood by Alexander II.; and, accordingly, he set about a most thorough reform of the entire educational system.

When he took his task in hand, he found not only that classical studies had been excluded, and that the number of students in each of the universities had been limited to three hundred, but also that the organization and government of the institutions were such as to cramp and stifle all high aspirations of every kind. Over each university was placed a series of military officers. First of all there was the "Inspector," in whose hands was lodged plenary power. Next in rank below was the Curator, also a military officer, whose especial duty was to command the university police. And as if the duty of commanding a police sufficiently numerous to keep three hundred students within bounds was too onerous for a single officer, beneath the curator there was the "Syndic," resembling the brigadier beneath the major-general. Inferior in rank and authority to these were the Rector and the Deans of the respective faculties.

The evil of the system lay in the fact that the superior officers, frequently ignorant of educational affairs, were in the habit of inter-



fering in the merest trifles of university management. Under the incubus of this system, professors and students alike could have no independence of method or of thought. Professorships were not bestowed on the learned, but on the servile. Ability to teach ceased to be the requisite qualification of a teacher. Students sought the universities not for obtaining knowledge, but for the higher rank in governmental service which the university degree conferred. The officers of government were not allowed to note a student's scholarship; nor could the officers of instruction note his attendance or conduct. The consequence was that management and money came to be the sole agents of any especial potency in the work of securing the degree. In case of an "affair with the police," settlement was easily reached through the itching palm of the curator or inspector. In case of neglect of studies, the same corrupt means were often efficient with the professors. Celestin declares that the complete destruction of the universities as schools of learning was prevented only by those professors who had completed their education in foreign countries, and had brought back to their work something of the spirit of foreign universities.

This condition of affairs the czar laid hold of with an energetic, but at the same time with a judicious, hand. He began by ordering the ministry to take into consideration the condition of the universities, and to propose a scheme for their thorough reform. After an investigation of them all, a report was framed which was further submitted to a special commission for revision. Then the revised report was translated into several European languages, to secure the benefit of foreign criticism, — a fact by itself showing how completely Alexander had emancipated himself from the policy of his father. But even beyond this, in order to enable the commission to act with the most thorough possible knowledge of all educational subjects, one of the most accomplished scholars in the empire — M. Kavelin — was instructed to visit Western Europe, and to report at length on the condition of the higher schools of learning. In this genuine cosmopolitan spirit the opinions of scholarly men in all parts of Europe were sought; and, what was perhaps of even greater importance, the methods and characteristics of the German universities came to be fully understood. The comments on the new scheme made in Russia and in other lands were collected into two volumes, and these, together with Kavelin's report, were in the hands of the commission when the revised statute was framed.

The completed work, elaborated in this manner, and corrected as

it were by the scholarship of all Europe, received the approval of the ministry and the czar ; and on the 18th of June, 1863, it was published as the law of the empire. It was decreed that the provisions of the measure should be applied at once to the five universities of Russia proper, and at no remote day to the three others situated in the provinces.

The provisions of the new statute may be summarized under the following heads :—

1. The universities receive entire independence in the management of their interior affairs. The administration of each is given to a Senate and Rector ; the senate being composed of the older professors in the respective faculties, and the rector being chosen annually by the senate from its own number. All the officers of general administration are chosen by the senate. Questions pertaining to the work of instruction are decided by the respective faculties. The preservation of order among the students is intrusted to the Prosecutor and the Inspector, officers chosen by the senate for a term of three years. All questions of discipline are brought before a University Court, the judge of which must be a member of the Faculty of Law. The curator becomes, henceforth, merely an agent of the government, whose duty it is to ascertain whether the provisions of the statute are carried out in good faith, and to report annually to the government in regard to the condition of the universities. In case a member of the senate thinks himself wronged by any action of a majority of his colleagues, he is allowed to appeal to the ministry of the general government through the curator.

2. A generous increase of revenue was provided for the enlargement of museums, libraries, and other means of illustration.

3. Liberal provisions were made for enlarging and improving the corps of instruction. The number of teachers was not to be less than seventy-five in any university ; salaries were increased, and for their payment sums were set apart for the different institutions ranging from 318,000 to 412,000 roubles. Professors were also entitled to fees from students, the amounts of which were to be determined by the senate.

As a further increase of teaching efficiency the number of *docenten* was greatly enlarged. This was done avowedly for two reasons. In the first place, it was eminently desirable to have a source from which practical and experienced teachers might be drawn for professors ; and, secondly, the experience of Germany had amply shown that there was no way of keeping the other professors so well abreast of



the times as by placing just behind them a corps of energetic and ambitious young aspirants for similar positions. A still further infusion of Western ideas into the universities was insured, by establishing an annual stipend or scholarship of 1500 roubles for each student designated by a university senate as being of superior attainments and promise, to support him for two years in some foreign university. The appropriations for this purpose amounted, during several years, to more than 100,000 roubles per annum. In 1866, fifty-six young men who had completed their two years under these favoring conditions at foreign universities had returned to Russia; and of these nearly half received university appointments at once. As a still further inducement to the life of a scholar, the government granted a pension of half of a full salary after twenty-five years of service.

4. Provisions were adopted to check with a vigorous hand the prevailing indolence on the part of students, and to encourage industry and independence. Requirements for admission were made more rigid, and annual examinations were instituted. In the department of Medicine the course was five years; in the other schools it was four years.

These details suffice to show the nature of the reformatory spirit with which Alexander entered upon his educational work. He had manifestly set his heart upon bringing Russia into the family of European nations.

We are not permitted by our space to enter upon any description of the other grades of schools, but must be content to say that the same spirit was made to pervade the whole system,—that the gymnasia, the scientific schools, the normal schools, and even the private schools were subjected to the same thorough and pains-taking examination and reform. The German schools were the models which the commissioners constantly had in mind; yet it is sufficiently evident that no doctrinaire servility characterized their work. It was a skilful adaptation of the superior methods of Germany to the actual condition of affairs in Russia.

In the reorganization of the schools, there was one puzzling question, however, which deserves more than a passing notice. This concerned the relative place and encouragement to be given to classical and scientific studies. The ground which has so often been fought over in Western Europe, and to some extent in the United States, was the scene of an earnest contest in Russia. The spirit of the gymnasia inclined strongly to scientific studies. Many were in

favor of the entire abolition of the classics from the governmental schools. So earnestly was the question debated, that the government finally decided on the appointment of a commission to consider the matter. Men interested in the various branches of classical and scientific research were put upon the commission, in order that all phases of the subject might be considered from every point of view. The report is chiefly interesting from the elaborate discussion it contains concerning the developing power of different studies. The claims of the advocates of the respective schools were heard, and the result was what may be deemed a triumphant restoration of the classics to popular favor.

The commissioners declared that the most formidable argument against classical studies was that they were of little practical value in life, — an assertion which, as they thought, could be retaliated with equal truth of scientific studies. What is needed, said they, is not a course of study which will give information that can never be forgotten, but a course of study which will develop *mind*. Give a student observing and reasoning faculties, and he is ready for any task likely to confront him; and, for this needed development, nothing seemed to them so effective as the study of language; and, of all languages, none have been found equal to those of Greece and Rome. If Latin and Greek are soon forgotten by most students, so are the mathematics, and indeed almost every thing else learned at school. In short, the sum of their argument was not very unlike that of St. Marc-Girardin, who once declared of the man of culture, "It is not necessary that he know Latin; it is only necessary that he have forgotten it." It is perhaps enough to say, in addition, that the result of the investigation was such as to give fair opportunity to both classes of schools, but at the same time to afford to the classical schools, in some sense, the sanction of governmental precedence.

It must also be said, that, great as was the interest of the emperor in the universities and the intermediate schools, it was to the reform and development of the common schools that he was most ardently devoted. Early in his reign he declared with great solemnity, that, "If Russia desires to maintain her position in the rank of other European States; if she awaits in the future greater glory, greater power, and greater happiness than she has known in the past, — these ends are to be obtained with the greatest certainty and rapidity by laying at once the solid foundation of a system for the universal education of the people. To attain so important a result for the welfare of the people, I call upon my loyal nobles to stand guard over the



common schools. Let them stand by the government, in order that the schools, through increasing watchfulness, may be protected from every hostile influence."

It is not necessary to say that these wise and noble words have wrought a miracle, in order to show that their influence has been salutary. But already a very considerable change has been brought about in the common people. Of the soldiers in the ranks when the czar ascended the throne, only two in a hundred could read; in 1870 the two had been increased to eleven,—a fact which shows at once how much has been accomplished, and how much yet remains to be done.

The government schools under the new system are organized in four classes,—the universities, the gymnasia, the grammar schools, and the common schools. The universities, eight in number, receive somewhat more than 400,000 roubles each from the national treasury per annum. The ninety-three gymnasia receive every year from the same source 21,000 roubles each,—all these sums being in addition, of course, to the amount received from fees of students. The grammar schools number four hundred and twenty-four, and the common schools somewhat more than thirty thousand.

The full significance of these various educational reforms can hardly be understood, without a brief reference to the recent efforts to establish representative institutions. That curious local assembly known as the "Mir," has played an important part in the local administration of Russian affairs for several centuries. But it was not until the government had been aroused by the disasters of the Crimean War, that the question began to be agitated concerning the introduction of representative legislation. This agitation resulted in the decree of Jan. 1, 1864, by which District and Provincial Legislatures were established in nearly all parts of the empire. These were to be made up of representatives of the three estates,—the landed proprietors, the rural communes, and the municipal corporations. The deputies are elected in certain established proportions for each of the three estates once in three years; and the representatives of the peasantry are nearly as numerous as those of the land-owners.<sup>1</sup> In the Provincial Assembly, which is made up of delegates elected

<sup>1</sup> Wallace says that the peasants "form a decided majority;" but Celestin declares that they have a majority in no more than three of the districts; and that in the district assemblies as a whole their number of delegates is 5171, while the number of the representatives of the land-owners is 6204, and of the municipalities, 1649.

by the District Assemblies from their own numbers, the peasant representatives are less numerous; but this is only because the districts are desirous of sending to the provincial parliament their most influential members. Though these assemblies are not allowed to trench upon questions of national politics, yet in all local matters they may act with entire freedom. It is impossible not to see that they afford a field for the exercise of intelligence and learning such as has never before been enjoyed. By the Act of 1864 the germs of self-government were planted in all parts of the land, and an incentive was established which is not without its educational as well as its political value. The simple fact, that any person of education and ambition may hope to take part in a consideration of whatever seems likely to increase the moral and material well-being of the people, cannot but give an importance and a significance to the schools which under the old despotic forms they could not have enjoyed.

The financial and military reforms to which the government of Alexander II. has given especial attention, furnish another encouragement to the schools well worth consideration. But, though they have not been described by Wallace, we must desist; only remarking that, if the course of the czar has been less worthy of admiration in financial and military affairs than in matters educational and administrative, it has at least shown that he has at all times been actuated by the same European spirit. No one understands better than he that Russia under Nicholas was, Titania-like, enamoured of a monster; and no one is more fully convinced that, if she is to be permanently cured of her delusion, she must keep her eyes turned constantly to the West rather than to the East. The emancipation of the serfs, the reform of the educational system, and the establishment of local representative institutions constitute a lien upon the gratitude of the future, such as no other European potentate has thus far during this century been able to establish. Alexander is entitled to the credit of sweeping away the Asiatic hallucination, and of putting European methods in its place. More than that, he has made the Western forms of civilization popular,—as Gortschakof is reported once to have said, he has made them “as sacred as a religion, as fixed as propriety, and as popular as a fashion.”

CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.



## GEORGE ELIOT.

**A**LTHOUGH a great number of criticisms upon George Eliot's writings have appeared during the past ten years, there still remains to be written a fitting tribute to her genius as a social reformer.

The two prominent principles in George Eliot's works are: the interdependent character of our lives, and the unequal distribution of joy and sorrow. One must bear these two points always in mind in order rightly to appreciate the consummate skill with which she illustrates the influences of events. She tells us that in working out, to the best of our ability, the advancement of our kind, we are only fulfilling our own destiny; and that our own gain is made only through this devotion to others. We are not to look for a reward, manifest and immediate; for in such a search we must necessarily neglect others. Nor are we to complain if our efforts are coldly received, for then we detract from them that which makes them so precious, — their whole-souled spontaneity. Human nature is so imperfect, so hampered by sensual longings, by inordinate repinings, even in the best of us, that the results of our efforts are by no means commensurate with the efforts themselves, nor with the self-conquest which those efforts denote. This element in her writings is wonderfully accurate. She portrays most vividly the working of this regenerate nature in *Romola*, in *Gwendolen*, in *Maggie Tulliver*, in *Dorothea*; and I shall confine my study chiefly to "*Romola*," "*Middlemarch*," and "*Daniel Deronda*." These three books contain, in the fullest degree, the best continuous expression of the depth and variety of the author's genius, both as novelist and moralist.

"*Romola*" may be called the most artistic production of her pen, in the same way that "*Esmond*" is admitted to be the highest product of Thackeray's art; and also in a higher sense. Herein we have an historically faithful sketch of the time of the Renaissance, as in "*Esmond*" we have a faithful picture of Queen Anne's time; and both succeed in conveying to the mind of the reader the action of the spirit of their times. The present time and that of the Renaissance are

often likened to each other, and in their intellectual aspect the surface resemblance is great. But an essential difference lies in this, that the Renaissance growth of intellectual freedom frittered itself away into mere imitation of style at the expense of thought,<sup>1</sup> while the modern thirst for knowledge carries with it that which is far higher, nobler, and of the greatest practical value, — a constantly increasing desire to impart that knowledge to all mankind, so as not only to impregnate all minds with knowledge, but with the power to use that knowledge for the greatest good. And it seems to me very beautiful and right that George Eliot should have pictured her Romola, though living in an age when this modern feeling was almost unknown, yet as unsatisfied with the mere accumulation of wisdom without also being able to impart it to her kind; and so as feeling a void in her consciousness which was, with only slight outside directive power, capable of transformation into a sympathetic, glowing energy, of which the power for good should know no limit to its efforts.

The superficial culture, the dabbling in authorship, the gentlemanly bickerings, and mutual jealousies of the Medicean and other circles of brilliant men were productive of both good and evil. The evil was the more immediate in its effects; the good is but now earning recognition. The evil was apparent in the decline of moral and political principle, in the abandonment of self to sybaritic enjoyment, in the chaotic upturning of social order during the temporary successes of fanatical and revolutionary masses. The good is found in the enthusiastic seeking after knowledge, in the rejection of clerical restraint and interposition in affairs of state; and this last good is now more than ever exerting its power in the efforts of reformers to undogmatize the faith of the past eighteen centuries, that it may be placed anew not only in the heart, but in the understanding of mankind. Within her field of work, George Eliot is a bold and fearless reformer; she has well chosen the time of the Renaissance, and in depicting that time she is careful to give due prominence to each and every influence then at work. The Medicean circle illustrates the development of intellectual freedom; Romola, the longing for something more than self-culture; and Savonarola, the intensely spiritual reaction.

<sup>1</sup> I have no intention of ignoring the priceless services of the Renaissance humanists, in handing down to modern times the grandeur of the Greeks, — that literature, to which we are still so greatly indebted for our philosophy and elevation of thought.



Among the Mediceans is found Tito Melema, who knows nothing further of the problem of life than that it is simply to live. He is satisfied, so long as the even tenor of his way is undisturbed. He cares nothing for the world, every thing for his own comfort. He is an egoist, with an intensity by the side of which the egoism of an ordinary man is as the pure and unsullied being of our poetic ancestor, before the episode of the apple; and this egoism exerts its sway in every action of his life. While having no particular inclination towards either good or evil, he is irresistibly impelled, in order to avoid an unpleasant publicity, into deceit; and, having once experienced the necessity of deceit, he allows it to become a second nature with him, without the slightest perception of the depth of moral degradation into which he has fallen. He is kind, so long as kindness is not inconsistent with his personal ease; he is tender and gentle, so long as it is pleasant for him to be so: but the latent brutality of his nature is strikingly shown in his denial of Baldassarre, and in his indifference to his wife's feelings when he proposes to dispose of her father's library. This proposition he knows to be an unpleasant one; but he is at a loss to understand why the sentimental reverence of Romola for the things with which she has lived so long as to have come to regard them almost as living creatures, should weigh for an instant against his more natural and practical wish to rise in the social scale. He succeeds in serving for a while even three masters, though in doing so he is in reality serving only the one master that he knows, — himself. He has his genuinely tender moments, which are not so much an indication of moral strength erroneously directed as of moral somnolence. He is uniformly kind with the childish Tessa, who is the one being capable of uncovering and awakening what little of moral worth there is in him. He cannot be cruel to her when he is with her, it is so very pleasant and beautiful to be looked up to by such appealing, adoring eyes. He accepts placidly her loving caress; he gently returns it as a pleasant emotion. He loves, he plots, he serves, only to gratify his desire for tranquillity, for ease; and he reaps the reward of his life in a manner depicted with a vividness and realistic power at once strong and direct. All this real baseness is concealed by a clear, bright face, which is but slowly worked on by the hollow insincerity within. Melema's character, on its intellectual side, is distinguished by brilliancy, wit, and quickness, but there is no indication of comprehensiveness or depth of view. He worships at the shrine of knowledge with blind old Bardi, but he has nothing of the

genuineness of the old man. He is always finding books and passages with the air of one who is hoodwinking his companion. Because it serves his purpose, he is quite content to be the old man's helper. He knows that if he can only convince Bardi that he really is a learned Greek, his future among the Mediceans is assured ; and then there is the pleasurable excitement of a nearness to and intimacy with Romola. Their marriage is the natural result. From the time of that marriage the real baseness of Melema is gradually unfolded, and its effect on the character of Romola is what we have particularly to examine.

Romola has been brought up by a profound student, who from the nature of his studies, and from his loss of sight, is necessarily withdrawn from close contact with the world. What he knows of the world outside he learns from gossipy Brigida, of easy virtue, and from Bernardo. As a consequence, Romola is equally ignorant. She has been taught to revere knowledge without reservation, and to despise the volubility and worldliness of her aunt more from their tiresomeness and hindrance to intellectual pursuits than from their tendency to carelessness of life. The incompleteness and unfitness of her instruction are plainly seen the moment that she is brought in contact with the world. Her father was a noble, upright man, and in watching and sharing his daily tasks she could not help drinking in much that would in the future be a guard against any lowering of her moral life ; but she could learn nothing there of the extent and variety of those outer snares, — and so it was not at all strange that she should succumb to the beautiful exterior, the superficial brightness and learning of Melema. But in the future lies concealed a dark picture of shattered hopes, unfulfilled longings, despair, and then regeneration. This, in its actions and its lessons, contains the story of all noble lives. It shows the futility of entertaining selfish aims, the impossibility of gaining happiness. It pictures the utter helplessness of man or woman in the first agony of broken faith and trust. It then leavens the blackness of existence by a call to nobler duties, and shows that the real aim of being and the real contentment with life lie in self-sacrifice. Romola naturally supposes that she has found her place in life by the side of one who, to the unpractised eye, possesses every quality necessary for contributing his share towards making the home full of pleasurable cares, quiet duties, and unselfish love. She soon learns that her idol is made of clay ; and that knowledge comes to her in such a way as to make her despairing,



helpless. This is the feeling also which haunts Dorothea when she learns her lesson, and Gwendolen when she describes to Deronda the drowning of Grandcourt. In the higher growth of these three women, the action is different, though the motive power is the same. Romola leaves her home to go away for ever, when she is met by the man who, of all the historically grand or brilliant spirits of the city, is the most worthy of study. He whose intellect had been so engrossed in spiritual study as to shine with almost prophetic power; whose eloquence was so impassioned as to cause the coldest, most hostile minds to yield an unwilling admiration, as to lead back into the bosom of his church the eager horde of miserable artisans and meaner classes, thrilled and terrified by the mightiness of his words, and to bring down upon himself the wrath of his spiritual but villanous superior; whose whole life was pure and noble; whose efforts were unceasing; but whose mind at last became so fed at the sacrifice of physical well-being as to receive the unhealthy element of visions, although now clear and full of his great schemes to recall men to their higher obligations, — this man meets her with burning words, which sink deep within her. Through the appeal of Savonarola, Romola finds her better self; and her cold, self-contained spirit receives the glow diffused into it by the fervor of the preacher. She yields an implicit obedience, and turns back to pass the next period of her existence in a cheerless home, but ever busy with deeds of mercy beyond that home.

I have said that Romola found a new life in listening to Savonarola. Because she had found that new life, it does not follow that she could never again fall into error. In fact, she often did so; but her aim was higher, her motives were purer. She could not wholly overcome the bent of a naturally cold, proud spirit; and, as her intellect had been more fully trained than was perhaps right, — I mean, had been trained at the expense of her humanity, — she had learned to criticise, possibly, too minutely and too harshly the weaknesses of others. Yet she could discriminate between conscious and unconscious weakness. She was severe, and justly so, with Tito; but her whole sympathy went out to Tessa. She saw and hated the supernatural element in Savonarola, yet she acknowledged the purity of his purpose, and she willingly sacrificed herself for the hapless people who had become so pitiably unhumanized by the plague.

After having done many deeds of mercy around her home, with Savonarola's help and inspiring counsels, Romola again finds herself

yielding to the past longing to go away, where she can be free from the old surroundings, and no longer at the call of the soulless man whom she had so inconsiderately clothed with countless virtues. But the words of Savonarola linger in her memory for a long time, and in the very newness of her life among these deeds of mercy she finds the consolation which the home-life lacks. When, however, the old distrust of priestly influence regains its natural place through the ill-considered, hectic utterances of the seer, into whom the preacher has at last resolved himself, she is no longer able to sustain the double strain upon her life. This is a weakness, perhaps, yet with an element of strength: since she retains her faith, while discarding her teacher. In their last interview, Savonarola says, in excuse for not interfering to secure the pardon of the five condemned men: "The end I seek is one to which minor respects must be sacrificed. The death of five men . . . is a light matter, weighed against the withstanding of the vicious tyrannies which stifle the life of Italy and foster the corruption of the Church; a light matter, against the furthering of God's kingdom upon earth, the end for which I live, and am willing myself to die." And again, "The cause of my party is the cause of God's kingdom." "I do not believe it," said Romola, her whole frame shaken with passionate repugnance. "God's kingdom is something wider, — else, let me stand outside it, with the beings that I love." This is the key-note of her later life, and in such a life there is nothing to condemn. It causes a reversion to the undogmatized intelligence of her earlier days, illumined by a faith far purer and grander than an illogical clinging to a contradiction, — a faith in the elevating influence of self-abnegation.

I have not considered, to any extent, the romance of this book; nor shall I look at the others from that point of view, except in so far as it has its influence on individual development. I have endeavored to make it plain that there is much that is far more worthy of study and thought than the mere story, and not beyond the comprehension of the ordinary reader. But at this point, though reluctantly, we must part company with the heroine, leaving her, as her creator does, full of loving tenderness and wide charitableness; a gentle guide, a helping, ministering reality, — a noble nature.

Among the results of the great influence of George Eliot's writings, one which is less agreeable yet more forced upon our notice than many others lies in the great number of imitations, particularly of the "Middlemarch" class, wherein the finest flavor of her work is



barely but completely missed. Mr. Swinburne, in his appreciative "Note on Charlotte Brontë," has clearly defined the difference of which I am about to complain. It is in substance this: that love is the end of being. With George Eliot, love is but a leading towards higher duties. In novels of a later date than "*Middlemarch*," we are obliged to read, if we read them at all, an account of the troubles and trials of a set of people who are intensely impressed with the hardness of their own fate, through mishaps in the course of a love in which a very highly refined sensuality is by far the most prominent characteristic. The riddle of existence is in these poor books either solved or abandoned in the marriage or death of the over-sentimental heroes and heroines. These intellectual monstrosities are continually calling upon us to joy with their joy and to weep with their weeping. In all these books I see but one hopeful sign. I see, and rejoice in seeing, that, even in missing the grandest element of all, the writers have learned at last that love itself is no longer the brutal instinct of early times, but that it brings in its train a host of other thoughts; and that it will (so far does my faith in human nature lead me), at no distant day, bring with it also that element of loftier duty which George Eliot and Thackeray — and they almost alone — have striven so hard in their different ways to teach to a faultily appreciative world. It is just here that Mr. Swinburne has missed the "crowning crown" of value in George Eliot's work. He has accepted the first of the definitions which I have given, and, as illuminated by the grand and fluent genius of that wonderful brain which worked so well, though for so short a time, in Haworth parsonage, has given to it a higher place in the realm of letters and of life than the less attractive, but to my mind far stronger and nobler, definition which is George Eliot's own.

Mr. Swinburne says that George Eliot's characters are "constructions," as opposed to "creations," — such as *Rochester* and *Monsieur Paul*: and his words carry weight. But these "constructions" are so vivified, so permeated by the author's own varied personality, that those who have sought in a study of life and its duties a broader field of work than in the indulgence of mere personal desire, find no difficulty in recognizing in them fellow workers in the same wide field.

A noticeable feature of "*Middlemarch*" is, that the time of the story is directly on the edge of the actual nineteenth-century revival of liberalism. The cities had already caught the fever, and its earliest symp-

toms were just reaching the country towns. Here we find Dorothea anxious for an outlet to her desire to be a help and blessing to her poorer neighbors, but laughed at as visionary. Naturally enough, when her every act and suggestion were met by incredulous, vacant looks, she turned her thoughts with an impassioned longing into that larger world, where a willing activity might shape for her a life which would not be all useless repining, and where, in return for her work, she might find a recompense in the inward assurance that she had not lived in vain. Without experience, without training of any kind, she still was sanguine of success. She was no warped and withered, no unhealthy and unfinished woman, such as have so often degraded the possibilities of their sex by ceaseless agitation of psychological and physiological theories, which their general unhealthiness has prevented them from understanding: she was a thoroughly healthy and womanly human being. In choosing this beautiful woman to represent the impatience of unlimited control which had hitherto hampered the full development of womanly nature, the author has shown her own innate healthiness of mind, and at the same time has given us a picture at once so clear and so true to the best instincts of womanhood as to approach perfection. It seems almost impossible to extend or take away from Dorothea's traits without placing her among those who, while gifted beyond the common lot, have still some unfinished characteristic made only the more glaringly distinct by this over-development of a particular virtue.

In the future, by the side of Casaubon, Dorothea thought she saw an opportunity to gain an outlet for her crying need to be of genuine use. She saw in him a man eminently above feeling an interest in the ordinary gossip of the day, with which her own small life was so painfully burdened. She saw him deeply engrossed in a noble work, or one which, judging from his engrossment in it, she thought must be noble. If she had had experience with the world, she might have been less easily deceived. As it was, she took for her helper a man apparently not more than ordinarily intellectual, who was to her during the few short weeks of anticipatory trustfulness every thing that was noble and great. It is to be seen what was the effect upon her character of her gradual perception of the common-place nature of this man,—a nature always so depressing in real life, but about which in this particular case there were many circumstances interfering with an utter condemnation. Dorothea supposes that Casaubon is at work on a masterly exposition of a very abstruse subject ;



and he also believes the same. She wishes to help him in his work, and he wishes to receive help from her. He is impressed with the idea that he will find in her one of those truly subjective beings who never harass with *mal-à-propos* questionings, or, in other words, one of those automatic characters into which in ages past (and too often also among ourselves) it has been thought proper to compress the feminine mind. Naturally enough, Dorothea is kept from betraying the positiveness of her character, because she recognizes the limited opportunities which have hitherto prevented her from developing her mental power ; and therefore she supposes that the shallowness of any attempt at mental display on her part must be easily detected by Casaubon's acute intelligence. The honeymoon delayed only for a short time the overture to the immediately subsequent disillusioning. Casaubon thinks that he can use his wife's aptness at acquiring the surface points of real knowledge for his own purposes, unmindful and ignorant of the fact that knowledge itself follows close on the track of even superficial study, when the mind is active and in sympathy with its task. He gradually learns that he cannot confine her powers within what he conceives to be their proper limits, and that she is capable even of attaining to the dignity of holding views distinct from his own. Dorothea is stimulated by contact with somewhat of the world to renewed efforts, and urges on her study with her usual earnestness of purpose. The result is a clash of opposing forces. Casaubon's feeling, that in the absolute subjectivity of women is their only safety, hurries on this clash, which however is unfortunately actually brought about through Dorothea's interest (natural enough in itself, but heightened perhaps by her wish to extend to her husband's relatives a little of that interest which she has for himself) in that very important individual, Mr. Will Ladislaw. Casaubon, having no love for that relative, is at a loss to know why Dorothea should bestow any of her care on him, and does not hesitate plainly to say so when Dorothea suggests a settlement upon him. The episode of the painting restores for a time his equanimity ; but after their return to the parsonage a few further intimations of Dorothea's independence of judgment open his eyes to the possibility that she may even be judging him, and thereafter he has no peace left. He is unable to change himself, for to do that would be the work of years ; nor does he recognize the desirability of so doing : and so he works the more strenuously to enwrap within his own mental ordering the rapidly widening intelligence of his wife. The effort is futile, and each separate encounter serves only to

widen the breach. A reactionary movement sets in when Casaubon is attacked by disease ; but it is only transitional and void of effect, partly because the man is incapable of perceiving and acknowledging the efforts of his wife, and partly because of the quickly following fatal attack. Assuredly, the continued companionship could have developed into nothing better than mutual forbearance. But then we never should have been called upon to love and reverence the beautiful fulness of Dorothea's life. We should have seen her sad, gentle, and kind ; tender to her husband, tolerant of his weaknesses, but not large and wide in her aims. This life with him, so short but so intense, was but a stepping-stone. In the mingled feelings of grief, relief, and finally of disgust when she hears of the contemptible codicil to her husband's will, she is assailed by doubts and inward remorseful throes which cause a temporary suspension of all actively healthy effort ; but she never yields herself wholly to her pain, as Romola yielded in her first going away. Her judgment of Casaubon was faulty but more lenient than is usually the case under like circumstances. Still, she could hardly be just to the memory of a man who in his last will had done her so grievous an injustice, whose inborn morbidity of temperament, ill-health, and secluded scholastic life had combined to produce so much that was worthless.

Dorothea is thus left with time and impulse to carry out her plans for helping on the desired future of happiness. When she learns the disgusting clause in her husband's will, she turns half unconsciously to the object of his intemperate dislike. Woman-like, she extends to him her whole sympathy and love. Is he worthy of it ? Not in the least. He is an ordinary, good-natured, shallow, quick, bright, useless, clever man. He has immense undeveloped capabilities for loving, and with the help of chance and Dorothea's quick sympathies they develop surprisingly fast. That such a weak fellow should have succeeded in gaining a mastery over Dorothea's feelings is, from an ideal point of view, disappointing ; but as in our own daily experience we find much that is ideally disheartening to be practically extremely convenient, so this is practically not so very bad after all. Their married life is a happy one, and they fulfil their duties well, though no doubt Dorothea is deprived of much that would be necessary for her complete happiness in the thought that she will not have money enough to carry out all her plans. Still, within the limits of her opportunities it is easier to imagine her careful of others, generous and kind, with an occasional hearty outburst of indignation at some



unhappiness outside her own lot, than narrowing into the ordinary reflected household light.

While Romola and Dorothea illustrate the highest elements of the womanly character, they do so with less of outside influence (Dorothea even in spite of it) than Gwendolen. Romola's early training, while insufficient, tended to foster her inborn purity of mind, and Dorothea's inherent worth struggled as best it could through darkness into light. The story of Gwendolen deals with another phase of life, — direct personal influence. Our first sight of her is that of a headstrong, self-indulgent girl, gambling with great good luck, until suddenly she begins to lose. Thereupon, with her change of fortune, she becomes conscious of a foreign influence, which she perceives to be the clear-skinned, dark-eyed stranger, Deronda. At last she loses so much that she is obliged to pawn her necklace. This is returned to her anonymously, but the concealment is so careless that she recognizes the agency of Deronda. From this beginning, a large portion of the book is devoted to the sketching of the spiritual improvement of the reckless girl. She feels within herself certain capabilities for good of which she had hitherto been ignorant. Her first struggles are feeble, taking place under the unhappy combination of a loss at once of fortune and of a chance for improving her social position by a brilliant marriage; and for some time the progress is imperceptible. At last she reaches the turning-point in her career by her marriage with Grandcourt, under circumstances not, as a general thing, favorable to mental and moral improvement. Here her controlling genius opportunely appears again, and she gains further strength from his counsels. There is now a second time a gradual movement forward, which is again in danger of being nullified by her utter despair, when in her agony she condemns herself as her husband's murderer. But after this the improvement is more rapid, and has greater solidity of foundation, until in the parting with Deronda and in her letter to him there is a sublimity of self-abnegation which is hopeful as a sign of her future career, and is also admirably artistic in conception. In none of her works has the author described in such strong and simple words an utterly hopeless love, combined with the resolution not to allow it to destroy the usefulness of life.

In this as in her other books we have the same idea, — the eternal unfitness of things as applied to individuals. If this principle is sustained, then no objection can be made to the uses to which it is put.

That it seriously interferes with the ordinary theory of novel-writing cannot be denied ; but I for one am disposed to accept it to its fullest extent. Only let this be acknowledged, and then one may look for more charity, greater effort towards mutual advancement, and a more thorough appreciation of the mental struggles through which all thoughtful men and women must pass to reach a stand-point, far indeed below the impossible ideal of noble souls, but still greatly in advance of the world of to-day. From this point of view, alone, George Eliot must be considered a great moralist. Even under the most favorable circumstances, she never loses sight of the fact that those of her characters who make the nearest approaches to a happy life have knowledge within themselves sufficient to make them thoughtful, forbearing, and gentle towards the weaknesses of others. Felix Holt is content, but his knowledge of himself tends to sober his thought and judgment. Adam Bede and Dinah are contented, but not free from saddening thoughts, as they remember Hetty and Seth's silent grief. Lydgate illustrates the outwardly happy man, but there is with him the inward pain inseparable from the knowledge of high hopes, strong faith, and great endeavors brought to nought by the unconquerable narrow placidity of his wife's opposition.

From the title of "Daniel Deronda," one would naturally suppose that Deronda himself is the character on which the author would bestow that extreme care which is one of her greatest qualities. Without doubt she has endeavored to do so ; but still the impression left on one's mind is, that, in unfolding the lines of Gwendolen's character, the hidden beauties and possibilities so grew upon her that she unconsciously transferred to Gwendolen much of that wealth of illustration and philosophical discernment originally intended for the hero. When Deronda saw Gwendolen at the gambling-table, he was attracted towards her in no common-place way ; he was struck with her rich, full beauty of face and form. And the impression made upon Gwendolen was even more vivid ; had it not been so, the unpardonable liberty which Deronda took in returning the necklace would have prevented any approach towards friendliness of feeling. But from the first their minds grew rapidly intimate, and at the time of her marriage Deronda was a power with her.

The description of her married life with its attendant ills, self-questionings, and hardness, combined with that self-reliant pride which would not let the world pull off the mask, is strong, vivid, and thorough. Her agony of pain, her utter helplessness against Grand-



court's stern will, is characterized so subtly as to leave no flaw ; and in all this there is no line, no thought, which exceeds the limits of possibility in the every-day life of intelligent people. After her marriage, Deronda's influence is more active and direct in its effects, and is exerted to its fullest extent. The secret of his influence may perhaps be found in his agreeable personal appearance, combined with his perfect freedom in the use of high-toned moralisms, though there is usually little original matter in these sentiments of his. In chapter sixty-five, however, we find one passage which is elevated in tone and full of thought. It conveys so just and so true an expression of the extent of the influence which a sorrowful, noble-minded woman can exert, that I quote it: "And it [sorrow] has come to you in your spring time. Think of it as a preparation. You can, you will, be among the best of women, such as make others glad that they were born."

The wonderfully acute introspective quality of George Eliot's mind has never appeared to better advantage than in the development of the character of Gwendolen. She speaks in one place of Deronda's "receptivity of mind." She could hardly have better described the secret of her own power. Her habit of receiving into herself the experience of others is the key which unlocks the whole of her mind. It is this which makes her character so intensely human, and impresses upon the minds even of sluggish natures the fact that there are other people besides themselves who have their internal struggles ; who have their high thoughts, though their lives may not bear out those thoughts ; who are continually rebuking themselves for falling so far short of the actually possible ; who are often not only despondent but actually despairing. Dorothea is constantly questioning herself about her short-comings. Gwendolen is heedless at first, but she soon shows by her self-questionings that she too is capable of better things. She does not plunge directly into the deeps of thought, but is gradually though surely drawn into a better self-knowledge through the trials and troubles of life, not through its joys and pleasures. And as the author so feels for erring human nature, so she never allows herself wholly to condemn the individual because the deed or thought is vicious. Her sympathy is perfect in its fullness and breadth.

Added to all the other qualities developed so clearly and consistently, there is a peculiar fascination in this study of Gwendolen which makes one loath to leave her. To define this fascination is

difficult. There is so much of interest in the author's every observation about her, as well as in the drawing of the character, that to seek which particular point has an excess of beauty is a thankless task. Gwendolen has been called selfish; but she is more and better than that, — she is an egoist. This passage will illustrate the distinction: "Having always been the pet and pride of the household, waited on by mother, sisters, governesses, and maids, as if she had been a princess in exile, she naturally found it difficult to think her own pleasure less important than others made it; and when it was positively thwarted, felt an astonished resentment, apt in her cruder days to vent itself in one of those passionate acts which look like a contradiction of habitual tendencies." She is unaware of the demand she is making on others, until monstrous adversity suddenly presents its stern, unrelenting features to her view. Then we see that she is no such incarnation of selfishness as Rosamond Vincy. While on a superficial reading one might be easily misled into thinking that under no possible circumstances could her character be artistically developed into one of high aim, yet on a closer examination one finds that the egoistic trait, which admits of greatly improved changes if rightly worked upon, is strong, while there is little of mere selfishness about her. Melema's egoism was ingrained; Gwendolen's was in great measure due to her home training. Admitting that the germ of a fine nature is there, one sees with what consummate art the author has followed it, and has at last illustrated under the most trying circumstances (the loss of her chief support, Deronda) the completest of self-conquests. Do we not occasionally meet such an one? They are few, certainly, who really succeed; but they are strong facts when their success is made, and their influence is never lost. Do not we all of us owe what little of high-toned morality and nobleness of purpose we may have to these choice spirits, rather than to those painfully virtuous people who have never been the cause of an hour's anxiety to their relatives and friends, and who are so thoroughly aware of their own moral superiority as continually to contract themselves into the minutest mental positions, from which they essay to judge the world with a result terribly saddening in its excess of bigotry? One cannot blame them, for it is the natural result of their education; but they never can hope for that influence over minds originally wide and searching, which is only to be exerted by those who have deeply felt the roughness and sorrows of life.

I have tried to show that in this book the author's best work has



been given to Gwendolen, to the injury of Deronda. So far as actions are concerned, Deronda lacks all the qualities in which a man of the world should be strong; yet throughout the whole book certain characteristics are attributed to him and discussed with freedom, which unfortunately his deeds do not bear out. Gwendolen improves continuously; Deronda's progressiveness of aim is as embryonic at the end as at the beginning. Gwendolen moves upward; Deronda dawdles. Gwendolen realizes the necessity of constantly watching herself; Deronda wanders off into vague idealisms under the tutelage of Mordecai. Gwendolen's personality grows fuller and richer; Deronda still remains in outline. Were Deronda mentally and morally as strong as he is represented to be, he would never have allowed himself to remain in ignorance of the facts of his birth. Such a man would take the earliest opportunity of asking Sir Hugo whether his coming into the world was a fault as well as a misfortune. Instead of doing this, Deronda gropes about with his hands "clutching his coat-collar," broods over his fancied taint, and contentedly pockets what ready cash Sir Hugo is disposed to give him. Again, his lack of decision is shown in the desultory way in which he carries on the search for Mirah's brother. It is through no direct effort of his own, but through mere chance words, that he at last finds in Mordecai the much desired one. A man thoroughly in earnest and with the means at his command would have employed that prosaic but quite necessary object, the private detective, to whom he would have imparted his slender clew, with all necessary injunctions. In chapter thirty-two, she says of him: "But how and whence was the needed event to come: the influence that would justify partiality, and make him what he longed to be, yet was unable to make himself,—an organic part of social life, instead of roaming in it like a disembodied spirit, stirred with a vague social passion, but without fixed local habitation to render fellowship real?" The devil is said to be not so black as he is painted: it may also be said that no great and good man is so white as he is painted. It is in this vagueness of aim and tendency to procrastinate, that Deronda falls to the level of ordinary mortals. George Eliot has represented him, not as a struggling fellow-being, eager for a life better suited to his ideas and extraordinary purity of mind, but as a "disembodied spirit" far in advance of his age in the extent of his aims, yet lacking that concentration of purpose necessary for a fulfilment of his hopes, until his attention is suddenly attracted by the intense enthusiasm of Mordecai

for the elevation of the Jewish race. And yet he disappears from the scene without having taken any steps towards a practical ending of his task.

In closing this summary, too brief to be complete, of the two characters, one must admit that, after all deductions are made, Deronda still remains to Gwendolen a strong, efficient helper. She has deified him, until each word, each act of his, is transformed into a living power, and he stands forward the type and form of her better life. Gwendolen herself is raised from a somewhat unconventional though rather common-place girl to the highest position among those women who, while not intellectual nor having great talents, are yet all-powerful in their influence for good through a careful study of themselves and their experiences. Deronda does not either by word or deed particularly distinguish himself from the better class of his fellow-men, except perhaps that he enters into more useless theories in a half-hearted sort of way. The lives of the two, after a close intimacy of a year or two, grow apart; and as one leaves them one can hardly help feeling, that, while the earnestness of Gwendolen in her task of self-mastery will carry her continually beyond and above her previous gain, the result of Deronda's incoherence of purpose will be to land him at last among those who have done nothing because they might do any thing.

If my sketch of these few characters has been incomplete, I still hope that I have indicated what and of how great value George Eliot's ethics are; and that as the years go on her readers will more and more come to her for that wonderful loftiness of thought and fulness of sympathy which are so great a help and charm.

FRANCIS MAGUIRE, JR.



## THE "MAN ON HORSEBACK" IN THE UNITED STATES.

**I**T was Caleb Cushing who first used this now familiar phrase. It is a brief and pithy expression of the prevailing theory that free institutions, by a law of their being, lead to despotism ; with the added suggestion that the republic of the United States is already very near that end. More than this, it points at one particular form of despotism — "Cæsarism" — as the inevitable fate of this nation.

Into the merits of the theory itself it is not worth while to enter, further than to remark that the Swiss Republic has been in the prosperous enjoyment of free institutions for over five hundred years, and shows no signs as yet of falling under despotic rule. Switzerland is, however, a very small republic, and the United States a very large one ; and it has always been remarked that the difficulties of free government increase immensely with the increased size of the nation. At any rate, there are examples enough of republics, large and small, ending in despotism.

Another point to be observed is, that, when we come to scrutinize more closely, we find after all only one clear example in history which corresponds to the anticipated American "man on horseback." Cromwell and Napoleon, favorite illustrations, took republics which had hardly entered upon their existence, before they had in any degree developed republican temper and habits, and restored the former government to which the people were already used, and which was still fresh in their memories. So with the failure of the South American republics : they started with no traditions or habits of republican institutions. The republics of ancient Greece were overthrown by external force. The tyrannies of early Greece come nearer to the required type ; but they superseded narrow and oppressive oligarchies, in the interest, not of the lower classes as such, but of the fresh democratic and industrial life of the age.

Cæsar himself is the only conspicuous example of the Cæsarism which is expected to befall this republic. It would require an elabo-

rate comparison of institutions and circumstances to warrant any conclusion as to whether we are, or are not, prepared for the deserved fate of the great Roman Republic. There is, however, one point to which attention may well be directed. The Romans had the utmost abhorrence for the name of *king*; they nevertheless conferred the royal authority, almost undiminished, upon the chief magistrates of the republic. So did the framers of our Constitution, for the matter of that, take the English kingship as the model for the presidential office; and in both cases the royal authority of the republican magistrates was more or less attenuated, in the course of time, by the progress of events. But there is this difference: with us the externals of royalty were the more speedily got rid of. It is hardly an exaggeration to speak of the "Republican Court" of Washington and Adams; but Jefferson cast away all the circumstance of office, and introduced a studied simplicity of style which has since sometimes been carried to downright vulgarity.

The Roman consul, on the other hand, was always a king. He wore the royal purple, and was attended by the royal body-guard. There was in Rome nothing of the servility of eastern monarchies; but the observance of the formalities due to sovereign authority were never forgotten, even in the times of wildest radicalism. The Roman consul walking in state from his house to the Senate, clad in royal robes, preceded by lictors to clear his passage, and attended by a throng of noblemen and citizens of lower rank, — this picture hardly needs to be altered in any detail to adapt it to the emperors of the early empire.

For in truth it is just in these externals that the essence of monarchy consists; that is to say, of the decent constitutional monarchy of the present day. As Mr. Bagehot has very well shown, it is upon the undefined influences that surround the person of a monarch that the success of constitutional monarchy must mainly depend. And these are not things that can be created.

But the "man on horseback" has no need of these. Very true. If Cæsarism is ever set up on the ruins of the American Constitution, its court and its state will not be those of Queen Victoria, but of "King" Stephano; our Augustus will not be surrounded by Agrippas and Maecenas, Messalas and Pollios, — it will be Boss Shepherds and Belknaps, Babcocks and Ben Butlers, or, at best, Chandlers and Mortons, who will compose the new court. We have no material for any other monarchy than such.

When Americans of the upper class fall to lamenting the degener-



acy of the republic, as they sometimes do, and to wishing for some form of princely rule, one cannot help applying to them the words that Cicero addressed to one class of Catiline's partisans: *Quod si jam id quod cupiunt adepti, num illi se consules ac dictatores aut etiam reges sperant futuros? Non vident id se cupere, quod si adepti sint, fugitivo* [defaulter] *alicui aut gladiatori* [swashbuckler] *concedi sit necesse?* No "swallow-tails," and none of "them literary fellers," need apply.

When Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon established monarchies in the place of republics, they took to themselves an authority which was at bottom only the type of authority that existed before, somewhat transformed in its outward characteristics. The "man on horseback" in the United States will do nothing of the sort. He will set up, by intrigue and violence, a rule which will have absolutely nothing in common with the government organized by our fathers; which will be vulgar through and through, — steeped in corruption, political and social.

We must look somewhere else, then, than to the "man on horseback," for the form of despotism which is likely, if any, to triumph over our republican institutions; it must be something which not only carries on the traditions of the republic, but is built directly upon the principle of authority which has prevailed under the republic. This authority, all will admit, is *Party*. According to our unwritten Constitution, Party is the highest authority in the land. Neither the express provisions of the organic law, nor the honor and welfare of the country, nor the fundamental principles of free government, are ever allowed to stand in the way of the interests of Party. Nor is it ever admitted in practice, hardly even in theory, that the government has any duties towards any but members of the party which it represents.

A party, under our political system, is an association of persons who combine together for the purpose of conducting the government. Some common political principles or points of policy are convenient for the purpose of keeping a party together, and especially of attracting voters; but these are noways essential. Nothing is more common than for persons, even those occupying high and influential positions, to subordinate entirely their private opinions, whether as to men or doctrines, and to give their assent to measures to which they had before been entirely opposed. Thus, when the Democratic party accepted Horace Greeley as its candidate in 1872, and the Republican party declared in favor of Civil Service Reform in 1876, it was evident that the sole object, in both cases, was to enable the party to get possession of the machinery of government.

From these two well-established facts,—that Party is the highest authority in the land, and that the sole object of Party is the possession and management of the machinery of government,—it necessarily follows that the only department of governmental action which is of any importance or value is administration. A further consequence is that Congress, which was primarily a legislative body, and which still attends occasionally to the business of law-making, has found it expedient to devote most of its energies to the details of administration; in this way relieving the Executive of a considerable share of its burdens, and making sure that the interest of Party shall not be sacrificed, even in the most trifling matters.

Under the system of government thus developed, the men of mark and influence will, of course, be the men of administrative ability,—whether it is a strong masculine power to control other men, or skill in finesse and intrigue. What used to be called statesmanlike qualities—knowledge of the principles of government and of the interests and needs of the country, and the capacity to adapt measures to desired ends,—qualities that are useful in legislation—are no longer in demand; any attempt at legislation, beyond what is called for by the needs of the party, is an impertinence. It was a small number of men of this administrative type, distinguished for vigorous executive qualities, which, under the name of the "Senatorial Group," virtually ruled the country under the last administration.

When it is said that "a party is an association of persons," it should be carefully borne in mind that it is not necessarily a large number of persons. The great majority of the so-called members of the party are attached to it only for purposes of voting; since this is, by the special form of government machinery established by our Constitution, an essential part of the process. The party, however, in the true sense of the word, is composed exclusively of those few men of special taste and ability for administration who are represented in the national government by the "Senatorial Group," and in the lesser public divisions by men of the same type who are candidates for this higher position, and from whom, by successive siftings, the real rulers of the country are derived.

It is not hard, therefore, to see what form of government is likely to rule this country if republicanism breaks down, and if, as seems probable, the "man on horseback" should not prove to be an institution adapted to our customs and national temper. The "Senatorial Group" affords an example of the kind of oligarchy which is likely, under these circumstances, to come into power. It will be an oli-



garchy of men of marked executive ability, especially skilful in the details of party machinery, occupying seats in the national Senate (which body may be regarded as the repository of the chief authority in the nation), and recruited, from time to time, from the several States and lesser communities by a national process of selection. It will be a developed and organized form of that "boss government" with which this country has, of late years, become familiar.

It might seem that we had omitted the most essential element of a legitimate government, — the source and sanction of power. The "man on horseback" builds his authority on brute force; the constitutional king derives his, in the last resort, from popular sentiment; and the same thing may be said of the head of a republican government, such as ours professes to be. But the oligarchy described above needs none of these. Our party system already possesses a method for the transmission and retention of power, perfected, or nearly so, by a long series of experiments, which it has applied on the largest scale and with the happiest results. In this method, popular suffrage plays an essential but by no means a controlling part. With a few improvements in detail, it will be wholly within the power of such a group of statesmen, when once in possession of the government, to secure themselves against being deprived of their authority by any change in popular sentiment however great. The boldness and thoroughness with which this method has already been carried into execution on one occasion, and the warm approval with which the best citizens greeted its success, on the ground that a change of the party in power, even by the popular will, would be disastrous to the best interests of the country, are facts of the best augury for its success in the future. That the result was, on the whole, a disappointment to the managers is due merely to some slight defects in the details of the method; we may feel very sure that no such mistake will be made in future.

Who will venture to say that the condition of things here described as possible is not already imminent? Three years ago there seemed to be a popular uprising against the rule of the oligarchy; there was, indeed, a genuine sentiment of disgust and indignation at its misgovernment. In terror, the politicians themselves raised the cry of Civil Service Reform: Saul, also, became one of the prophets. The "Senatorial Group" seemed ready to disperse and disappear, as its patron left the presidential chair; its ablest and most intrepid leader died; several of its members were contumeliously dismissed from public

life ; and the demoralized remainder hid themselves in harbors of refuge, and sulkily bided their time.

It must be confessed that the time has not been long in coming. Events have shown how powerless is the popular will against a united and unscrupulous cabal. The new President, at heart fully in sympathy with the movement for reform, has not shown himself able to carry it out successfully. And now, after three years, the mention of Civil Service Reform only excites derision ; three of the most obnoxious of the dismissed members of the "Senatorial Group" have smilingly resumed their seats, in token that all puritanical notions have been laid aside, and that harmony is re-established in the party ; and all things are in preparation to give us again as president the man under whose administration all these abuses culminated before. Has the party, indeed, in all these years, produced a single statesman with unequivocal qualifications for the place, so that he could be nominated instead with any hope of success ?

Nor does the rival organization afford any better ground of hope. New brooms sweep clean, and a change from the *ins* to the *outs* would no doubt be followed by some improvements in detail ; on the other hand, Tiberius' apologue of the wounded soldier and the flies has its lessons in a republic as well as an empire. For there would be no change in the character of the party organization, or of party practices. And no change, no reform even, can work any permanent good, which does not force the party organizations to become again the servants of the commonwealth, instead of its masters as now. And this can be effected only by depriving them of their patronage ; that is, by reform of the Civil Service.

Meanwhile, the American people are tired and discouraged. Twice they have been cheated by the politicians out of what seemed a hopeful promise of reform : with what assurance can they be called on for a third effort ? They thoroughly despise the present order of things, as is shown by the contempt with which the politicians as a class are regarded ; and yet they follow these very politicians like a flock of sheep. What wonder that the leaders are shameless and defiant, when they feel sure that all talk and criticism will cease on election day ? Little they care for indignation and contempt, so long as the offices are secure ; *oderint dum probent* is their motto, — "disapprove as much as you like, only give us your votes." So long as this is the spirit in which men vote, the rule of the oligarchy is secure ; for the highest allegiance is to party, and they are the party.

A. W.



## GEORGE SAND: HER LIFE AND WRITINGS.

### I.

ON June 8, 1876, modern French literature was bereft of one of its best and noblest writers, — one who had served it with constant and unswerving fidelity, and who, up to the last moment of her life, continued to exercise an influence upon it, the extent of which it is yet too early to estimate. The number of George Sand's imitators is legion, but of these no one has been able even to approach her. The history of her life is no less interesting than that of her works, while hitherto, in many respects, it is equally dark and mysterious. The reader rises from a perusal of a great portion of her "*Histoire de ma Vie*," and of the many contemporary biographies and critiques concerning her, with feelings of astonishment, doubt, and mortification. We have considered it our duty to scrutinize every version, to investigate every prevalent opinion, to compare all with the "*Histoire de ma Vie*" and with information derived from private sources, and then, to the best of our ability, to form our own judgment.

The famous Marshal Maurice, as is known, was the fruit of the connection between Augustus the Second, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and the beautiful Aurore von Königsmark. By the same Marshal Maurice, the celebrated actress, Mlle. Verrière, became the mother of a female child, who received the name of Marie Aurore, and was married at the age of fifteen to a natural son of Louis XV., King of France. He held the title of Count Arvid Bernard de Horn, and bore so striking a likeness to his father that Aurore was well-nigh frightened at first seeing him. He was French Governor in Schelestadt (Alsace). In consequence of his being afflicted with an offensive malady, the marriage was only formally executed, and they saw each other very seldom. Horn survived the marriage only three years. It was not until after twelve years had elapsed that the young widow made up her mind to a second marriage, which, however, turned out a happy one. Her second husband was Dupin de Francueil, a man somewhat advanced in years, whom Jean Jacques Rousseau men-

tions in his "Confessions," and who was passionately in love with Rousseau's mother. An only son, Maurice Dupin, was the issue of this marriage. He entered the army, became colonel, and afterwards went to Italy under General Bonaparte. Here he made the acquaintance of a girl whose handsome features and unaffected manners made a deep impression upon him. Her name was Sophie Delaborde. In spite of her being a "frivolous" creature, and the daughter of a Paris bird-seller, he, after having lived with her for several years, resolved to marry her; but he was careful to conceal the marriage from his mother, who was an extreme aristocrat.

A month after the marriage, Sophie Delaborde presented her husband with a daughter, whom he named Aurore Amantine Lucile. This event occurred in Paris on July 5, 1804, the last year of the Republic and the first of the Empire. It was not long, however, before Dupin's mother heard of the marriage of her son, and took immediate steps to have it revoked. One day, when she went to Paris for this purpose, Dupin, with the assistance of the *concierge's* wife, succeeded in playing a trick upon her, by which the infant was smuggled into the arms of the grandmother as she went upstairs. She immediately recognized the likeness which the child bore to her beloved son Maurice, and her anger soon gave way. She was reconciled to her son, and bestowed her affection on the child; but, although nothing further was said about the dissolution of the marriage, she steadfastly refused to make the acquaintance of the bird-dealer's daughter. Finally, however, out of love for her son, whom she idolized, she agreed to receive her, and allowed her to live with her. Soon afterwards she permitted the marriage, which had only taken place before the *Maire*, to be solemnized in church; but the two women, who were so utterly unlike in birth, in education, and in temperament, were entirely unable to agree.

At the age of four years, Aurore had learned to read tolerably well, and her predilection for romance began to manifest itself even before she was able to understand what she read. While she was still a little child, her father was killed by a fall from his horse, — an event which caused great grief at Nohant Castle, the mansion of the Widow Dupin, situate in the Berry. Both mother and wife had loved him with the utmost tenderness, and had in fact been jealous of each other. The little orphan, in its turn, now became the object of family jealousy. Both mother and grandmother desired to have the control of her education. The old man Deschartres, of whom George Sand speaks



a great deal, and who had been her father's tutor, now became hers. To her immense satisfaction, she learned to write when she was five years old, and learned also to understand what she read. Along with fairy tales she read Greek mythology. She was fond of copying Latin print, and invented hieroglyphics and a simplified orthography of her own.

Meanwhile, the dissensions between the two ladies at Nohant Castle grew steadily worse, until Aurore's mother was induced to retire to Paris on a pension of twenty-five hundred francs, and to leave Aurore to the care of the grandmother. The child knew and understood very little of these domestic differences, but having a strong affection for her mother, in spite of the harsh treatment she had received from her, she felt the separation painfully.

As Madame Dupin was in the habit of spending a portion of each year in Paris, it was arranged that she and Aurore were to go there in a fortnight; but the child was so overwhelmed with grief at being separated from her mother, that even the redoubled tenderness of the grandmother was ineffectual to console her.

The description of her feelings during this period, which she gives in her memoirs, is exceedingly interesting, albeit the story has a certain air of improbability about it. Aurore saw her mother in Paris daily, walked about with her, and was exceedingly fond of her. Without attempting to conceal her faults and her previous mode of life, she speaks of her generally in terms of great veneration. On their return to Nohant, the child gradually became accustomed to her grandmother, who began to teach her the rudiments of music, Deschartres still acting as her literary tutor. Her mind was not disturbed by religious education, for the old countess, though not actually an atheist, despised dogmas and ecclesiastical ceremonies, and had no warm or enthusiastic feeling in favor of Catholicism. In order to please her "*bonne maman*," as Aurore called her grandmother, at the age of twelve or thirteen she learned arithmetic, Latin, and verse-making; but her greatest pleasure was in history, geography, general literature, and music.

At twelve years of age Aurore wrote some small descriptive stories, which pleased her grandmother; but her mother, to whom she sent them, having treated them with ridicule, they were discontinued. At this early age her head was filled with "*Corambé, mon grand roman inédit*," over which she pondered day and night. *Corambé*, as she remarks, was the God of her idolatry, the form of her religious ideal.

For years she continued developing this romance in her mind, living herself into it as it were, until at last she felt an irresistible desire to provide this religion of her own with a form of worship also of her own. She erected an altar to Corambé; and for this purpose she sought out a lonely spot, which she appropriated and adorned, visiting it clandestinely, and there sacrificing to her god. She worshipped, as she herself says, "the great spirit of civil and religious liberty." At length her frequent absence began to be observed, and one day she was followed to her grotto where her secret was discovered. These innocent proceedings met with no objection; but Aurore, considering her temple as desecrated, destroyed it.

Although the grandchild of the "maître oiselier Delaborde" had gradually begun to like the old countess, her mother still continued to dwell in her thoughts. One day she had a quarrel with the housekeeper concerning her mother, for which she was punished with three days' confinement, and was told that she would be sent to her, at which she felt highly pleased. Instead of executing the threat, her grandmother gave the child a long lecture, in the course of which she spoke disparagingly of her mother, and tried to impress upon her that by going to live with her she would inevitably expose herself to infamy. This was more than the child could bear; she was mightily offended, and threatened to become an "enfant terrible." She misbehaved herself in all sorts of ways, paid no attention to her studies, and of course derived no benefit from them. Her mind was thoroughly upset, and to relieve it she resorted to all kinds of wild pranks, and almost turned the house upside down. The grandmother, with the concurrence of her daughter-in-law, and in accordance with the prevailing custom of the period, then determined to send Aurore to a convent; and she was accordingly sent to the English establishment in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Victor at Paris. On her first entrance the venerable sisters were dismayed at the philosophical untowardness with which she crossed herself, testifying as it did to a total absence of practice in the custom. She was placed in the junior class, which consisted of the several grades of "diabes" (mad-caps), "bêtes" (stupids), and "sages" (quiet ones); of the first of which she very soon constituted herself the ringleader. She continued to indulge in the same wild habits to which she had latterly become addicted at home; she was gay, frolicsome, and inexhaustible in the invention of mischief. Still, she was a general favorite, not only with her companions and playmates, but also with the strict and pious nuns; for she was ex-



ceedingly quiet and docile in school, always attentive, and patient under reproof. She would commit the greatest irregularities at times with a seriousness which was ludicrous. At length she was removed into the senior class, where she learned to be more sedate and industrious. During all this time "Corambé" continued to occupy her thoughts. She also composed a number of Alexandrines, and wrote a novel which her friends pronounced tedious. Then she wrote a pastoral romance, which she considered so bad that she destroyed it; after which, mental composition affording her greater pleasure than the productions of her pen, she discontinued writing for some time.

The continual brooding and meditation to which she abandoned herself was, doubtless, the cause of the "unaccountable feeling," the "indescribable emotion," which took possession of her at that time, and which resulted in what she calls her "conversion." She had just completed her fourteenth year. Shortly afterwards she took the sacrament; and this day, the 15th of August, she regarded then as the happiest of her life. She calls the subsequent period of her convent-life "a sacred malady," to which she gave herself entirely. Untormented by doubts, she accepted with ecstasy the mysteries of the Catholic religion, held herself aloof from her companions, and became a prey to religious illusions. She went to mass every Sunday, and sometimes oftener. Her ideas wandered into unknown and unfrequented regions. She was under the influence of fever. She used to pray alone for hours together in church, giving utterance to the inspirations of her heart in her own words, being dissatisfied with the prescribed formulas. She gave herself up to asceticism, and imposed upon herself unnecessary and unprofitable penances. The glowing and masterly psychological description she gives of her condition at that time may sometimes inspire doubt, but on the whole it conveys the impression that in the religious rhapsodies of her novels George Sand is only giving utterance to what she actually felt. The first reaction proceeded, probably, not from any diminution of her belief, but from other causes. She imagined that the superior of the convent was guilty of injustice towards a friend of hers to whom she was strongly attached, and was led to ask herself if every thing in the religious world was in reality as perfect as it appeared to be. It struck her also that another friend, with whom she was associated in religious exercises, laid too much stress upon the observance of the outward forms of religion. Her own idea was that the soul alone was concerned therein; that the form was only a secondary

consideration, and that exaggerated ceremonies only tend to materialize religion. These reflections, to which was added a feeling of bodily weakness, cooled the ardor of her religious enthusiasm. Happily the English nuns had no desire to encourage their pupils in the indulgence of a spirit of ecstasy and asceticism, and the practical advice which her father-confessor gave her was to change altogether her mode of life, to take sufficient bodily nourishment, to amuse herself, and to resume her intercourse with her companions. She was sensible enough to take the advice, and the beneficial result was health, both of body and mind. The crisis of her religious fervor was past, and although she had not wholly given up the intention she had formed of taking the veil, her resolution was shaken, and she became tranquil and happy.

Her grandmother regarded these conventual propensities with dismay, and, to prevent them from assuming a more serious aspect, took her away from the convent. Aurore was greatly distressed at this, for she now looked upon the institution in which she had spent three years as an earthly paradise. She was still more painfully affected when her guardian, in view of approaching death, began to talk of having Aurore married. This was a subject which, above all others, she dreaded, and she was glad to be able to retire to Nohant without the project being realized. Her bodily health was now perfectly re-established and her mind was tranquil, and, as the countess became daily more and more feeble, Aurore was left pretty much to her own uncontrolled desires and inclinations. She was indefatigable in riding, in gymnastics, in the study of languages and the fine arts, devoting to each a certain number of hours daily; but the greater portion of her time was devoted to reading. She ransacked the castle library, and literally devoured its contents. She read, amongst other things, "*Le génie du Christianisme*," which had been recommended to her by her Paris confessor. From this work she learned that the Catholic religion had struck into a new path, and that the majority of its adherents were dissatisfied with the religion which, at the English convent, was considered as the acme of perfection. She exchanged Thomas à Kempis for Chateaubriand, and soon conceived other ideas. She no longer thought of taking the veil, but determined to devote herself to a career of usefulness, and sought to draw pleasure and instruction from every good book on which she could lay her hands. She read Locke, Aristotle, and Leibnitz, though a girl of sixteen can scarcely be expected to comprehend the writings of these authors and



to profit by them. Finally, she came to Rousseau. This writer suited her exactly; for her he was the herald, *par excellence*, of the great doctrines of equality and fraternity under whose mighty influence her life was to be passed. While she was hesitating whether she should embrace the Catholic religion or turn her back upon it, Jean Jacques came and preached to her of liberty, equality, and love. He, at least, was easy to understand; his passionate utterances overpowered her; his style captivated her. But her enthusiasm was destined to sustain a severe shock, as soon as she began to read what she calls the "literature of despair." Watching through the long hours of the night at the bedside of her grandmother, during her wearisome and fatal illness, she began to brood over René and Byron. She mourned over the poor and the oppressed; she thought the world was turned upside down, and began to be afflicted with suicidal mania. In a word, she was passing through the period of "Weltschmerz;" and although she soon overcame this state of mind, a few leading ideas belonging to that time stamped themselves indelibly upon her memory, and to these she clung with persistent tenacity during the remainder of her life. There is something of Rousseau in her style, and of Chateaubriand in her social views, of which she was never able to divest herself.

A sad time it was for Aurore which followed the death of the countess. Nohant Castle now became her own property, but the will contained a clause which perpetuated the exclusion of the mother from all participation in the bringing up of her daughter, and appointed a relative as her guardian. Madame Dupin, who was excessively annoyed at this, stood upon her legal rights, dishonored her mother-in-law in her grave, and rendered herself extremely obnoxious to her daughter, who, as the mother would neither allow her to return to the convent nor to reside at Nohant, consented to accompany her to Paris. She suffered much from the ill-treatment of her mother, into the details of which she enters with disgusting amplitude in her memoirs. No daughter, even if she were the best writer in the world, is justified in so exposing the faults of a mother, and especially such as are committed only against herself. She was unable to adapt herself to her circumstances and to seek consolation in study. Life became every day more insupportable, and her mother more ill-natured and irritable, insomuch that Aurore was led to regard her as insane. Offers of marriage were made only to be refused, for she had again conceived the idea of taking the veil. At last the scene changed. Her mother,

observing Aurore's sufferings and impaired health, bethought herself of sending her for a few months to Plessis. There, in the society of a plain but respectable family, her body and mind assumed a healthier tone, and the happy domestic circle into which she was thrown taught her that marriage has its advantages. Here it was that she made the acquaintance of Casimir Dudevant, a young friend of the family with whom she was residing, and, after a short intimacy, he ended by proposing for her hand. We have seen, in several biographies of George Sand, the most ridiculous assertions made respecting this young man; some making him old, bald, and gray, while others again have elevated him to the rank of a marquis. The fact is, he had no title of nobility whatever, and so far from being old, bald, or gray, he was only twenty-seven years of age, with handsome features and fair hair, and a character against which nothing evil could be alleged. After a brief delay, caused by the whimsical conduct of Aurore's mother, who several times gave her consent and as often withdrew it, the young couple were married September 22, 1822, shortly after the bride had completed her eighteenth year. It is a fact, beyond all dispute, that George Sand's marriage was entered into with her own free will.

The young couple took up their residence at Nohant Castle, and Aurore now began to interest herself in feminine occupations, which hitherto she had entirely neglected, and on the moral advantages of which her memoirs contain a lengthy essay. In the summer of 1823 she went to Paris, where, on June 30, she gave birth to her first-born son Maurice, now so well known, both as an author and a painter. She spent the winter at Nohant, occupied with her infant son. At first, Aurore and her husband lived peaceably and amicably together; but her superior attainments on the one hand, added to his coldness and indifference on the other, soon rendered them both unhappy. No fellowship of mind or communion of soul existed between them. Neither of them desired to conceal any thing from the other, but there was no subject on which they could discourse. "We never quarrelled," she says; "on the contrary, I tried hard to see every thing with his eyes; but no sooner had I put myself in unison with his ideas than I found myself in contradiction with my own, a fact which caused me inexpressible sadness." She was dissatisfied with the alterations he began to make in the house, grounds, and gardens, in the spring of 1824; and in order to dissipate her melancholy, at the suggestion of her husband, she went to spend the summer in Plessis with the same excellent family where she had first made his acquaintance. After



another journey in the Pyrenees she returned to Nohant, which she left very seldom for the next five years, and only for a few days at a time. She occupied herself with domestic affairs, and while her husband devoted himself to the occupations he found most agreeable, and chose the society most congenial to his own tastes, she gathered around her a small circle of friends of both sexes. He found no pleasure in the studies of his wife, and had no sympathy with her contemplative nature.

In September, 1828, she gave birth to a daughter, who was named Solange; but the evanescent consolation which this event brought with it faded away like a dream, and left her as wretched and inconsolable as ever. Soon after this she received a visit from Jules Sandeau, then a man of rising talent, and now one of the most distinguished members of the French Academy. He at once recognized her talents and her tastes, which were akin to his own, and conceived a strong affection for her. In him she found that encouragement and sympathy which were totally wanting in her husband. Néraud, the botanist, whom she styled "Le Malgache," also sympathized with her condition. With him she studied botany, by way of amusement, and we may trace the influence of these studies in some of her "Lettres d'un Voyageur." At last this good-natured man was driven away by the jealousy of M. Dudevant.

She found the sum allowed by her husband for household expenses insufficient for that purpose, and a year after their marriage she gave the reins of domestic government entirely into his hands. For this reason she was compelled to apply to him for every franc she required for her own personal use. She had also given up the 1500 francs per annum secured to her by the marriage settlement for the requirements of her toilet. No longer able to afford pecuniary aid to the poor whom she had taken under her protection, she constituted herself their gratuitous adviser, physician, and apothecary, having learned a little of medicine from old Deschartres. Her charitable feeling was one of her finest qualities, but her limited resources prevented its exercise, and her dependence upon her husband made her long for the possession of means of her own. It was this idea which more than any other determined her to become a writer. She tells us that, while writing at Nohant for her own amusement, she found that she possessed the faculty of writing quickly, continuously, and without effort; that ideas flowed from her pen as it were of their own accord, and that, as she thought, she had sufficient knowledge of human

nature to enable her to portray character. She felt that of all the things of which she was capable literature afforded her the greatest chance of success, and would be the most remunerative. She had not sufficient confidence in herself to be ambitious, and she could not, as she tells us, rely upon her small amount of genius; but her love for Nature, her capacity for analyzing feelings and portraying character, seemed to her to form a sufficient foundation for a beginning, and she hoped that the circle of her ideas would widen as she became better acquainted with men and things. She proposed, therefore, to her husband that in future she should spend three months alternately at Paris and at Nohant, taking with her their daughter, while Maurice should remain with him; and it was settled that she should have 1500 francs per annum to defray her expenses, which sum, as we have already seen, belonged to her in any case. It was not an extravagant amount, certainly; but, as her object in going to Paris was to write, this would secure her a larger income.

In 1831, then, pursuant to this arrangement, Aurore Dudevant-Dupin proceeded to Paris, accompanied by her little daughter. The wish of the young wife to be to a certain extent independent was now fulfilled. Along with Jules Sandeau she hired three small rooms on the Quai St. Michel, at a yearly rental of 300 francs.<sup>1</sup> It was inconvenient certainly, and disagreeable, to climb up to the fifth floor; but then the rent was moderate. Her victuals she got from a restaurant near by, and, in order to save the expense of a servant, she performed all the house duties herself, even to washing her own and her child's linen. In order to save the cost of fuel in winter, she left her daughter to the care of a friendly neighbor when she went out; for, as she had no books, she went to the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, where she could have both books and warmth for nothing. In order to become acquainted with the subjects, ideas, and etiquette of the time, she desired to divest herself of every provincial attribute; and to do this something more than reading was required. She had an intense love for the theatre, but with her means such costly entertainments were not to be thought of, and it was a puzzle to her how her friends whose means were also small were able to participate in every object in which young people of education and refinement usually take an interest. At last, she thought she saw her way out of the dilemma. Dressed as a woman, she would not have been admitted to the pit of the

<sup>1</sup> It need not excite our surprise that in her Autobiography she scarcely ever mentions Sandeau's name.



theatres; but it occurred to her that in her childhood she had frequently gone about dressed as a boy. Her mind was at once made up, and she proceeded forthwith to carry her plan into execution: she ordered a gray cloth suit, of stout and durable materials, and when to this were added a woollen cravat, boots, and a gray hat, she looked, for all the world, like a young student in his first term. In this way she was able to go about anywhere, and in all sorts of weather. She could go into the pit in theatres, into museums, libraries, and even hotels, returning home at any hour, without any one except her intimate friends having the slightest idea that the slim and beardless youth was in reality a woman in disguise. Besides, she did not go to theatres alone, but accompanied and protected by her friends. It will thus be seen that it was not a passion for scandal, or a desire to appear singular, which first of all induced our authoress to wear man's apparel, but that she was urged to it from motives of economy and prudence.

Thus our heroine, who had gone to Paris with a mind filled with good intentions and a world of her own sad experiences, but without any actual knowledge of the realities of life, adapted herself to her circumstances, and buckled on her armor for the struggle which she saw that she must inevitably encounter. Books and her own intuitive perceptions were her sole guides, but she knew that if she intended to turn her theoretical and practical knowledge to account she must work. At first she had no opportunity of writing; she tried painting, and exhibited a picture, which nobody purchased. She began her literary career by writing for Brandus's "*Revue et Gazette Musicale*," though she makes no allusion to this in her memoirs; neither does she mention that she published a novel — "*La Prima Donna*" — in the "*Revue de Paris*." She speaks of an interview she had with Delatouche, on the subject of a romance she had written, which he pronounced to be such a decided failure that she destroyed it. Delatouche was also from Berry, and gave a friendly reception both to her and to Sandeau. He had purchased the "*Figaro*" a short time previously, and appointed both them and Felix Pyatt upon it as apprentices. They had seats in his office, and every morning were required to write extemporaneous articles under his guidance. At the beginning, our heroine manifested so little talent as a journalist that during the first month she earned only from twelve to fifteen francs. Delatouche advised her to write romances. She wrote "*Rose et Blanche*," which Sandeau revised. This work, while it foreshadows

the ideas of the future George Sand, was not altogether unworthy of the higher flight which French literature took at that time ; nevertheless, it contains on the whole so many faults that only the name of the author has been able to rescue it from oblivion. It appeared under the pseudonyme of "J. Sand."

According to the arrangement with her husband, Madame Dudevant returned to Nohant regularly, but reluctantly, every three months. Absorbed in her new vocation and in her children, and deriving consolation from both, she abstained from all interference in domestic affairs. She felt now more acutely than ever the injustice and ignominy she was forced to endure, and this feeling contributed not a little to the development of her mental powers, which, up to that time, had been slumbering within her. Her genius broke the fetters in which it had hitherto been bound, and she felt all at once that she possessed a giant's strength. Stimulated by the success of her first work, before returning a second time to Nohant she conferred with Sandeau respecting a new romance, and it was arranged that half should be written by one and half by the other, the whole to be completed by the time she returned to Paris. But she knew that her colleague was a sluggard, who was fonder of sleeping than of working; and, trusting to herself alone, she wrote the whole of "Indiana" during her three months' residence at the Castle. She had removed from the Quai St. Michel to the Quai Malaquais, and on her return there she found that her friend had not written a line. Then, tossing him her manuscript, she said, "Read that." And he read and read, and admired, and was spell-bound. He declared the new work to be such a masterpiece that he could not comply with her wish to revise it. The publisher of "Rose et Blanche," as well as Madame Dudevant, would have retained the *nom de plume* of "J. Sand," but Sandeau, who had had no hand in the work, would not hear of it. Then Delatouche was appealed to, and he advised her to select for a Christian name that of the patron saint of the day, which happened to be George. Such is the origin of *George Sand*, — a title which our authoress never once laid aside.

The treatment of the subject of "Indiana" is, to say the least, not particularly edifying; it is the views only which are defended in the romance that give it importance. On the first appearance of the book, it was greeted by one portion of the public with a perfect storm of enthusiasm in favor of the views reflected therein, and by the other with unmitigated condemnation. The greatest curiosity was



manifested to know who "George Sand" was. Was the author a man or a woman? There were evident traces of a female hand, but, on the whole, the work was considered too powerful not to have been written by a man. Its success was as rapid as it was enormous. Gustave Planche and Sainte-Beuve, the two principal contributors to the newly established "*Révue des deux Mondes*," fixed their eyes on the new and brilliant star now rising in the literary firmament, and at once secured her services for Buloz's periodical.

"Valentine" was the result of George Sand's next sojourn at Nohant Castle. This work is written with so much pathos, power, and eloquence that the reader, in spite of any objections he may raise, is captivated almost before he is aware of it. This book, like its predecessor, had an immense success, and George Sand could say that she awoke one morning and found herself famous. Her material circumstances had likewise improved. With the three thousand francs which she had received for "Indiana" and "Valentine," she was enabled to discharge a number of small debts, to keep a servant, and generally to make her life more agreeable. About this time her husband took their son to school at Paris, but — as he afterwards wrote — "in order neither to incommode her nor be incommoded by her, he did not make her house his home during his brief stay there." Her friendship with Sandeau had already come to an end, but the reason of this separation, notwithstanding all that has been said and written on the subject, is still involved in mystery.

George Sand continued to live alternately at Paris and at Nohant. During the second and third years of her Paris sojourn she was more than ever a prey to illusions. She lived in an ideal world, gave herself up entirely to her own thoughts, brooded over her troubles, and regarded every thing with the eye of a visionary. To this we may attribute, in a great measure, the fearlessness with which she then wrote, the intensity with which she gave utterance to her feelings, and the impracticable nature of her theories. To this we may also add the general influence of the period in which her mind was matured. Matters wore a gloomy aspect in Paris at that time. The July republic had ended in the bloody sacrifice made to the Orleans dynasty, cholera had decimated the population, and St. Simonism had failed. Art, by its deplorable errors, had dishonored the cradle of its romantic reform. It was a period of general gloom. Personally, too, George Sand had abundance of domestic troubles. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the style she adopted

had something ideal, metaphysical, and even St. Simoniacal about it. The first work she wrote in this frame of mind, "Lelia" (1833), bore such evident traces of these influences that she herself styles it the product of a disordered brain. "Lelia" is an inscrutable poem; it is also a dangerous romance, which none but strong-minded people ought to read. It is the most terrific outcry of scepticism that ever issued from human breast. It overpowers the mind, and in spite of all its wild frenzy, at which the reader is often staggered, there is a sincerity about it which goes straight to the heart. The authoress herself confessed that it was destitute of common sense, and, indeed, judged by this standard, it is one of the most unconnected, foolish, morbid, and useless books imaginable; nevertheless, as the offspring of spontaneous inspiration, it has occupied the attention of the artistic world in a remarkable degree. Regarded from an historical point of view, it is a daring and superb embodiment of the ideas prevalent in France at that time, a picture of society in a state of dissolution, in which family ties are rent asunder, women turned into prostitutes, and God is either disowned, or enjoys the privilege of blessing the most vicious and feeble fools. Coarseness of ideas and unrestrained freedom of speech go hand in hand.

"Lelia" is no ordinary romance with a plot, development, and catastrophe brought about in the ordinary way. The several characters are transported into a region entirely beyond the bounds and possibilities of actual life. Each of them exhibits a particular phase of the society of that time, and represents a special feeling, separately developed and carried out to its ultimate consequences. Lelia, — the titular heroine, — typifies the incredulousness of the heart, arising partly from disappointed love. She is doubtful whether she ought to detest herself as "the most artful and revolting offspring of some infernal power," or to despise herself as "a mechanical creature having her origin in an accidental concourse of atoms." Her lover asks what he can do for her. She replies: "Wilt thou blaspheme for me? that might console me. Wilt thou pelt heaven with stones, insult the Almighty, damn eternity, invoke destruction on the work of Providence, and hold up to public contempt the worship of God? Art thou ready to murder Abel, in order to avenge me on Heaven? Wilt thou like Nebuchadnezzar eat sand and bite the dust, or like Job give vent to thy anger and mine in imprecations? Wilt thou, a pure and believing youth, plunge up to the neck in scepticism and wallow in the abyss in which I lie perishing?" In this strain the book



proceeds, and there is no avoiding the fascinating influence it exercises. Lelia has loved but once in her life, but hers was a love replete with passion and boundless as the universe. She hoped that the man to whom she had so unreservedly given herself would appreciate the sacrifice; but she was deceived. The longing of her heart increased in proportion as its ideal wishes remained unfulfilled. Lelia, the chaste Lelia, who, far from being voluptuous, is a being formed for Platonic love, half demented began to regard the consuming fire of her soul as cold-blooded lasciviousness, perceived her error, and renounced the man she loved. Unwilling to renew the experiment, she anathematizes all human passions, thinks all mankind are like her own lover, and believes selfishness to be the permanent and inviolable law by which vows, oaths, and promises are governed. In life she sees only a sorrowful pilgrimage towards an unknown goal. Her creed is contempt; her sole pleasure is in irony. She abominates selfishness so strongly, that since her first betrayal she has no longer any doubt respecting her indifference in matters of love. All at once however she finds herself the object of an upright devotion, of a humble and ardent veneration, in the presence of which all her misanthropy is powerless and unavailing. A young and confiding soul is ready to devote his whole life to her. She asks herself if her anathema was not wicked, and hopes that she may yet be able to love for Stenio's sake. For him the spring of life is just beginning to put forth its blossoms; his soul is nourished and sustained by hope, and his life is embellished by poesy. He believes in love and happiness, and looks upon an oath as inviolable. He has seen Lelia, and loves her ardently. He can trace on her forehead the lines of a great mystery which, as he is unable to fathom it, fills him with awe. With tears in his eyes he implores her to reveal it, to say who she is, whence she comes, and whither she is going; whether she is in league with heaven or with hell, — whether he is to revere her as an angel of light, or to shun her as a spirit of darkness. "Why," he asks her, "did you not join in our prayers yesterday? When hymns of praise ascended up to the throne of the deity, why were your lips sealed? Why did you remain motionless when we inclined ourselves before the Lord?" Alas! Stenio knows not that misery disowns God in order to be dispensed from blaspheming him. At length the warmth of his affection softens her heart, and he proudly returns thanks to Heaven for having made him the instrument of restoring youth and moral vigor to a great but disconsolate soul. He adores Lelia. She

mingles her kisses with tears, and invokes the aid of the Almighty ; but all to no purpose. Her senses remain cold, and in Stenio's arms she is once more a courtesan. This pains him ; and he falls from his heaven of bliss. All his ideal hopes, his youthful illusions, are destroyed, and in order to forget them he plunges into the vortex of a dissolute life, hitherto his aversion. He carries out this moral suicide to the last stage of degradation. When his conscience awakens, he strives to lull it again to sleep. Finally he gets disgusted with this sensual life, and ends his career by self-destruction.

Pulchérie is the very opposite of her sister Lelia. True to her character throughout, she typifies the pleasures of the senses, the very highest degree of sensual enjoyment, — a body without a soul. The part she plays is mostly passive. She is always on the stage, but takes no active part in the performance. Lelia is never angry at the premeditated shamelessness of her sister, but regards it as an inevitable fatality. Pulchérie's pleasures appear to her contemptible, but she never looks upon herself as being any thing better, and although she has not sunk to the same depth of depravity as Pulchérie, she thinks she has no right to despise her. Thenmor, another character in "Lelia," is a great genius, with energy equal to the execution of the greatest deeds. If he had chosen, he might have been a great warrior, poet, statesman, lawyer, or reformer, but he considers all these as unworthy of his ambition. As if to defy destiny, he selects the most terrible of all passions, — gambling, — on account of the excitement it offers. He is to-day rich and to-morrow poor. He steals and is imprisoned, pays the penalty of his crimes, and afterwards becomes a reformed and honest man. A fifth character in "Lelia" is the weak, fickle, disinterested, boorish, credulous, and superstitious Magnus, who expects to obtain by prayer the strength and energy which only come by individual exertion. His solitude is a burden to him, and he fancies he would derive consolation from love. But he is afraid that a wife would subject him to her caprices, and deterred by this danger he retires to a monastery. Fasting and watching bow him down and turn his hair gray, and he goes mad. Finally he reappears and kills Lelia while she is in the act of confessing her love for Stenio by the side of his lifeless corpse.

The manuscript of "Lelia" hung upon the hands of our authoress for more than a year. She wrote the story only at intervals, in great mental distress, and just as the spirit moved her. She says it was her intention never to publish it, but Sainte-Beuve, to whom she read



portions of it, advised her to go on with it, and afterwards induced Buloz to ask her to let him have some chapters for the "Revue des deux Mondes." The later chapters also appeared in the same periodical between 1836 and 1839. "Lelia" took the world by surprise, the more so as George Sand had never divulged her mental anguish to any one. Even her most intimate friends were for some time quite unable to recover from their astonishment. Néraud addressed a letter to her at the time, in which he says: "What in Heaven's name does all this mean? Where have you got it from? For what purpose have you written the book? To what does it all tend? Who is the writer? You? No! it is not a bit like you, who know how to be merry and to dance the *bourrée*; who love butterflies and do not despise a pun; who make such excellent jam, and are so handy with your needle! Or is it that we do *not* know you? Have you really thought so deeply, studied so many subjects, and suffered so much heartache without your friends being in the least aware of it?" George Sand never wrote any thing like it afterward, and she herself called it "immature;" but even in her soberest works we may scent the flavor of "Lelia," in the same way as when we see a picture by Rubens we never fail to find the characteristic flaxen hair.

Shortly after the appearance of "Lelia," Buloz gave a banquet to the writers in the "Revue des deux Mondes," at which George Sand made the acquaintance of Alfred de Musset. An intrigue immediately sprang up between them, and they went to Italy together. Musset was taken dangerously ill, and she nursed him during his illness. Later on they quarrelled and separated. As in her quarrel with Sandeau, there is also an air of mystery respecting her quarrel with Musset which has never been cleared up, and probably never will be. George Sand spent her money freely during her stay in Italy, in consequence of which she was obliged to work hard in Venice for several months. She sent from there to the "Revue des deux Mondes" "André," "Leone Leoni," "Mattea," some of the "Lettres d'un Voyageur," and "Lettres d'un Oncle." These two series of letters, which were afterwards amalgamated, are rather the fearless and open-hearted self-confessions of a loving and confiding heart than the utterances of a sceptical and unbelieving mind like that of Lelia. Tears, anger, imprecations, and scornful irony are indiscriminately launched therein against the decrees of destiny, but we find also evidences of an upright, strong, and loving mind, alike capable of giving and receiving pleasure. These letters therefore have a much

higher psychological value than "Lelia." Another result of her *liaison* with Musset and sojourn in Italy is "Le Secrétaire Intime." This title has reference to her connection with Musset, and to his having accompanied her to Italy in the capacity of private secretary. After an absence of more than a year, she returned to France in September, 1834. She spent a few weeks at Nohant, and went to Paris in October. In January we find her again at Nohant, in February and March at Paris, and in April again at Nohant. Completely worn out both in body and mind by these frequent and monstrous journeys between Paris and Nohant, she longed for a change, and would have set out immediately to some distant land if her love for her children had not kept her back. Her best friends advised her to leave Paris again for another year, as the best thing she could do not only for herself but for her children, whom she was spoiling by over-indulgence, and who learned nothing whenever she was at home. Planet wrote to her : "Your husband is exasperated by your presence, and you are in imminent danger of falling ill both physically and mentally. You must withdraw from the scene and the cause of your sufferings." She allowed herself to be persuaded, left Paris without taking leave of any one, and went to Nohant to arrange with some friends respecting the care of her children in the event of her death. She had made up her mind to go to the East, but, in the mean time, Fleury having counselled her to take the opinion of the celebrated lawyer Michel of Bourges respecting her position and plans, her intention was abandoned. Fleury accompanied her to Bourges, where she had an interview of nine hours' duration with Michel, during which the real object of her visit was entirely lost sight of. She was amazed at his genius and intellect, and in her subsequent "Lettres d'un Voyageur," as also in her "Histoire de ma Vie," she gives him the sobriquet of *Everard*. Everard had read "Lelia," and had both admired and condemned it ; and now he was brought suddenly face to face with the authoress herself, who had come to seek his advice with respect to those very wrongs and iniquities under the influence of which the work had been produced. Though an invalid, he was in the full possession of all his mental faculties. In his person he combined every good and noble quality, — a profound understanding, an ardent enthusiasm, a capacious mind, an acute perception, amiability, delicacy, friendly feeling, and indomitable physical courage. When he spoke, a vivid light overspread his pale countenance, his eyes sparkled, his nostrils dilated, his snowy teeth glistened, and



instead of an invalid he might have been taken for a young and powerful man.

After this conference George Sand and Everard corresponded for some time ; then the latter came to Paris and they saw each other daily. He gradually inspired her with a great portion of his high-flown social views, which she has incorporated in several of her romances. He took such bold flights at times that she was afraid to follow him. She was greatly shocked at the consequences he drew from Babeuf's theories, and after a nocturnal promenade which Fleury, Everard, and she made to the Pont des Saints-Pères she became sick of socialism. She again resolved to go to the East, but as soon as Everard had become more moderate she once more abandoned the idea. Everard returned to Bourges, and George Sand went back to Nohant. But her sojourn there became more painful than ever, — her presence was found to be "*positivement gênante*." Every one felt that such a state of things could no longer be endured. Her friends endeavored to arrange some method by which she would be relieved from spending half of every year at the Castle. Besides her own fifteen hundred francs her husband now allowed her a similar sum for their daughter ; but this amount added to her then small literary income was insufficient to enable her to live altogether in Paris, more especially as she had to defray the expenses of Solange's education. Her husband was asked to double the allowance, and to this he agreed. But when it became a question of payment, he not only declared that he could not afford to pay so much, but he prevailed upon her to sign a number of documents with the view of improving his financial position, which had been impaired by ruinous speculations. This proving insufficient, he proposed that they should sell Nohant Castle, and retire with the proceeds to the south of France. They signed an agreement to that effect, which M. Dudevant tore up next day ; whereupon his wife went to Paris. After a lapse of two months she again visited Nohant, but with no better result, so that she determined to establish her residence in Paris until some settlement was arrived at. There, in the same year (1835), she made the acquaintance of Madame Dorval, Pierre Leroux, and Lamennais. Slander had been very busy with the reputation of the great tragedian just named, as well as with her own ; nevertheless she frequented Madame Dorval's society more than that of any one else, and, against the advice of many friends, remained faithful to her until her death, which happened in 1849. Leroux,

like Everard, filled her head with socialism, the effect of which may be traced in some of her works. Madame Dudevant and her husband continued to live on the most unfriendly terms, until at last she consulted Rollinot respecting her position. Rollinot was reluctant to do any thing without Everard, and drove over with her to Bourges in order to confer with him. They came to the determination to sue for a judicial separation, and George Sand was instructed not to appear again at Nohant. She spent a few weeks in La Châtre with Dutiel, while Everard instituted legal proceedings. She states that in the event of losing her suit she had made up her mind to go to America, taking her children with her ; and in order to provide herself with the necessary funds she borrowed ten thousand francs from various friends. In February, 1836, however, the court decreed a separation, and ordered the children to be handed over to the sole care of their mother. We may gather from Michel's opening address that Dudevant was not only jealous of his wife, but that he had treated her with great brutality. After the court had decided against him he left Nohant, and Madame Dudevant took up her abode there. He got the judgment cancelled in consequence of the non-observance of some legal formality, and when it was confirmed by a new trial he appealed against it again, but unsuccessfully. The wife was now able to take final possession of Nohant ; but M. Dudevant caused her every kind of annoyance, from which he only desisted in 1838 on condition of her paying him down fifty thousand francs. It is disgusting to read her description of all these unpleasant details, but they are essential to her own justification against the numberless accusations that have been brought against her. George Sand still continued to write, but it was no longer poverty that urged her to it. Her capacity for writing once developed, she gave utterance to her grief at the wrongs under which she saw society was suffering, and allowed free scope to her thoughts respecting the condition of her own sex.

LEOPOLD KATSCHER.



## THE KHEDIVE'S "COUP D'ÉTAT."

THE mission and the mystery of Egypt are evidently not yet closed. In this, as in all preceding generations, that strange country is playing a very important part, and is seen repeatedly imperilling the peace of nations unborn when she was in her dotage. Recent events have demonstrated, that, with the blood of Mehemet Ali, his grandson, the present khedive, has also inherited much of the craft and courage which characterized that "Napoleon of the East," proving himself a political Proteus by the suddenness with which he effects his transformation from hereditary despot and oppressor of his people to regenerator of his country and elect of "the native party," which, cursing him loudly but yesterday, are vehemently applauding him to-day. Within the short space of one year, the world has witnessed Ismaïl khedive shifting rapidly from the rôle of an oriental tyrant to that of the constitutional ruler, "who reigns but does not govern," under European tutelage; anon, without warning, re-assuming full authority, as representative of the newly created "Egyptian national party," and discarding the foreign administrators forced upon him by England and France; acting thus in open defiance of those powers, and, as it now appears, with the sanction of his suzerain the sultan, who had been relied on to coerce him to obedience to his Western guardians.

Whether the assent of the sultan to this radical change and resistance to European intermeddling were bought or were spontaneous, is matter of little consequence so far as the actual situation is affected thereby; though of course it is to be presumed that "golden opinions" are still purchasable at the Porte on the traditional terms of so many "purses of gold" for so many opinions. It is an open secret that for a price the Egyptian ruler has purchased successive privileges and honors unknown to his predecessors; and that he had almost emancipated himself from the thralldom of his "Old Man of the Sea," the sultan, when England and France reseated that ruler more firmly than ever, to save "the most precious ducats" of their

bondholders, and preserve an armed truce in the Suez Canal controversy. Yet, even here, Ismaïl khedive has apparently checkmated Western diplomacy, and sown such dissensions between England, France, and Italy as to make himself master of the situation, — a situation, however, which any action on the part of any one of the four parties immediately interested may modify or entirely change at any moment. In that event chaos may return, and a problem most difficult of solution, save through the arbitrament of an European war, may be presented to the diplomatists of the western European nations. Paradoxical though it may appear, nevertheless in the weakness of Egypt lies her strength. From her position, accessibility, and powerlessness, she might be made the easy prey of any one of the Great Powers covetously regarding her, yet jealously watching each other. The anxiety of each and all is that the Mediterranean may not become either the "French Lake," which the first Napoleon dreamed of making it, nor the "English Lake," which the Suez Canal threatened to make it, nor the "Italian Lake," which propinquity and the new-born national pride of united Italy would gladly render it.

As thorough a master of state-craft as though he had been a pupil of Machiavelli, the khedive has thoroughly appreciated and availed himself of this state of things, playing one jealousy or one interest against the other so as to maintain his equilibrium, now at Constantinople, now at London, now at Paris, and now at Rome, but always and everywhere with infinite skill and unfailing effect. No one knows better than the khedive, now that he has set at defiance the will and the wishes of the French and English governments, that the day when there is concert of action between those Great Powers must be the day either of his abdication or of his absolute submission. But he confidently counts upon that day never arriving. The struggle between England and France in Egypt is an old story. The interest and influence of Italy date back to the unification of that country and to the consolidation of the Italian colony in Egypt under a common head; add also that her representative there, the Chevalier de Martini, is an exceedingly able and adroit man, wielding great personal influence over the khedive. The Italian colony is numerically third among the foreign colonies. First is the Greek, 34,000 in number; next the French (native and subjects), 17,000; next the Italian, 15,000; the English stands fourth, with but 6,500, including a large number of Maltese, who are more Eastern than



European in blood and customs. The English, however, counter-balance their small numerical force by their large stake in the Suez Canal (since the £4,000,000 purchase of stock) and their old political preponderance in Egypt under the last two reigns. The respective trade of these three Powers through the Suez Canal stands thus:—

Out of about 2,000,000 tonnage per annum, England contributes

over . . . . .	1,500,000 tons
France over . . . . .	140,000 „
Italy over . . . . .	61,000 „

It will thus be seen that England's stake in the canal is three times greater than that of all other nations put together: and this is her interest in Egypt.

At the bottom of the present imbroglio is the public debt of Egypt, amounting to the enormous sum of £90,000,000 sterling; almost all of which has been contracted during the present reign, beginning in 1863, and is chiefly in foreign hands. For this really is the underlying question which has brought about the various political changes in the Egyptian administration previously referred to. So long as the khedive was solvent or was supposed to be so, and made punctual payment of the coupons, the conscience of Europe was in a very slumbrous condition with regard to his government, and the journals of France and England loudly praised him as a man and a monarch. But all this suddenly changed, when from becoming impecunious he came into danger of insolvency. With a heavy fall in the value of Egyptian securities fell also his credit, at once and for ever, in the eyes of the foreign Scribes no less than of the foreign Pharisees, all lately so genuine in their admiration. Now there are none among them so poor as to do him reverence, and he is treated by the most worshipful society of foreign stock jobbers, and their agents in the Press and in government circles, much as the African's fetich is treated by the indignant savage when the god fails to send the rain which is prayed for; namely, kicked, cuffed, pulled to pieces, and thrown into the dirt heap.

Now truth and justice in this matter really lie between the two extremes. If Ismaïl khedive was once over-rated and overpraised as a disinterested reformer and friend of civilization, so is he now undervalued and extravagantly vilified by his former adulators. For whatever may be his real motive in making the *coup d'état*, which has confounded all the calculations of the bondholders, and placed both the English and French governments in a position equally mor-

tifying and embarrassing, while restoring the rule of Egypt to native hands, certainly to the outside observer it seems the most patriotic as well as the boldest act of the khedive's life, and marks a new era in Egyptian history. For this foreign yoke had become even more intolerable to his people than to himself, and its removal has been hailed by the loud acclaim of the representatives of all the mixed races over which the khedive rules, — Turk, Arab, Syrian, Nubian, Abyssinian, Jew, and Gentile, and of the Christian colony also. Reports from Egypt go farther, and state that even the Consular corps sympathize, some openly and the rest under reserve; so that the howl of the bondholders awakens no echo in Egypt, although it reverberates in the stock exchanges of London and Paris.

So long as England avoided entangling alliances her voice was all-powerful with the khedive, who looked to her for political protection as well as for financial aid, both which England seemed willing to accord, — not less than four financial commissioners having been specially sent to Egypt to adjust her money matters. First in order was the mission of Mr. Stephen Cave, not only a member of Parliament but a high public official. Next was sent Mr. Romaine, with a small army of English officials, not only to cook the accounts and prepare the annual budget, but also to take charge of all the receipts and expenditures of the country, and control the different departments with the assent of the viceroy. Then came the entangling alliance above referred to. France insisted on having her share in the business, and England consented. The result was the famous Goschen-Joubert commission, in which an English ex-cabinet minister representing the interests of the English bondholders and a French financier representing the French bondholders were selected by their respective governments to make a conjoint scheme for the settlement of the Egyptian debts; and it is their project which has lately led to the disastrous state of affairs which has justified the khedive, after a fair trial, in repudiating the plan with its English and French administrators, in the persons of Mr. Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignieres, who constituted the fourth instalment of European commissioners.

Hence the curious complication which has recently arisen in Egypt. By one of those complete reversals of position which "the whirligig of Time" so often brings about, "Egyptian bondage," so long imposed by native rulers, from Pharaohs down to khedives, has of late been inflicted by England and France in the interest of their



money-changers, and been resisted by Pharaoh's successor in the interest of his people! European statesmen have been blind enough to allow the Eastern potentate to pose before the civilized world, as well as before his own compatriots, in the character of deliverer of his people from this bondage, — from "the body of this death," — which was crushing out property, hope, and life from the industrious and patient tillers of the Nile valley and its banks, in order that usurious interest might punctually be paid to foreign bondholders upon vast sums, of which a large proportion had been only nominally furnished to the khedive or to Egypt, as the records prove. So far as the khedive personally was concerned, the wound was more to his pride and vanity than to his interests. He and his family were well provided for, at an annual charge of three million pounds sterling, and the semblance and parade of place and power were still left to them. But to the toilers of the Delta and the Nile, his unhappy subjects, the matter was and is literally one of life or death. Famine had already begun its ravages among them, and pestilence would shortly have followed in its wake, as it ever has before.

Even now Pharaoh's dream, which Joseph only could then interpret, and which was fatally verified, is threatening this doomed land, as the accounts of recent visitors to the Upper Nile abundantly testify. The English journals have spoken out with commendable frankness on this matter, although at the eleventh hour. An influential London weekly, "The World," thus defines the late alliance, now dissolved by act of the administration, which has sent the British Consul-general back to Egypt to resume his political functions, and accepted the khedive's dismissal of Mr. Rivers Wilson, recalling him to his home post at London: —

One of the great disadvantages of our recent policy, to which we have already once adverted, has its origin in the distinctive character of the French interest in Egypt. That solicitude is no longer of the ambitious order, nor of the sentimental, as in the palmier days of French military ardor, but now reeks of financial speculation and of Stock-Exchange intrigue. "I implore you to help us to get the May *coupon* paid," cried the French Minister to that which was once derided as a nation of shopkeepers. In an evil hour we yielded acquiescence. The more thoughtful organs of the French press now begin to see things a little as they are. "It was a mistake," they say in effect, "to attach so much importance to the financial side of the question. The Egyptian people are beginning to perceive that Western influence is a mere bondholder's job; the ruler and the masses are at last in complete unison, and eager to be rid of the interlopers." All this is true: but then the French Government have something to show for their political obliquity. The May coupon was paid; and so long as French Governments, whether

empire or republic, are so much under Stock-Exchange influence that they must come to the assistance of their Soubeyrons and their Crédits Fonciérs, we suppose that empire or republic will go on acting as in the past. What we have to ask is, why on earth have *we* been joined with them in this discredit? What is it to England that the Egyptian bondholder should be paid more or less of his usurious interest? What do *we* care about his being paid at all? What is *our* interest in the May *coupon*? And yet these are the objects for which we have been allowing our good name to be traduced and selling our birthright; for us, for the State, for England, we do not see even the mess of pottage.

The editor might easily have answered his own question. For it is notorious to all who know any thing of Egyptian affairs that although the larger portion of the Egyptian debt is due to Frenchmen, yet a very large sum is also due to English holders, and that it was through and for the English bondholders that Mr. Goschen was selected to meddle and muddle with Egyptian finance, and that the army of highly-paid English employées was fastened on the khedive's treasury to carry on the Goschen programme, in the proportion of ten Englishmen to one Frenchman. There can be no shifting of the responsibility of this exploded scheme to French shoulders alone; it must be borne conjointly, as it was conceived and carried out conjointly, England taking the lion's share of the work and the profits as well as the control, so long as it continued in operation. "The Times" is more candid. In its issue of April 25, commenting on the return to Cairo of the British Consul-general Mr. Vivian, who had been summoned to England to explain his views of the situation, which were understood not to be in accord with those of Mr. Rivers Wilson, that journal says:—

*It is manifestly an advantage to have once for all cut loose from this equivocal engagement in which we were rapidly becoming involved in our relations with Egypt, and to have reverted to ordinary processes of diplomatic intercourse; but our substantial interests in the maintenance of the highway to India and the freedom of Egypt from any preponderating foreign influence still remain. We shall certainly give no countenance to the proposal which found favor in some quarters for the Porte's resumption of its lapsed authority in Egypt.*

This is plain talk, and clearly marks the return of the British Government to its traditional policy, and the repudiation of any further entangling alliance in the interest of the bondholders. Yet the pressure which will be put on the ministry by the interested parties will be very great indeed, and it will require Roman firmness to resist it. The khedive stands in the position of a defaulting debtor, and, as a great English moralist has justly remarked, it is one of John



Bull's peculiarities to hate any one who fails in punctual payment, especially when he himself is the creditor. Moreover, the past conduct of the khedive not being beyond reproach, his new professions of devotion to the common weal and financial good faith must be received with many grains of distrust.

On April 8 the khedive dismissed the English and French ministers, Wilson and De Blignieres, and created a new ministry, composed entirely of Egyptian notables, with Cherif Pacha at their head. He then summoned all the representatives of foreign powers in Egypt, and explained to them his reasons for this action, which were as follows: That the foreign administration of his affairs had proved a failure; that it represented neither the national interests nor the aspirations of the country; that the financial projects of Mr. Wilson—the English commissioner—attacked the most sacred rights of the Europeans as well as of the natives; that the situation had become so unendurable that remonstrances had been sent in to him from all quarters, demanding a complete change in the existing state of things. For these reasons, and in response to the public sentiment, he said that he had felt obliged to take steps to improve the situation and remedy the evils complained of, and that he had summoned the foreign agents to explain the facts to them. He then submitted to the assembled consuls-general a new financial project, which he termed a national one, carefully drawn up by himself and approved by his Assembly of Notables, or Parliament,—a body invested with full powers, on the European plan, and to which his ministers were to be responsible.

Messrs. Wilson and De Blignieres at first refused to accept their dismissal from the khedive without the assent of their respective governments; but those governments having declined directly to interfere, they have been compelled to relinquish their positions as receivers and disbursers of Egyptian finances,—positions which constituted an *imperium in imperio*, and made the khedive a cipher in his own country; or, as the first Napoleon pithily expressed it, a *cochon engraisé* at so many hundred thousand pounds per annum. That popular sympathy is with the khedive in this movement has been proven by the material test of a subscription of a very large amount by the native notables and bankers to meet the expenses of the new government, as well as by congratulatory addresses from the heads of the Mahometan and Jewish communities, comprising all the various shades of conflicting faiths in Egypt. Immediately succeeding this *coup d'état* the khedive despatched two emissaries on

most important missions,—one to Upper Egypt to collect money, the other to Constantinople, probably to disburse it, but nominally to obtain the sultan's sanction to this change of persons and of programme.

The right of the sultan to interfere is one matter ; his power to do so, if incited by England and France, is quite another. In 1873, by his firman of June 9,<sup>1</sup> changing the Egyptian succession from the eldest male of the blood of Mehemet Ali to the eldest son of the khedive, the sultan sold out his right to interfere in the internal policy of Egypt,—recognizing the unlimited authority of the khedive to make internal laws and regulations ; to contract loans without permission asked of the sultan ; to enter into commercial or other treaties with foreign powers, if not inconsistent with other treaties of the Sublime Porte ; and to increase his army and navy as he sees fit, with the exception of iron-clads, which are forbidden. The annual tribute to the Porte was fixed at 150,000 purses, equivalent to about 680,000 pounds sterling, concerning which the firman thus feelingly and forcibly speaks, as a finale, to the liberated khedive : "Thou shalt also pay the greatest attention to remit each year, without delay and in its entirety, to my imperial treasury, the 150,000 purses of tribute established as fixed by the firman of 1866,"—that being the firman which elevated the then viceroy to the dignity of khedive, a higher appellation. Whatever other debts the khedive has made default upon, it is quite certain that this tribute has been punctually paid ; and the more so, since it is the guarantee for an Ottoman loan, and finds its way also into the capacious pockets of the foreign bondholder. But "the daughters of the horse-leech" were never more insatiable than the sultan, and that has been but a small portion of the blood of Egypt with which he has been, and will continue to be, gorged, with the aid and countenance of Europe. Yet as the sultan is now a mere puppet in the hands of the Great Powers, their will must probably prove his law. Wherefore the punctual payments of the khedive, and private donations of even greater magnitude, may not avail to save him from that interference with the internal laws and regulations for the government of Egypt which was formally resigned in the firman of succession and paid for at a heavy price. How far that foreign pressure will be exerted we shall soon see.

The question naturally arises how this enormous debt has been incurred in the short space of sixteen years, and what has become of the money ? The short and flippant method of charging it all to the

<sup>1</sup> For text of this firman see "The Khedive's Egypt," p. 428.



wastefulness and extravagance of the khedive is unjust to him, and untrue in point of fact. There are other reasons to be assigned for this indebtedness, and also existing evidences of what has been done with at least a portion of the money.

The stranger who enters Egypt either at Alexandria or at Port Said at the mouth of the Suez Canal is astounded at the immense works and vast outlay made at either point. At Port Said modern science and skill have accomplished that in which King Canute failed, and have compelled the sea to retire and yield possession of his domain. Of the millions of pounds required to build those sea walls, create that port, and cut the canal from sea to sea, Egypt contributed fully £10,000,000, directly and indirectly, besides its supplement, the Sweet Water Canal from Ismailia to Cairo, which cost £1,800,000 more. At Alexandria, the new harbor and docks, which now equal any in the world, and afford shelter and safety to foreign shipping, have already cost £3,000,000, and will probably reach £5,000,000 when completed by the English contractors, who have them in charge, with a lien upon them. About a thousand miles of railway, and as many of telegraph, have been constructed during the present reign at an estimated cost of £10,000,000, including repairs. A quarter of a million sterling has been expended on lighthouses along the shores of the Mediterranean and Red Sea coasts. The introduction of gas and water works into Alexandria and Cairo, both of which are now well supplied with these two necessities, together with the sewerage, paving, and improvements in the latter city, whose European quarter is now quite Parisian, having solid blocks of shops and dwelling-houses where ten years ago were mud buildings and sycamore trees of the Ezbekieh, or central park, have been estimated at £3,000,000 more. The khedive also established a fleet of merchant steamers to ply between Egypt, Turkey, and Greece, the estimated cost of which was £1,500,000. Besides these direct outlays the khedive has redeemed about 500,000 acres of land, and dug several hundred miles of new irrigating canals, the cost of which in money, as well as in fellah flesh and blood, it is impossible to compute.

Thus much it is possible to pass to the khedive's credit, for these works are there to speak for themselves. But there is an opposite side to the account, wherein he does not figure so well. In familiar conversation with the writer of this article, three years since, the khedive said reflectively (speaking in French as he always does) "Every man is mad on some one subject. My mania is for building,"

*J'ai une manie en pierre.* He might have added that his passion for the acquisition of land was another of his besetting sins, whether on a large scale in the way of annexing Central African jungles and savages, or appropriating five hundred thousand acres of arable land for himself and family, — though it must be added that he has given up this latter property for the purpose of paying State debts. His passion for territory has cost him any number of small wars, as well as a large one with Abyssinia, while his lieutenant Gordon is still shooting and slaying in the Soudan, under his authority. The cost of the Abyssinian campaigns must have been very heavy indeed. His confessed craze for building led him into erecting numerous palaces for himself and different members of his family, at immense cost, and which were furnished with utter disregard of expense. How many millions this taste has cost him no one can tell nor even conjecture, but the sums expended must have been very great. He has also another expensive mania; namely, for entertaining. He thus found use for many palaces in affording hospitality to foreign guests, from the Prince of Wales down to the smallest German or Austrian princelings with more pedigree than pocket money, lending them steamers that they might pass the winter up the Nile, and furnishing them with princely retinues. He even extended such favors to his own foreign employées, who were lodged in palaces and driven about in khedivial equipages. During the winters he gave frequent and sumptuous entertainments to the foreign visitors and residents at Cairo, numbering several thousand dinners and balls and splendid suppers, and allowed the young princes and courtiers to waltz with the European ladies who attended them, in very unoriental style.

He caused not only a fine opera house but also a French theatre to be erected at Cairo, and engaged Verdi to compose a special opera (*Aida*) for him, which was produced at Cairo with costumes (which must have cost a prince's ransom) made from designs furnished by Mariette Bay from the old hieroglyphs, and prepared at Paris. In his mode of living, and that of all the members of his family, no bounds were set to extravagant expenditure and show. Yet in spite of all this waste and reckless expenditure, so great were the resources of the country, which he treated as his farm (monopolizing for himself and family one-fifth of the arable lands of Egypt), that he might still have continued solvent and kept up Egyptian credit but for the fatal facility of borrowing, which became another of his manias, until usurious interest, thrice compounded, drove him to the wall. Out of the mountain of indebtedness, now rising as high as £92,000,000



sterling, Mr. Stephen Cave, in his very able Report made three years ago, declared that the khedive had actually netted but £45,000,000 from his huge foreign loans, and had actually paid back, in principal and interest up to that date, £31,000,000.

For many years the annual revenues of Egypt amounted to £10,000,000, wrung out of a population of five and a half millions, the one million European residents paying no taxes, and the weight falling chiefly on the peasant cultivators, the fellahs, who, like the French peasantry, were also proprietors, and were so even in a larger proportion than in France. The actual expenses of the government, including £600,000 for the khedive's civil list, did not exceed £3,500,000 per annum, even with an army of sixty thousand men, thus leaving a large surplus for private and public expenditure and payment of interest on loans.

At the present moment it is doubtful if the annual revenue of Egypt can be made to exceed £7,000,000; and even that amount has to be made almost literally from the flesh and blood of the luckless fellah, whose lot still verifies the saying of Amron to the Caliph Omar, applied to the Egyptian laborers of that day: "Like the bee, they seem destined only to work for others, without profiting themselves by the price of their labor."

Under the terrible screw of the foreign commissioners, who have made every thing secondary to the payment of the coupons on the public debt for three years past, superadded to a bad Nile and failing crop last season, the unhappy fellah — the producer and cultivator — has been reduced to want and desperation, and in some portions of the country to actual starvation. Like the overburdened camel, he has ceased to struggle under his load, and has lain him down to die. The facts can no longer be denied, for we have unimpeachable English testimony for them. The "London Times" has published the details, which are heart-rending, and appeal to our common humanity to put a stop to "man's inhumanity to man," which is making "countless thousands mourn" within earshot of civilization. For these poor wretches are suffering not for their own sins, but for those of their rulers, and from the relentless avarice and greed of the Christian creditors of the khedive. An Englishman who has just returned from a visit to Upper Egypt, in a letter to the "London Times," says:—

Having lately returned from a land journey in Upper Egypt, I can testify that no words are strong enough to describe the utter misery of the fellahin and the horror of the scenes I personally witnessed. I scarcely ever approached a village

without hearing the shrill cries of the women over those who had died of starvation. Multitudes of the still living men, women, and children were mere skeletons, and many were covered with sores, the too frequent result of starvation. In the town of How I saw two men, one old, the other in the prime of life, lying in the open street, and actually dying in that position for want of food. That and other shocking scenes took place within sight of one of the large sugar factories, to which trains of camels were conveying the rich crops for the khedive or his European creditors. I repeatedly saw people in the last stage of emaciation sitting in the paths and picking individual grains of dourha corn out of the dust. The wan, wolfish expression of the people's faces and their attenuated forms will haunt me for years.

And he makes this painful admission :—

The immediate cause of the starvation of the inhabitants was indeed the failure of the dourha crop ; but if the people had not been utterly despoiled and ground to the earth by over-taxation, illegal exactions, and forced and unremunerative labor for the khedive, they could have saved sufficient to tide over the evil time. As it is, they could not do so. Nothing can save the country except to limit the demands of the bondholder, while at the same time keeping the khedive under the tightest restrictions. *To exact the letter of the bond in favor of the creditors means to starve the people in order to send their wealth to England and France.*

Another correspondent says :—

Every one who knows the country knows that the famine was directly due to over-taxation, which exhausted all the stock in the country and left the people without resources to meet the accident of a bad Nile. The same will be the case again whenever the next irregularity in the inundation occurs. There can be no remedy so long as Egypt is administered in the interest not of its people, but of the khedive or of his creditors. It ought to be brought home to English creditors of the khedive that their exorbitant though precarious usury is only exacted at the cost of the misery of a whole population. England has a right to know what she is doing.

This surely is not the attitude which civilized and Christian nations should occupy towards an imperfectly civilized and powerless one, even though its people profess a different faith, and are alien in blood and in race. The revelation of this state of things has evidently touched the conscience of the French and English peoples, as well as that of their governments, and there is now manifest a recoil from the policy of putting pressure on the khedive through Constantinople, or directly, for the perpetuation of a state of things such as that which has lately existed in Egypt.

It is this recoil by which the khedive has profited to resume his lost prestige and power, and in the step he has taken he undoubtedly represents the national sentiment, aroused at last by this dire extremity. Whether he is acting in good faith or not in calling his



people to his aid, time alone can prove ; but the first measures which he has already taken indicate a new departure and a just conception of the wants and wishes of his people.

On April 24 he issued a decree, creating a Council of State, under the presidency of a native, who will also be president of the Council of Ministers. Two European vice-presidents will assist him, and the council will be composed of five European and five native members, with two native lawyers. This council will prepare bills for the Chamber of Notables, or Parliament. The vice-president will have a deliberative voice in the Council of Ministers during the discussion of bills. The khedive will personally preside when engagements on the part of the government are discussed.

Nubar Pacha, the great reforming statesman, who was the chief agent in establishing the Judicial Tribunals and representative of the foreign influence in Egypt, has been dismissed, and his rival Cherif Pacha, the leader of the Turkish or retrograde policy, succeeds him as prime minister. Eminent as he is for ability, patriotism, and personal purity, Nubar has had to contend against the ill-will of the khedive, by reason of his being an Armenian and a Christian and the supposed representative of English influence in Egypt, which latter supposition has rendered the French influence cold if not hostile to him. Such a man of course could find no place in an administration exclusively and jealously native, — that is, Mahometan. It is a curious fact, however, not generally known, that Egypt was once a Christian country, and remained so for a term of two hundred and fifty-nine years, terminating A.D. 640, when the followers of the Prophet invaded and occupied it. The Copts boast that they were the primitive Christians, and are still adhering to their old faith, which does not disqualify them from holding important offices in all the departments of State, at the head of all which, under the *coup d'état*, are native mussulmans. Hence, although Nubar's race and creed have doubtless some weight in making him unpalatable to the khedive and the national party, the chief prejudice against him is his sympathy with English men and English methods, and his active agency in fastening both on the country.

Such is a succinct statement of the Egyptian situation at this time (May 1), and in the midst of this conflict of warring elements and jarring interests no human prescience can confidently predict the issue. No immediate solution can possibly be final ; for the disease, though acute at this moment, has long been chronic ; and even royal remedies, administered from Constantinople or from Europe, can only palliate, not cure, the malady which is eating like a canker into the heart of the

country. In a work on Egypt, published by the writer of this article in England and America little more than a year ago, the situation and needs of Egypt were thus summed up; and as subsequent events have only confirmed the necessity of the reforms therein set forth, they may be here again recited:—

1. Separation from Turkey, assigning the tribute to those of her creditors to whom it has been pledged, until the secured indebtedness is liquidated; the privilege of regulating her own internal affairs, and pursuing the march of progress, under the direction of her own most enlightened sons, aided by foreign counsel. The khedive might still act as titular head of the State, but as a constitutional ruler shorn of absolute power.

2. The substitution of law, and of the judgment of tribunals, in place of the arbitrary will of one man: following up the precedent which the khedive has unwillingly established in his judicial and financial reforms; making those general and of universal application which are now limited and restricted, so that the reign of law may really be established in fact as well as in name throughout Egypt.

3. Publicity and responsibility in all matters appertaining to different administrations, as well as in the discussions and recommendations of the body of Notables from the provinces (termed a Parliament) now sitting only in secret session, with an increase of their powers and responsibilities.

4. Reduction and restriction of royal or public expenditures, and of the civil list, within reasonable limits, as well as of the building and improvement manias; and adjustment of the public machinery in fit proportion to the work it has to do.

5. A more just and equitable system of taxation, supervised by honest and responsible officials, and the abolition of all extraordinary impositions and forced loans. Such new system of taxation to be devised and apportioned by the Assembly of Notables, who understand the country and the whole subject.

6. The elevation of the fellahin, by education and governmental aid, in physical condition and political rights to an equality with the laboring class of civilized countries, and the abolition of the *corvée* or forced labor, except in cases of absolute public necessity.

7. The gradual, if not immediate, abolition of domestic slavery in Egypt, all the easier of accomplishment because it is already half abolished. With its removal many of the social evils now existing would be ameliorated, the condition of woman would be changed, and her gilded slavery also would approach its end.

The difficulty of putting such reforms into execution would not be half so great as most people might imagine, owing to the gentle and docile character of the race, whom centuries of cruelty and oppression have failed to brutalize or deprave.

Let us not then, while giving the khedive his due for such good as he may have accomplished, fail to do justice to the instruments through which he has been able to achieve it. Let us not (to use the language of a famous writer on another occasion), "while admiring the plumage, forget the dying bird."

EDWIN DE LEON.



## CHANNING AS A PHILOSOPHER AND THEOLOGIAN.

CHANNING is regarded by common consent as the most eminent representative of the Unitarian movement in this country. It is true that others among the gifted men who have been conspicuous in that school have equalled or surpassed him in some of the titles to distinction. There have been in their number more eloquent preachers. The younger Buckminster was one, of whom Edward Everett declared that he had the most melodious voice "that ever passed the lips of man;"<sup>1</sup> of whom, also, one of the ablest of the early Unitarian preachers, who has since rendered most honorable service in literature and in public life — Dr. Palfrey — has said that his pulpit utterances approached near "to what we imagine of a prophet's or an angel's inspiration."<sup>2</sup> In the graces of style and delivery, according to the taste of that time, Channing was outdone by the youthful Everett himself, in the short time in which the latter served as the successor of Buckminster in the Brattle-street church. No doubt, Channing's manner was marked by a glow of chastened earnestness, indicating deep emotions held under restraint, and thus had a peculiar fascination of its own. Sometimes, though rarely, he broke out in a more impassioned strain. Of a sermon preached by him in New York, in 1826, an admiring listener writes: "The man was full of fire, and his body seemed, under some of his tremendous sentences, to expand into that of a giant; . . . his face was, if any thing, more meaning than his words."<sup>3</sup>

If there were others who had more of the qualifications considered to be characteristic of the clerical orator than were possessed by Channing, it is also the fact that, as a theological scholar, he was much surpassed by Andrews Norton; in familiarity with philosophical and general literature, by George Ripley; and in a certain cautious accuracy and weight of reasoning in moral science, by James Walker. Nor in devoutness of spirit does he excel the younger Henry Ware and Ephraim

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of the Buckminsters*, p. 396.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*, p. 481.

<sup>3</sup> *Life of Henry Ware, Jr.*, vol. i. p. 219.

Peabody. Those who knew Channing remarked in him something delicate, fastidious, patrician, notwithstanding his humane sympathy; and hence in the aptitude to reach directly the common mind he was outstripped by Theodore Parker, whose robust energy and racy dialect better fitted him for contact with the multitude. But Channing unites in himself various characteristics which conspire to give him pre-eminence. A clear mind, not wanting in imaginative warmth; a transparent, natural style, neither slovenly nor overwrought; the sympathies and attainments of a man of letters, even though he was not widely read,—are manifest in his writings. Superadded to these qualities, there was a sanctity of spirit which was felt by those who heard him in the pulpit, or met him even casually in conversation. It was not simply that he was sincere, and that he spoke in the accents of conviction. It was not only that he was above the influence of personal motives, like the love of praise and the dread of censure, and that he had a courage corresponding to his convictions,—a necessary attribute in a popular leader,—which he exemplified in an inspiring letter to Henry Ware, Jr., when the latter was desponding over the poor outlook for their cause in New York, and in other more serious emergencies.<sup>1</sup> Channing's eminence is chiefly due, first, to the elevated fervor which inspired his teaching, and which was of inestimable advantage in a movement in which the intellectual factor stood in so high a ratio to the religious; and, secondly, to the circumstance that he embodied in himself so fully the ethical and philanthropic impulse which principally constituted the positive living force of the Unitarian cause. Following out the humanitarian tendency, he acquired, at home and abroad, a high and, in the main, a deserved fame as the champion of justice in opposition to Slavery and other social evils. But I am to speak of him chiefly as a theologian.

Really to do justice to the subject, it would be requisite to review the history of religious thought in New England from the beginning. But this broad theme can be only briefly touched upon. How the Congregationalists, the descendants of the first settlers and proprietors of the soil, forming a united, enlightened body, having in their hands the great seats of education, Harvard and Yale, at length divided into hostile camps, existing side by side in a state of ecclesiastical non-intercourse, is a topic too large to be satisfactorily treated here. In England and in New England the eighteenth century was

<sup>1</sup> Life of Henry Ware, Jr., vol. i. p. 132.



signalized by a reaction against the theological tenets of the seventeenth. In the Church of England, Calvinism had given way to the creed of Arminius. Among dissenters the Calvinistic doctrines were feebly and apologetically defended by men of moderate theological ability, like Watts and Doddridge. The obnoxious points of the Genevan creed were softened down, in a deprecatory spirit, to accommodate its adversaries. Watts, though inimical to Socinians, himself abandoned the Orthodox formulas of the Trinity, and broached on that subject a peculiar notion of his own devising. The chief metaphysician of the day, Dr. Samuel Clarke, was an Arminian and an Arian. Locke's writings acquired more and more influence, and these were antagonistic to the main points of what had been counted the Evangelical theology. In New England, the closing part of the seventeenth century — the era of the Mathers, who, whatever may have been their virtues, were not equal in mental stature to the Cottons and Hookers of the earlier age — was lamentably distinguished by the outbreaking of the witchcraft delusion. When we pass into the eighteenth century, the atmosphere rapidly changes. Old opinions gradually relax their hold upon the faith of many. The English contemporary writers are imported and read. The characteristic points of Calvinism are less frequently and more vaguely inculcated. Whitby, Dr. John Taylor, and radical anti-Trinitarians, like Emlyn and Priestley, are brought in, and some of them find so many readers that they are reprinted. What was called Arminianism, which was often more a silent ignoring than an explicit rejection of the Calvinistic opinions, — which involved an impatience of creeds, a proclamation of the rights of free thought and of the duty of toleration for wide diversities of religious opinion, and which laid more stress in pulpit teaching on moral precepts than on theological doctrines, — prevailed widely among the ministers of New England, and was the seed-plot out of which Unitarianism was developed. In Boston Mayhew and, later in the century, Freeman, the minister of King's Chapel, were outspoken anti-Trinitarians; and they did not stand alone.

Meantime there was a rally of the defenders of the old system, under the lead of Jonathan Edwards and his theological disciples, and through the instrumentality of the great revival of 1740, when the persuasive eloquence of Whitefield reinforced the teaching of the New England ministers who were strongly averse to the Arminian way of thinking. But the revival was extensively opposed as

well as befriended. By emboldening the zeal of the Calvinists, by putting new weapons of defence into their hands, — especially through the writings of Edwards and his followers, — and by giving them in this way renewed confidence in their cause, the Edwardean movement probably accelerated rather than hindered the rupture of the Congregational brotherhood of ministers and churches. This effect was produced by the sharpening of the antagonism which existed between the two diverse types of religious belief. One of them could not crystallize without a like effect on the other. The traditional Calvinism roused itself from slumber, buckled on its new armor, and took the offensive. It had assumed a more clearly defined position, which it felt itself perfectly competent to maintain against assailants. Moreover, in the practical administration of the gospel, the revival method was introduced, so that the more zealous tone of preaching, and the more active measures adopted for making converts, — changes which the Moderates discountenanced as “enthusiasm,” — widened the breach between the two sections of the New England Church.

Another influence that tended to precipitate a conflict was the spread in eastern New England of the Hopkinsian theology, one of the later fruits of the theological activity of Jonathan Edwards. This, in some of its features, — as, for example, in its doctrine of a general in opposition to a limited Atonement, — was a mitigated form of Calvinism, and was so characterized by Channing himself. But the cardinal peculiarity of the Calvinistic system, — the idea of divine sovereignty, — it presented in extreme forms of statement, with no attempt to qualify it by clothing it in mystery, by connecting it with any supposed counter truth, or by cloaking it under conciliatory phrases. Edwards, in maintaining the doctrine of Original Sin, had ventured to apply the Berkeleian idea to the mind, which the founder of that philosophy never had thought of doing. This exaltation of God’s power at the expense of man’s agency, if consistently carried out, would issue in a form of Pantheism, — that form which merges human personality in the divine. It is the opinion of most philosophical critics of Edwards, that the real drift of his treatise on the Will is in the same direction. It is doubtful whether any of the Hopkinsian leaders were actual adherents of the Berkeleian theory ; still less probable that they consciously carried it so far beyond the intention of its author, — although Berkeley’s theory of perception had a decided influence on some of the New England



divines. But the ideas of Edwards, — even his scattered hints, — were subsequently very fruitful in the minds of his disciples. The Hopkinsians attributed the moral choices of men, — evil choices as well as good, — to “divine efficiency.” President Dwight wrote against Emmons a sermon to show that the mind is not “a chain of exercises,” and significantly spoke of theology in certain quarters as verging towards Pantheism. Whatever was the real intent of the Hopkinsian writers, however much we are to set down to the credit (or discredit) of ill-chosen phraseology, they made on the public, notwithstanding their verbal assertions of human power or “natural ability,” the impression of teaching that moral choices, bad and good, are literally produced by a creative act of God. Coupled with these extravagant views was naturally connected the idea of “submission to God” as the first and supreme act of human duty, preceding faith in the Redeemer; and this submission, it was held, must take the form of a willingness to be cast off for ever, if the glory of God should require it. Man is condemned by the divine law, they said: he must condemn himself, therefore; and since he deserves the full penalty, he must be willing to endure it: otherwise, he is not in full sympathy with the divine justice and government. But the moment that he reaches this acme of submission he becomes a fit subject of mercy. Perhaps for the first time in the history of the Church, it was made by Christian pastors a necessary condition of being saved that one should be “willing to be damned.” There can be no doubt that the exaggeration of Calvinism in the direction of divine power and sovereignty, the sharp, relentless formulating of these obnoxious dogmas, and the obtrusion of them in season and out of season, had something to do in provoking the doctrinal reaction and revolt, although the main cause was deeper and of a more general nature.

It is remarkable that the Unitarian movement was confined chiefly to eastern New England, and did not extend into western Massachusetts and Connecticut. In Connecticut there were never more than two or three Unitarian churches, and these in obscure towns. One ground of this fact is, that in that State the Episcopal Church struck a deeper root than in Massachusetts. For all who might dislike the style of preaching and the peculiar measures which characterize what is called “revivalism,” with its exciting appeals and its prying interrogation of individuals as to their religious experience, and for all who recoiled from rigorous metaphysical definitions of religious truth, the door of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut stood open. Here was a

church with an evangelical creed and evangelical worship, where those who were disaffected with Puritan ways, old or new, could find a quiet harbor. Another reason for the difference of which I speak lay in the circumstances which gave to the Edwardeans a complete ascendancy in Connecticut. The old Arminianism was not so strong or so strongly intrenched there as in eastern Massachusetts. The Calvinists of the older school, from their greater fear of Arminian doctrine, were inclined to coalesce with the followers of Edwards, as is seen in the case of President Clap, of Yale College (1739-1766). President Stiles, of the same college (1777-1795), was more of a latitudinarian in his opinions and affiliations; he looked back on the Revival "as the late period of enthusiasm." But he was succeeded by Dwight, whose accession to the presidency secured the complete ascendancy of the school of Edwards. The moderation of Dwight in his theological statements, his strenuous opposition to Hopkinsian extravagances, and, more than all, his commanding influence as a preacher and an instructor of theological students, contributed much towards keeping the Congregational churches and ministers in the old path. This result, however, might not have occurred had there been that deep and varied preparation for a doctrinal revolution which had been going forward in Boston and its neighborhood through the greater part of the eighteenth century.

If we would understand the Unitarian schism, we must take into account the fact that there were not only two interpretations of the Bible which came into collision, but that there were, at the same time, two types of culture. Unitarianism, as it has appeared in history, has been conjoined with no single form of church polity. It has sprung up in the midst of Anglican Episcopacy. It has sprung up at Geneva, in connection with Presbyterianism, and close by Calvin's grave. But it has frequently gone hand in hand with literary criticism and belles-lettres cultivation. This was the case in the Italian Unitarianism of the sixteenth century, which arose out of the Renaissance culture, and in the Unitarianism that spread so widely among the gentry of Poland. The same was conspicuously true of the Unitarian party in New England. There grew up about Boston and Cambridge a method of Biblical criticism which was nourished by the study of Griesbach, and of the Arminian scholars of an earlier date. In connection with these studies there was a new and wider range of literary activity, and an altered style and standard of literary and æsthetic training. Dwight and the elder Buckminster had been fellow-students and



tutors together at Yale College, in the latter part of the last century. They broke loose from the metaphysical style of discussion which had been in vogue before in the pulpit, and had fostered the reading of the contemporary English classics. But they still exhibit a stiff and somewhat tumid quality of style. In the sermons of the younger Buckminster we find that these faults have been outgrown; although even he expresses himself with a certain formality, and with an avoidance of the vocabulary of common life. From these remaining fetters Channing escaped, thereby evincing the continued advance of literary taste. He speaks somewhere of the habit that had prevailed of shunning familiar words as if they had been soiled by common use. In his own style there is nothing artificial and nothing slovenly. As the Unitarian movement went forward to later stages, the changes in the type of literary culture became very decided and very influential. But at the outset, at the epoch when Channing began his career, one feels in looking at the writers on the Unitarian side that they have passed beyond the point of bending entranced over the pages of Sir Charles Grandison, and are likely soon to become quite insensible to the attractions of Miss Hannah More. Theodore Parker says of Unitarianism: "The protest began among a class of cultivated men in the most cultivated part of America; with men who had not the religious element developed in proportion to the intellectual or the æsthetic element."<sup>1</sup> Of this there can be no doubt, — that, along with a real interest in theology and religion, there was a very decided taste and aptitude for literary pursuits. Among those who have left the Unitarian pulpit to devote themselves to literature or politics are Mr. Sparks, Mr. Everett, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Ripley, Dr. Palfrey, Mr. Upham. If an equal number of leading minds had withdrawn themselves from the pulpit in the Methodist denomination, — supposing that, in its early days, it had possessed so many able and learned men, — or from any other religious body not more numerous than the Unitarians were, the fact would be considered very remarkable. I refer to this matter merely as an indication of the general change of atmosphere, so to speak, in the places where Unitarianism appeared. The old Puritan culture, with its altogether predominant devotion to religious and theological writers, its austere jealousy of imaginative literature, and its rigid metaphysical habit, was fast giving way to a different and more diversified type of culture. In the circle of students to which Channing belonged at Cambridge, there was a newly-awakened zeal in the study of Shakspeare.

<sup>1</sup> Weiss's Life of Parker, vol. i. p. 270.

Another powerful agency, after the middle of the eighteenth century, had operated to turn the thoughts of men in that region away from metaphysics and abstract inquiries in theology into another channel. This was the discussion of political questions, which formed the prelude to the American Revolution, and called off many vigorous minds from theological controversy to another arena. These discussions were afterwards carried forward with absorbing interest during the administration of our first presidents, when the French Revolution and the stirring events on the continent of Europe to which it gave rise brought forward questions of the highest moment relating to government and society. Human rights and the well-being of mankind were topics of which Channing had heard from his childhood.

Channing was in contact from early life on the one hand with the strong religious influence which was still felt in Puritan New England, and, on the other, with laudations of mental freedom and with the growing tendencies to liberal or latitudinarian thought in matters of belief. With his sensitive, conscientious spirit, and his passion for liberty, he responded to both these influences. There were several critical epochs in his mental history. At New London, where he was at school in his boyhood before entering college, he received during a revival deep and lasting impressions, and, as his biographer tells us, dated his religious life from that time.<sup>1</sup> In college, he read with delight Ferguson's work on Civil Society. The capacities and the destiny of mankind, human nature and human progress, warmly interested his attention. Hutcheson, especially, the Scottish writer on Morals, whose glowing pictures of the beauty of universal benevolence produced a strong effect on many other New Englanders, kindled Channing's enthusiasm to a flame. On one occasion, when only fifteen, walking under the trees with his book in hand, these ideas of his favorite author, which suggested to him the possibility of an endless progress and the glory of disinterested virtue, awakened a rapture that stamped the place and the hour indelibly upon his memory. But he passed through a sentimental period of considerable duration. He gave himself up to idle musings, to delicious or gloomy reveries. He would stand upon the beach at Newport, and, in a high Byronic mood, long to rush to the embrace of the waters, whose tumultuous heavings harmonized with the mood of his own spirit. He had read the Stoics, and fancied himself akin to them. He wept over Goldsmith and over a sonnet of Southey, and even over the poems of Rogers. It is hard to believe that these maudlin tempers could ever

<sup>1</sup> Memoir of Channing, vol. i. p. 43.



have belonged to a man of Channing's sterling sincerity. He afterwards deplored them, and was ashamed of them. After graduating, while he was teaching at Richmond, Virginia, his more sensible brother writes to him: "You know nothing of yourself. You talk of your apathy and stoicism, when you are the baby of your emotions, and dandled by them without any chance of being weaned."<sup>1</sup> He was weaned, however. At Richmond a revolution took place in his inward life. "I was blind," he says, "to the goodness of God, and blind to the love of my Redeemer. Now I behold with shame and confusion the depravity and rottenness of my heart. . . . I have now solemnly given myself up to God. . . . I love mankind because they are the children of God." This act of self-consecration put an end to aimless sentiment, and morbid revery, and self-brooding. Thenceforward it should be his undivided purpose to serve God and mankind, oblivious of self. Of this moral crisis in Channing's course we might be glad to have more definite knowledge. It does not appear that perplexities of doctrine or metaphysical problems, such as we might look for in a New Englander sprung from the Puritan stock, disturbed his thoughts in the least at that critical time. In truth, at all times moral and spiritual relations were uppermost in his mind. He is spoken of in the title of this article as a "philosopher;" but if philosophy is used in its limited sense, to denote metaphysics, or the metaphysics of theology, there is little more to be said under this rubric than is contained in the noted chapter on Snakes, in the Natural History of Ireland: "There are no snakes in Ireland." His strongest objection to the doctrine of the Trinity is the practical perplexities which he supposed it to occasion in worship; his objections to Calvinism are not so much logical, but lie principally in what he terms the moral argument against it. He was never fond of Priestley. In this case, to be sure, the materialistic and necessarian theories of this author were repugnant to his convictions. Much as he honored Locke as a man, and frequently as he refers to him as an example of anti-Trinitarian belief in conjunction with high intellectual endowments, Locke's philosophical tenets were not congenial to him. He was delivered from them by his favorite writer, Price, whose dissertations won him over to the intuitive school, and who contributed essentially to the formation of his philosophical and theological opinions. This author is really a lucid as well as an animated expositor of the spiritual, in opposition to the empirical, philosophy. He vindicates the reality of *a priori*

<sup>1</sup> Memoir, vol. i. p. 108.

truth in the spirit of Cudworth. The genial tone of Price, and his anti-Trinitarian opinions, also recommended him to Channing's favor.

There is one link of connection between Channing and the earlier New England theologians. This is through Hopkins, who was a minister at Newport in the youth of Channing, and had not a little personal intercourse with him. A notice of his relation with Hopkins brings us naturally to one of the cardinal features of Channing's religious system. He says: "I was attached to Dr. Hopkins chiefly by his theory of disinterestedness. I had studied with great delight during my college life the philosophy of Hutcheson and the stoical morality, and these had prepared me for the noble, self-sacrificing doctrines of Dr. Hopkins."<sup>1</sup> The theory of virtue to which Channing alludes was unfolded in its essential points by Jonathan Edwards. Holiness, goodness, virtue, — moral excellence, by whatever name it may be called, — consists in Love. It is love towards the universal society of intelligent beings, of which God is the head. This love is impartial; it goes out to every being, and gives to each his due portion. God, the infinite One, is entitled to love without limit. Every one who is of the same order of being as myself I am to love equally with myself. Love is disinterested. I am to love myself not as *my* self, but only as one member of this universal society, — a member whose welfare is a proper object of pursuit, not less and not more than is the welfare of any other human being, every other one being of equal worth or value. Self is merged in the sum total of being, as a drop in the ocean. It is obvious that Love, as thus defined, has two directions: one upward to God, and the other outward towards our fellow-men. Not that piety and philanthropy, in their true and perfect form, are really separable from one another; yet it is quite possible for the feelings of adoration, devotion, submission, and the whole religious side of love to engross as it were the mind, so that the interests of man and of human life in this mundane sphere, except so far as man is to be prevented from inflicting dishonor on God and ruin upon himself by that means, should be left in the background. God is to be exalted and glorified, — this is the main thought. Such was the tendency of Calvinism; of Calvinism in New England as elsewhere. All such statements are, indeed, subject to much qualification. Calvinists demanded righteousness of conduct. Channing was taught by Hopkins to hate Slavery. This intrepid old man lifted his voice against Slavery and the Slave-trade in Newport, when that town was a princi-

<sup>1</sup> Memoir, vol. i p. 137.



pal mart of this iniquitous traffic. But, speaking generally, it was the first and great commandment, and the feelings directly involved in it, that mainly absorbed the attention. It was not absolutely forgotten that the second commandment is "like unto it." The duties of man to his neighbor were placed on the ground of religious obligation. But an active, warm-hearted, many-sided philanthropy, which looks after the temporal as well as the eternal interests of mankind, and goes out with tender sympathy to minister to suffering of every kind; which raises hospitals, builds comfortable habitations for the honest poor, visits those who are sick and in prison, cherishes a conception of education as comprehensive as the faculties of the mind,—such a spirit of philanthropy was not characteristic of the religion of New England, and Channing and Unitarianism have done much to promote it. The disinterested benevolence of Edwards and Hopkins now turned from lofty and sometimes almost ecstatic meditations upon the sovereignty and perfection of God, and the iteration of the solemn demand to submit to his authority and to live to His glory, to the man-ward side of this principle. Edwards was transported by visions of the sweetness of Christ and of the sublime attributes of God; Channing, by the exalted nature and infinite possibilities of man.

The *dignity of human nature*, then, was a fundamental article in Channing's creed. In every human being there is the germ of an unbounded progress. An unspeakable value belongs to him. His nature is not to be vilified. A wrong done to him is like violence offered to an angel.

This idea of the dignity of man is a great Christian truth. No one can doubt that it was a living conviction in Channing's mind. It imparted to him that "enthusiasm of humanity" which became the passion of his soul. But there is another side to the picture. "It is dangerous," says Pascal, "to make man see how he is on a level with the brutes, without showing him his greatness. It is dangerous, again, to make him see his greatness without seeing his baseness. . . . Let man estimate himself at his real value. Let him love himself, if he has in him a nature capable of good; but let him not love on this account the vilenesses that belong to it. Let him despise himself, because this capacity is waste; but let him not on this account despise this natural capacity. Let him hate himself; let him love himself." Channing avowed himself an opponent of what may properly enough be termed the catholic theology. He considered the Church in all past ages to have been immersed in error on religious themes of capital

importance. This was his judgment respecting the churches of the Reformation, as well as the Church of the Middle Ages. On these topics, which stand in the forefront of Christian theology, he frankly and boldly, but always without bitterness or malignity, declared that the leading Reformers were the victims of superstition. The movement of which he was an advocate was represented as a new instauration of Christianity. The light which had been obscured by dismal clouds had at last broken forth in its full illuminating power. He openly, though without the least arrogance, claims the character of an innovator and a dissentient. It is not amiss, therefore, to attempt to account for his rejection of the general creed. What has the catholic theology to say in justification of itself? It has to say simply that Channing had a view, — that is, an adequate, penetrating view, — of only one side of the truth. Not but that he had a mournful perception of the evils wrought by sin in defacing God's image in man, and in inflicting misery upon individuals and communities. Not that he was incapable of moral indignation in view of atrocities done by man against his neighbor. But the catholic theology, if I may venture to interpret its verdict, does not find in him and in his teaching, as a whole, that discernment of the *guilt* of sin, of that particular quality of evil-doing, which may blanch the cheek and strike terror to the heart of even the prosperous criminal; which moved the publican to beat upon his breast, which makes the strong man bow his head in shame and trembling, and which pierced as a sharp arrow the souls of Augustine, Luther, Edwards, and the Apostle Paul. I have no wish to bring an accusation against Channing, or to magnify a defect. I simply seek to account for an antagonism which he himself, and everybody else, admits to exist. The catholic theology, once more, fails to discover in Channing a sufficiently strong grasp of sin as a principle, revealing itself in multiform expressions or phenomena, entering into numberless phases of manifestation, exercising sway in mankind, and holding fast the will in a kind of bondage. The diversified forms of selfish and unrighteous action are not habitually traced back by him to the *fons et origo malorum*, — the mysterious alienation of men from the fellowship of God. The moral malady is not explored to its sources; and hence the tendency is to treat it with palliatives. It is too much inclined to rely on education to do the work of regeneration. The forces requisite for the redemption of the captive from servitude are under-rated: as John Randolph said of Watts and Beattie, given him as an antidote to Hume, "Milk-and-water for the bite of



a rattlesnake!" This tendency was not fully carried out by Channing. He belongs to a transition. But he shows plainly the drift of the stream; and he speaks of customary accusations of sin brought against mankind as exaggerated. If this is not the right clew to the explanation of Channing's dissent, we know not where to look for it.

It may be deemed a palliation of what the catholic theology must consider a grave error in Channing, that current expositions of the mystery of sin were so justly open to criticism. The Hopkinsians, to be sure, made the will the seat of moral evil, but they did not distinguish with any steadiness between voluntary and involuntary inclinations, between choice and constitutional sensibility; and, worse still, they referred the beginning of sin in each individual of the race to a sovereign decree, and did not scruple to ascribe it to a creative act, or, as they termed it, to divine efficiency. Such was their usual phraseology, that it was hard for those who heard it to find any firm ground of human responsibility for character thus originated. The rest of the New England Calvinists, on the other hand, made sin a physical inheritance, a taint or contamination, which is entailed like the color of the eyes, or, rather, like a disease of the lungs. In this abject condition was Orthodox theology, in this branch of it, when the Unitarian polemics opened their guns upon it. And here is the place to say, that the real point of controversy between the two parties was the doctrine of Sin and the correlated doctrine of Conversion. The field of debate was Anthropology. The New England mind was not speculative; and Jonathan Edwards was almost the only one of our divines who showed an extraordinary talent or relish for speculative divinity. It was the practical side of theology, sin and regeneration in their relation to the conditions of human responsibility, that interested his successors. They wanted to make Calvinism self-consistent, and to parry objections that arose in the minds of their own hearers, or were disseminated by the English Arminian writers. It is remarkable, although the Trinity and the person of Christ were nominally the subject of contention in the Unitarian controversy, how little of importance was contributed on either side to the elucidation of these topics. Even Norton and Stuart, the best-equipped disputants, say little that had not been said before.

On the doctrine of Man, then, as I humbly conceive, the defect of Channing was that he was captivated by an ideal. He saw what man might be, what man ought to be; but he did not thoroughly see what man really is. The obstacle to be overcome in the redemption

of man he imperfectly apprehended. In other words, — not applying the term in any offensive meaning, — he was a Sentimentalist. He had never experienced in himself any flagrant outbreking of sin ; he had never wrestled in mortal agony with any sensual propensity. In these particulars he resembled Pelagius rather than Augustine. Nor did his associations in life bring him very much in contact with gross manifestations of wickedness.

It may be added to these remarks that the catholic theology does not degrade human nature, but exalts it, by the emphasis which it lays on guilt. It is only an exalted being that can make himself an object of moral indignation to the infinite Creator. The consciousness of guilt forbids man to think lightly of himself, to conceive of himself as beneath the notice of God, or to count upon the indulgence to which feeble and imperfect orders of being may reasonably lay claim. Sin, when we seek to comprehend its inception and spread through mankind, is enveloped in mystery ; but, as Coleridge has said, it is the one mystery which makes all things else clear.

The next of the leading ideas of Channing was that of the Fatherhood of God. Against the Calvinistic assertion of the sovereignty of God, he was never tired of proclaiming God's paternal character. In the Scriptures, God is spoken of as a King, and is denominated a Father. That there is an administration of the world by moral laws, and that these laws are enforced by penal sanctions, is a matter of experience as well as of revelation. In other words, there is a moral government over mankind. How are we to conceive the deepest, the essential, relation of God to human beings whom he has created in his image ? Is it best typified by the relation of a parent to his children ? It must not be overlooked that almost uniformly in the New Testament it is believers in Christ, his disciples, and they exclusively, who are designated the children of God. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John i. 12). This is the point of view of all the New Testament writers. Sonship is a privilege of true followers of Christ, and is referred to as an exalted and a new relation. The Lord's prayer was given to the disciples. They constitute a family ; a line of demarcation is drawn about them. A sound exegesis cannot fail to recognize this. At the same time, it is not to be supposed that the constitution of man is altered, or that new faculties are imparted to men, or that a relation totally new and foreign to the nature of things is introduced by their recov-



ery to God. Rather does man find himself ; he comes back to his true nature, and is reinstated in his normal relation to his Creator. This is implied in the parable of the prodigal son, and in the quotation which Paul made at Athens from a heathen poet, who said that we are the offspring of God. He is the Father of our spirits. Channing meant and professed to follow the Scriptures ; but he would have followed them more strictly if he had dwelt less on the paternal relation of God to mankind in their present state, and had insisted more on the fact that a relation which is practically subverted by their disloyalty can be restored only by their return to filial allegiance. We are commanded in the New Testament to behold the goodness *and* the severity of God. The severe side, the side of judgment and penalty, which is adapted to produce fear, had been held up to view, sometimes disproportionately. Both Edwards and Hopkins had stated in the baldest language that the righteous in heaven would derive satisfaction from contemplating the torments of the lost. This conclusion they supposed to follow by an irresistible logic from the justice of the appointed penalty, — as if a due sympathy with the righteous administration of law required that we shall attend and enjoy public executions. In the powerful reaction against representations of this character, against the corresponding portraiture of God, against sensuous pictures of retributive torment, and the predominant appeals to fear, the Unitarians tended towards the other extreme of emasculating religion by divesting it of those elements which awaken dread in the guilty, — elements which are just as prominently set forth in the Bible as are the paternal feelings of God, and can never safely be left out of the teaching of Christianity. Channing, when he was a boy, not only never killed a bird, and avoided crushing an insect, but he let rats out of a trap to save them from being drowned.<sup>1</sup>

To bring men back to God as penitent children is recognized also by the catholic theology as the end of the gospel. But how? *Through the Son.* The sonship of Christ is the power and the pattern of sonship in those who have fallen away from God. In the church doctrine, fatherhood is an eternal characteristic of God. It does not begin to be with the human race, or with redemption. The Son is sent to bring back in himself the fallen race. His sonship is eternal ; the mode of his derivation and dependence elevates him above the rank of a creature. But he is sent ; and his coming is thus

<sup>1</sup> Memoir, vol. i. p. 40.

the highest conceivable evidence of the love of God to mankind, and of his pity towards them, and of self-sacrifice on the part of him who voluntarily becomes a partaker of human nature with all its burdens and exposures. It is in the fellowship of the Son, — according to St. John and St. Paul, — that we attain to the realization of the filial relation to God. But what was Channing's conception of Christ? According to Channing, Christ was a pre-existent rational creature, an angel or spirit of some sort, who had entered into a human body. He was not even a man except so far as his corporeal part is concerned, but was a creature from some upper sphere. Now we can see some plausibility in the theory that Christ was merely a man; was human just as Moses and Paul were human; and that this is a complete account of his person, — although we believe this theory to be unscriptural and untrue. But one must be excused for saying, — and this is said without the least polemical acrimony, — that the particular conception which Channing set up in the room of the Church doctrine of the Incarnation is one of the crudest notions which the history of speculation on this subject has ever presented. The transitional character of Channing's type of theology is strikingly indicated in this indefinite, unphilosophical sort of Arianism, to which it would seem that he adhered to the end.

Here, again, we are obliged to trace error in part to the particular conception of the Trinity which had come to prevail in New England. Hopkins was the last to hold to the Nicene doctrine of the primacy of the Father and the eternal sonship of Christ. The whole philosophy of the Trinity, as that doctrine was conceived by its great defenders in the age of Athanasius, when the doctrine was formulated, had been set aside. It was even derided; and this chiefly for the reason that it was not studied. Professor Stuart had no sympathy with, or just appreciation of, the Nicene doctrine of the generation of the Son. His conscious need of a philosophy on the subject was shown in the warm, though cautious and qualified, welcome which he gave to the Sabellianism of Schleiermacher. What he defended against Channing, though with vigor and learning, was the notion of three distinctions to which personal pronouns can be applied, — a mode of defining the Trinity which the Nicene Fathers who framed the Orthodox creed would have regarded with some astonishment. The eternal fatherhood of God, the precedence of the Father, is as much a part of the Orthodox doctrine of the Trinity as is the divinity of the Son.



What, according to Channing, is the purpose of the mission of Christ? What work does he perform? Here he agrees with the Church in the general proposition that he came to deliver men from sin and its consequences.<sup>1</sup> The accepted doctrine, and what has always been considered the doctrine of the Scriptures, is that an expiatory effect is accomplished by Christ; that although he reveals the Father's love, and is sent by the Father out of compassion to the sinful race, there is yet in the conscience of God a demand to which the consciences of men respond, for something of the nature of compensation in the moral order violated by sin; that this compensation being made, the foundation is laid for a forgiveness which brings honor to the divine character on all sides, and is consistent with a righteous moral administration. Thus a new relation is established between God and men, — a reconciliation. This doctrine of the mediation of Christ is purposely stated here in the most general terms, in order that none of the special theories in which it has been embodied may be confounded with the essential idea. Now Channing did not absolutely renounce the Orthodox opinion. Having referred to the opposite view, he says: "Many of us are dissatisfied with this explanation, and think that the Scriptures ascribe the remission of sins to Christ's death, with an emphasis so peculiar that we ought to consider this event as having a special influence in removing punishment, though the Scriptures may not reveal the way in which it contributes to this end." But, in keeping with his transitional position, he lays no stress on this truth. On the contrary, he is unsparing, though never intentionally unfair or extravagant, in his denunciation of the current expressions in which it is set forth. Either from a want of familiarity with the history of doctrine, or from not being addicted to patient intellectual analysis, he is content with giving expression to his revolted feeling. He does not stop to inquire whether a profound truth may not be contained in a statement which, if literally taken, is obnoxious. He sticks in the phraseology. Nor does he attempt to separate a particular representation of some school in theology from the deep, underlying truth which theology, with varying degrees of success, has been endeavoring to formulate. There is a contrast between the clearness, and evident honesty of purpose, with which he describes the position of his adversaries, and the inability profoundly to appreciate that position. Propositions, the terms of which are capable of more than one inter-

<sup>1</sup> Sermon at Mr. Sparks's Ordination : Works, vol. iii. p. 88.

pretation (as that the atonement appeases God), are taken in one sense,—an admissible sense, indeed, if the words only are considered, but yet not the sense which these words suggest to the minds of those who utter them,—and then a variety of inferences are deduced, repugnant to sound Christian feeling and to a portion of the teaching of Scripture.

Apart from his criticism of adverse views, Channing's positive idea is that Christ does his work of reclaiming men from sin by teaching truth, which is recommended by his spotless character and by his death, and confirmed as having authority by his miracles, especially his resurrection from the dead. Of the teaching of Christ, especially of his ethical teaching, and of the unapproachable beauty and perfection of his character, it is well known that Channing has written much that is admirable. When we inquire specifically what the capital points of that doctrine are which Christ was sent into the world to announce, we find them to be the doctrine of God the Father, and of the immortality of the soul. This last truth is brought home to men's belief by the resurrection of Jesus. These two truths are singled out by Channing, in writing on Christian Evidences, as most important points of the Saviour's teaching. The paternal character of God is declared and evinced, and thereby superstitions and gloomy fears growing out of them are dispelled; and the soul's destiny to survive death is vividly exhibited, and is also proved, by the raising of Jesus from the dead. The Christian revelation is reduced in its contents substantially to these two articles of faith.

It might have been predicted, from the analogies of experience, that the Liberal movement would not stop with the abandonment of the doctrines of the Incarnation and Atonement, and with the resolution of Christianity into the inculcation of an elevated monotheism, coupled with the truth of immortality, and verified by miracles.<sup>1</sup> A ferment like that which Channing and his associates excited could not stop where it began. In such an atmosphere changes occur fast. The revolution of thought, like political revolutions, could not halt where its authors might wish it to stop, but must move on to more advanced stages. The first remarkable phenomenon was the development of the Intuitional Theory, if so it may be styled. Schleier-

<sup>1</sup> Among the works which throw light on the history of Unitarianism in New England, in its successive phases, are the Memoirs of Dr. Buckminster and of J. S. Buckminster, Channing's Memoirs (by W. H. Channing), the Life of Dr. Gannett (by his son), the biographies of Parker (by Weiss and by Frothingham), Frothingham's "Transcendentalism," and the Memoir of Margaret Fuller.



macher, and the French and German philosophers, were read by some. The thoughts of these writers fell into a genial soil. Religious truth, which the older Unitarians, after the manner of Locke and Paley, received on the ground of miraculous proof, was now affirmed to be evident to the soul independently of that species of evidence, which was pronounced to be of secondary value. This view of things involved a carrying of mental freedom further than had been anticipated. It was supposed to threaten the basis of supernaturalism. It awakened alarm. Professor Norton, learned in New Testament criticism and in the early patristic literature, in an address to the Cambridge Divinity School, uttered a warning against the new doctrine of a light within the soul as the latest form of infidelity. Spinoza, Schleiermacher, De Wette, and kindred spirits, were put under the ban, and their followers excommunicated with bell and candle. His position was that "no proof of the divine commission of Christ could be afforded save through miraculous displays of God's power." "No rational man," he said, "can suppose that God has miraculously revealed facts which the very constitution of our nature enables us to perceive." To this address, Mr. George Ripley responded in a scholarly and trenchant pamphlet, in which he earnestly vindicated Schleiermacher and others from the charge of infidelity, and proved by citations from eminent theologians that the internal proof of the Gospel had been considered by the deepest thinkers of various schools the principal evidence of its divine origin. It is needless to trace the progress of this interesting discussion. The Transcendental school at length emerged into a distinct, flourishing life. Inspiration is not limited to men of the Bible ; the soul has voices within it which reveal eternal truth : let the individual hearken for these utterances of the universal spirit, and no longer lean on the crutches of authority. The maxim, "Every man his own prophet," seemed to some to need no further verification when Mr. Emerson, professing a carelessness of logic, as with the insight though with none of the assumption of an oracle, and with the subtile, exquisite charm of his peculiar genius, began to improvise in the hearing of sympathetic listeners of both sexes. A crisis was produced, however, by Parker's relegating miracles to the transient in Christianity, and by his classification of Christianity with the ethnic religions as a purely natural product. Without renouncing Theism, he affirmed that its doctrine issues from the progress of religion on the plane of nature, and is not derived from supernatural teaching. The truths which the Unitarians had made

the sum and substance of the Gospel he asserted that we know intuitively. What need, then, to use Paley's phrase, of "the splendid apparatus of miracles," to prove what we already know by the light of Nature? The immortality of the soul, it had been said, is established by the resurrection of Jesus. But it is easier, Parker declared, to prove that we are immortal than to prove the resurrection. In short, he pronounced the evidence of miracles superfluous: there was no *dignus vindice nodus*. If there was nothing to prove, why should there be any proof? The essentials of Christianity had been reduced to a *minimum*; that minimum Parker conveyed over to natural theology.

As between the older Unitarians and the Orthodox, so now between the conservative Unitarians and the Radicals, there was a striking difference in the type of culture. The Intuitionist party had given a hospitable and eager welcome to the continental literature, not only to the metaphysicians and theologians, like Cousin, Schleiermacher, and De Wette, but also to the poets and critics,—to such as Herder and Schiller, and especially to Goethe. Carlyle's critical essays, both before and after he began to pour out the powerful jargon which became the characteristic of his style, were eagerly read, and the new evangel of sincerity, unconscious genius, and hero-worship mingled its stream in the current already swollen by its Teutonic tributaries. The Memoir of that woman of rare intellectual gifts, Margaret Fuller, gives one a lively impression of the enthusiasm awakened by the European authors. To men like Professor Norton, a student of German, but who had derived no very agreeable conception of the German mind from the earlier Rationalistic writers whom he had been called upon to confute,—to men like him, highly cultivated, according to the older standard, by the perusal of Locke and the English classics, and whose favorite poet was not Goethe but Mrs. Hemans, this influx of continental speculative mysticism and poetry was odious in the extreme. Some of the devotees of the new culture cherished ardent visions of an improved organization of society, in which existing abuses and hindrances to intellectual progress should be swept away. The Brook Farm Association, with its highly educated circle of members, was one fruit of this class of ideas.

Mr. Parker was not the man to hide his light under a bushel. The open avowal in the pulpit of opinions which had commonly been considered infidel made it necessary to draw lines. This on several accounts was awkward. There was to be sure a real difference



between those who admitted and those who denied a miraculous element in Christianity. But the promoters of the Unitarian movement had made large professions of liberality. They had called for an unrestricted mental freedom. They had uttered a constant protest against "the system of exclusion," which thrusts men out of the pale of the Church for their opinions. They had made it a merit to cast off the yoke of creeds. Now it seemed requisite to construct a creed, to define Christianity, to separate between liberality and license, and practically to excommunicate ministers, not for an alleged want of the Christian spirit, but for their doctrines. It is always embarrassing for a party of freedom and of progress to have to change front, and take the rôle of conservatives. It is easy to taunt them with inconsistency, to contrast their former professions with their present conduct, to make it seem at least that they are apostates from their principles, or that they have contended only for that precise measure of freedom which was fitted to their own need. How far these reproaches were just or unjust, there is no need that we should inquire here. No one will doubt that the appearance of Parkerism was a highly unwelcome phenomenon, and a rather unmanageable one, to the leading representatives of the liberal theology. What added to the difficulty was, that there might not be that amount of agreement among themselves which would appear requisite if a creed were to be framed that should embrace even so much as a tolerably precise definition of the authority to be ascribed to the Scriptures and to Christ.

We are concerned now with the view taken of Parker's position by Channing. He naturally leaned strongly to an intuitional philosophy. We have seen how he was drawn away from Locke by the influence of Price. He had made much of the moral and spiritual faculties of man, and of the spontaneous response which the contents of the Gospel call forth from human nature. There were not wanting, then, affinities to draw him towards the new school of Liberals. On the other hand, however, he was deeply attached to historical Christianity. His biography contains a number of memorable and beautiful letters in which he expresses himself respecting Parkerism temperately but frankly. In their whole tone they manifest in the most attractive way the loveliness of his Christian spirit. He felt that a rejection of the miracles was a rejection of Christ. The miracles, he says, are so interwoven with his history, that, if they are torn away, nothing is left; that history is turned into fable; the historical Christ is gone. But

why not let him go? First, the soul craves not only the *idea*, but the *existence*, of perfection. Christian truth without Christ and his character loses a great portion of its quickening power. The miracles are among the manifestations of Christ's character; they are symbolical of his spiritual influence,—for these reasons they cannot be spared. The miracles are credible. God could not approach a darkened, sensual world by mere abstract teaching. The inward perfection of Christ is itself a miracle, which renders the outward acts of superhuman power easy of belief. Channing recoils from Pantheism, which he sees to be latent in the mind of the new school of "true spiritualists." Speaking of a sermon which he had heard on "the loneliness of Christ," he says: "I claim little resemblance to my divine Friend and Saviour, but I seem doomed to drink of this cup with him to the last. I see and feel the harm done by this crude speculation, while I also see much nobleness to bind me to its advocates. In its opinions generally I see nothing to give me hope. . . . The immense distance of us all from Christ" in character is a fact so obvious that not to recognize it implies such a degree of self-ignorance, and of ignorance of human history, "that one wonders how it can have entered a sound mind."<sup>1</sup> In these letters there is no unseemly denunciation, but there is genuine, manly sorrow at the promulgation of opinions that are regarded as undermining historical Christianity. Had Channing gone a step further, and distinctly perceived the necessity of a present, abiding relation of the soul to the living Christ, he would naturally have advanced to a view of his person not dissonant in substance from that of the catholic theology, and would have perceived at the same time how indispensable to Christian piety is the assumption of the reality of the Gospel history. He cannot desert the old anchorage, but his reasons for not doing so are less convincing than if he could have pointed out plainly how a shipwreck is the necessary and immediate consequence. Christ was really, if not theoretically, more to him than a teacher and an example.

From the consideration of the theology of Channing we turn to his ethical writings. The two great subjects with regard to which he produced a powerful and lasting impression upon public opinion are War and Slavery. It is not these gigantic evils in their economical bearings that engage his interest. The predominant thought is the wrong which they involve, and the suffering which they inflict. His strong sense of the dignity of human nature excites in him a reprobation

<sup>1</sup> Memoir, vol. ii., p. 448.



tion of whatever degrades man. His discourse on War is for the most part a well-guarded statement. He does not weaken the impression which is made by his description of the horrors of war by taking up an extravagant position as to its wrongfulness, — as Mr. Sumner afterwards did in his oration on “The True Grandeur of Nations,” the main points of which, so far as they are sound, are suggested in Channing’s discussion, where they are presented without the pedantry, magniloquence, and tincture of egotism which were the common blemishes of Mr. Sumner’s otherwise impressive discourses. Mr. Sumner laid down the false proposition that in the present age there is no peace that is not honorable, and no war that is not dishonorable. He made no exceptions to the assertion of the moral unlawfulness of war. He advocated arbitration as a substitute for the struggle of arms, without intimating that there are cases, like our late contest for the Union, where the party that deems itself wronged or invaded will never, and ought never, to refer the adjudication of the controversy to a third power. Channing justifies defensive warfare. His principle does not go so far as to require him to condemn Greece for repelling the armies of Xerxes, Washington for fighting the troops of George III., or Germany for driving back the late French invasion. It is not true that strict self-defence is the only lawful ground for taking up arms. There are wars undertaken for purposes of humanity, and there will continue to be such so long as Bulgarian massacres are perpetrated on earth. Canon Mozley, in an instructive sermon on War, has shown how wars necessarily arise from the very existence of nations as corporate unities, there being no common tribunal for the settlement of international disputes, and no tribunal, so far as we can see at present, being possible, to which every instance of grave national aggression could be referred. Force is the defender of justice and right within the limits of each nation, and so likewise as between peoples. Christianity, in recognizing nations as a part of the divine economy and the obligations of civil obedience, has sanctioned war as an ultimate resort against flagrant and destructive injustice, just as it has sanctioned force when wielded by the magistrate for the ends of public order within the bounds of each civil community. Channing might well have placed the right of war on a somewhat broader philosophical ground. He has not done full justice to the noble qualities of human nature, such as courage and self-sacrifice, which war may call into exercise; although he has words of praise for “the soldier of principle, who exposes his life for a cause which

his conscience approves, and who mingles clemency and mercy with the joy of triumph." These, however, are slight criticisms upon a production which breathes in every line the noblest spirit of Christian love, and, without any admixture of false rhetoric, paints truly as well as vividly the criminality and misery which wars occasion.

The Papers which Channing wrote on the Slavery question are among the most meritorious of his writings. He never forgets his aim, which is to impress upon the consciences of men at the South as well as the North the injustice of slave-holding, and to extricate the national authority from complicity with it. He does not allow himself to be tempted into passionate declamation. On the other hand, there is nothing tame or timid in the condemnation which he expresses. Channing, as is well known, did not connect himself with the Antislavery Society, and objected to the unmeasured vituperation in which Anti-slavery leaders were prone to indulge. No one should wish to pluck from the brow of Mr. Garrison and his associates any laurels which they fairly earned by their long and unflinching warfare against the Slave-power. It is a fact, however, that they were disunionists; and that the great political opposition to Slavery which set in with full vigor at the epoch of the Missouri Compromise, and which went forward with fluctuating, indeed, but on the whole with increasing energy, until it triumphed in the election of Mr. Lincoln and in the emancipation of the slaves through the victory over the Rebellion,—it is a fact that this political opposition moved on to its complete success without the sympathy or aid of the Anti-slavery agitators to whom we have referred. It is another fact that numbers of sound and earnest antagonists of Slavery, including numerous ministers, broke off their co-operation with Mr. Garrison from unwillingness to identify themselves with other heterogeneous reforms, as they were called, of which he made himself the champion. Dr. Channing understood the value of the American Union as well as the wrong of Slavery. He wished to preserve the one and to destroy the other. It is true that he considered the annexation of Texas, for the purpose for which it was desired, to be so grave and mischievous a departure from the design of the national Union, as to furnish a sufficient reason for its dissolution. But of the importance of one united Government he had the deepest conviction. There were times when the frequent threats of dissolution at the South, and the encroachments of Slavery, led many at the North to speak lightly of the American Union. All whose opinion is worth any thing can now see



that this was a mistake ; and that the interests of civilization, and the interests of philanthropy, would have suffered a terrible blow if the Union had been broken up, either as the result of the labors of Abolitionists at the North, or of Slave-extensionists at the South. Channing had to endure the censure of zealous men for what they considered his excessive moderation in the use of the vocabulary of invective. But this quality will redound to his lasting honor. No one doubted his courage. No one believed that he was restrained by the fear of unpopularity. It was the spirit of truth and the spirit of love united, which held him back from unwise and intemperate speech, and from measures which might be dictated by an honest zeal, but which did not tend to secure the end for which they were devised. His philanthropic zeal was not tainted with fanaticism. It was not a fault, that, while uttering his protest plainly and earnestly, he shunned exaggeration. The agitation which was kept up by the disunionist Anti-slavery leaders had its effect on the conscience of the people ; but such an effect was produced, to say the least, in an equal measure, and in a way to provoke far less of irritation and disgust, by the arguments of Channing.

On the whole, while Channing cannot be said to have had a very deep comprehension of the evangelical creed, or to have contributed to the advancement of scientific theology, those who reject his theological opinions may be glad to see him — to quote the language of his epitaph — “honored throughout Christendom for his eloquence and courage in maintaining and advancing the great cause of truth, religion, and human freedom.”

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

WE approach Mr. Gladstone's writings<sup>1</sup> with two combating prejudices, — entertaining, on the one hand, that sense of distrust usually caused by the profession of knowledge scarcely less than universal; and, on the other hand, not a little overawed by that profound self-confidence which, when displayed by a man of really distinguished ability, is wont to have a very impressive effect upon the lower strata of humanity. If a justification be needed for permitting such inconsistent sentiments to nestle side by side in one's mind, certainly it is found in these volumes, wherein nothing can be said to be ill done, and yet the portions lying more peculiarly within Mr. Gladstone's calling as a statesman are vastly better than the rest. It was unquestionably wise to reproduce this collection without mutilation in the United States, but it was also unquestionably wise not to make the republication in an expensive form, for a large proportion of the essays will be much less interesting to American readers than to the English audience to which they were addressed in the first instance.

The first volume is a species of *In Memoriam* of Prince Albert, but will hardly achieve for his very respectable though slightly uninteresting memory the feat which Mr. Tennyson has accomplished so brilliantly on behalf of Hallam. Mr. Gladstone reminds one not a little of a medium plunging into a prophetic trance. He seems by some premeditated effort of volition to ascend at a bound to the very upper ether of supreme admiration, and upon this lucid and exalted level to float superbly on his well-poised wing, chanting the praises of the deceased Prince Consort in such noble and stately sentences as accord well with so grand a theme. Now Prince Albert was undoubtedly an estimable gentleman, having good intentions and fair abilities; and, by way of a change, it was undoubtedly agreeable to the people over whom his spouse rules to find a person of such fair average merit in the royal position, even though they had only obtained him by direct importation from foreign parts. But in our atmosphere the tones in which this eulogy is uttered lose much of their impressive force, and in the absence of "a leisure class," as Mrs. Westgate says, few persons will be found who will devote their time to the perusal of this apotheosis of a worthy man whom no one cares very much about.

A like remark may be made concerning the third volume, which is

<sup>1</sup> *Gleanings of Past Years, 1843-1878.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. 4 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



chiefly devoted to religious, or, more properly speaking, to polemical, disquisitions. There is still no small amount of interest attaching in England to subjects of this character; but in the United States they have long since been relegated to comparative insignificance, whence they are not likely again to emerge. Erastianism and the "Anglican paddock" are topics naturally attracting attention in a country wherein a church establishment serves closely to ally temporal with religious interests. But Americans passed the theological milestones a long while ago, and will scarcely care again to contemplate them even in Mr. Gladstone's company. It is, however, a little entertaining to note to what an extent the strongest and boldest mind is affected by circumstance, and by the prejudices of education and tradition. Mr. Gladstone is little less than reckless in his readiness to seize and sympathize with any innovations of a political or constitutional character. Almost without inquiry, as it too often seems, he will adopt a notion whereof the sole recommendation seems to lie in its novel — "advanced," as the slang phrase is — or even revolutionary character. But in matters of religious faith he is rigidly anchored, defying all influences of wind or tide. In his essay on Blanco White, it is droll to hear the iconoclastic statesman qualify his description of a person as a Christian, by saying that he was "a Christian *in the Unitarian sense*." One is involuntarily minded to ask why he refrained from using the equivalent and more familiar phrase, "A Pickwickian sense." Again he says of Mr. White, that "he exulted in Unitarianism, as a starving garrison make a banquet upon a supply of garbage." A third time he speaks of Mr. White as "sinking yet lower" than Unitarianism. Perhaps this was an ill-advised phrase, for Mr. White's various positions were: belief in Catholicism, belief in the Anglican Church, belief in Unitarianism, and belief in nothing. It is hardly to be supposed that to Mr. Gladstone's mind this is a correctly descending series: to please him it would be necessary to transpose the Catholic and the Anglican faiths; but though his meaning may be gathered, his language is unfortunately lacking in exactness for one who has an ambition to dabble in polemics.

From loyalty and theology we pass, not without a sense of relief, to the domain of literature, and must next consider this many-sided man as a literary critic. He whose greatest fame lies in his surprising skill as a financier has not distrusted his capacity to write an elaborate, critical, and appreciative essay upon the greatest of living poets; and doubtless he was altogether satisfied with what he had done, not only because he always is fully satisfied with every thing that he does, but because otherwise he would never have published the critique, knowing well with how much interest an article by Gladstone on Tennyson would be read. It is, indeed, a rotund and sonorous note of eulogy, provoking the same unkind remark which he himself made about Macaulay, — that he had not the slightest distrust of his

own thorough comprehension of the subject-matter, and of his perfect ability to pass an unanswerable judgment. Mr. Tennyson himself, if he ever read the article, doubtless smiled inwardly to see his art so dissected and explained, and to find himself credited with so many profound designs which it may justly be supposed he never entertained. It is the part of a cultivated gentleman and a scholar to appreciate the beauties of poetry: Mr. Gladstone is a cultivated gentleman and a scholar, to an exceptional degree, as all the world has been made aware. Accordingly he speaks didactically, lecturing like a professor of rhetoric and *belles lettres*, concerning some of the most beautiful poems which have ever been written; and though all that he says is just, sensible, and instructive, yet it is about as agreeable as it would be to hear a morbid anatomist deliver an address on the formation and possible malformations of a lovely girl. Fortunately, Mr. Gladstone has not, if we are rightly advised, as yet sought to write an original poem himself. When he does, as in time he probably will, it is easy to foretell that it will be perfectly correct, and will lack nothing but inspiration. It is not wholly without a tremor that our hand ventures to pen sentences not altogether reverential concerning a man who justly fills so large a space in the eyes of the world; but we are too fond of Mr. Tennyson to escape a sense of irritation upon reading these dry, correct, and life-destroying sentences about his most charming poems. One would hardly be gratified to listen to a lecture from Mr. Turveydrop upon the true spirit of the gentleman.

The essay on Macaulay is, in some respects, the best in the book. It is elaborate, and in a literary point of view it is very well written. It is a bitter diatribe, and therefore it may be supposed that even Mr. Gladstone thought it worth his while to take more than ordinary pains when he was about to run a tilt against this most brilliant of historians. The argument of the whole essay is simply this, — that Macaulay did manage to write a most unfortunately agreeable series of volumes, but that he was so prejudiced and so utterly devoid of judgment, that, on the whole, it would be much better that he should never have written at all, than that he should have sent forth the farrago of misrepresentations with which he has poisoned all our ideas of English history. Mr. Gladstone admits with a sigh that Macaulay has achieved such a hold that those who would correct his blunders have a desperate task. One feels, however, somewhat comforted when, at the close of the essay, he learns that all the many errors which have been pointed out are, after all, not stated by Mr. Gladstone on his own authority, — which in historical matters should be great, — but only upon the authority of an obscure book written long ago for the purpose of assailing Mr. Macaulay, and which never attracted more than the slightest measure of notice. So that, after all, Mr. Gladstone has simply chosen to believe the historian's assailant instead of the historian; and others exer-



cising the like independence of option will probably not unreasonably continue to place their faith in the better known and more illustrious writer.

When at last we get Mr. Gladstone upon his own ground, we come to matter of real value and much interest. In the discussion of questions of contemporary history the great statesman writes well, and interests us profoundly. In one of the essays concerning the Prince Consort, we get several paragraphs concerning the Crimean War which no one would willingly lose, though they are not very much more fair towards France than are most British narratives concerning those events. The article on Germany, France, and England, which appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" in 1870, is admirable, and shows what Mr. Gladstone can do when he does not insist upon roving into strange pastures. "The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem" is also a valuable contribution to modern history. Four volumes full of such treatises as these would have been invaluable. Oh, *si sic omnes!*

THOSE who watched in the Paris *salon*, of 1878, the crowd always collected around the great painting of Thiers addressing the French Assembly felt a renewed sense of his hold upon the hearts of his nation, and of his importance as a historic personage. Yet no book now exists in English which gives any full picture of his career. The biographical sketches by Mrs. Crawford in "Macmillan's Magazine" (Nov. 1877), and by Edward King in "French Political Leaders," are good, so far as they go; but they are quite inadequate, and there is hardly to be found even in his own language any adequate delineation of his remarkable career.

The present book <sup>1</sup> does not fill the gap, at least in the form here presented: and while it does much credit in some respects to its American editor, it is yet in other directions provokingly unsatisfactory.

To begin with, it is a child of parentage so mixed and equivocal as to leave no one fully responsible for any of its statements. It appears on the title-page as being simply the translation of an unpublished manuscript; and the French author furnishes a preface, and dedicates the American issue to M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire. But in the next page the translator tells us that his own part in the volume "has been more than that of a translator;" that he has selected these pages from a large mass of manuscript; that he has given the needed explanations, either by notes at the bottom, or "by clauses in the body of the page;" and that he has "in a few instances" inserted an anecdote or letter, and added a paragraph or two, which he thought would interest Americans. But after all this process, who is to know in regard to any particular phrase or statement whether it proceeds

<sup>1</sup> The Life of Louis Adolphe Thiers, by François le Goff, Docteur-de-Lettres; translated from the unpublished manuscript by Theodore Stanton, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1877.

from M. Le Goff or Mr. Stanton? True, the translator tells us that "the opinions expressed in this book belong to the author;" but who is to draw the line where opinion begins and the insertion of "paragraphs" and "clauses" ends? The passages thus inserted in the text are never distinguished in any way. When the remark is made (p. 50), "We have this anecdote from Gambetta himself," no one knows to whom that statesman told it; when Mr. Sumner is quoted and praised, we know not who is praising him; when it is cited as an old saying that "one should never change horses in crossing the stream" (p. 190), it is not apparent whether it is quoted as a French proverb or as an American. The whole book thus becomes irresponsible; the uncertainty as to any particular passage vitiates the authority of the whole. The author does not obtain full authority for his share of the labor, nor the translator exact credit for his. This is a great and fundamental defect.

Apart from this uncertainty, the work of both is in many respects well done. The memoir is, like a large class of French memoirs, dry, clear, and rather prosaic in tone; nor is this defect remedied by the translator, whose English is usually correct and literal, but not especially graceful. Sometimes the literalness becomes practically an error, as where it is said of some one, "He guarded a profound silence" (p. 238), meaning simply that he kept silence; or of Thiers himself that he "vulgarized" all knowledge (p. 268), meaning simply that he popularized it. In other cases, where a passage is given in the original, it can be seen that the translation is too free to be effective. Thus when Théophile Silvestre, the art critic, went to see the art treasures of Thiers, it is stated that his verdict was rather contemptuous, being as follows: "*Nid d'un bourgeois! Je le refuse la branch [branche?] de laurier, mais je lui décernerai cent bonnets de coton!*" (p. 280). This is translated by Mr. Stanton: "Nest of a *bourgeois*! I must refuse you the laurel wreath, but I will award you a lot of old women's nightcaps." Here there seems no reason why the literal translation should not have been preferred. There are sometimes errors in proper names, as where Odillon Barrot appears as Odilon (pp. 130-31). But it must be remembered that it is always hard to avoid such oversights with American compositors; and it should be added that the numerous biographical notes in this book are exceedingly correct, typographically speaking, even to the accents. Their fulness makes the reader regret more than ever the want of an index, a defect that robs the work of half its value. Had this been added, it would really be an uncommonly good work of reference for contemporary French biography.

As for Thiers, the biographer gives us a faithful and tolerably just picture of the familiar figure: the sturdy, politic, ambitious, explosive, self-asserting, and self-adapting little man of the people; with a Frenchman's love of his country and of himself; varying in policy, but ever faithful, in some aspect or other, to the memory of that great Revolution whose child he always pro-



fessed to be. Many public men are the victims of some early, well-chosen epigram which lasts them through life in place of a philosophy. Thiers early fell in love with his own phrase: "Le roi règne mais ne gouverne pas," — a distinction now so commonly applied to the functions of a British sovereign, that we often see it quoted as an English formula. With this in his hand, Thiers could easily be a monarchist, and could as easily become a republican, after he had discovered that in France monarchy had become impossible, because, as he himself phrased it, there were three dynasties and only one throne. His biographer thinks it the key to the character of Thiers, that, while always aiming to carry out the principles of the Revolution, he yet always kept within the law; and M. Le Goff adds to this an excellent maxim, which our own President Hayes might well wish to have recorded on his tomb-stone: "A political foe knows that moderation, which is rarely excused in politics, is the most powerful arm that the adversary can use; and friends too often take for weakness what is in reality superiority of judgment and character" (p. 30).

We are apt to expect of any new book of French memoirs that it shall supply some good *mots* and epigrams. In this respect the present work is not a disappointment. Some of the things said by Thiers about himself are capital, as the indignant disclaimer in 1840, "I am not liberal: I am rational" (p. 95); and the touch of broad humor in his comparison of himself, in 1865, with "an old umbrella which has been subjected to many showers and much abuse; but you can't expect any thing else in stormy times and civil war" (p. 90). Talleyrand said to Thiers once, "Would you be a man? Have lots of enemies!" (p. 90) — a phrase which has a cynical vigor about it, certainly. One rarely sees Lamartine quoted now, and it is interesting to have his criticism on Thiers, of whom he says: "Perhaps, being a man of the South, he over-estimated a little his powers. Modesty is a northern virtue, or a fruit of refined education" (p. 277). There is a good remark of Lord Cowley's about Napoleon III., of whom he said, "He always lies, though he never speaks" (p. 178). And there is a saying, well worth pondering, from a speech of Casimir Périer to his supporters: "In parliamentary struggles, never dishonor your opponents. It is debasing France herself" (p. 83). What a change would come over the spirit of political warfare, whether at Versailles or Washington, could that high standard of courtesy once become the rule of debate!

DISCUSSIONS<sup>1</sup> concerning the grounds of religious faith by men of science, or concerning the pretensions of science by men of religion, are usually made fruitless by the inability of the controversialist on either side

<sup>1</sup> Faith and Rationalism, with short supplementary essays on related topics. By George P. Fisher, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879. pp. 188, 12mo.

to place himself at the point of view of his antagonists, and to see the matter as they see it.

The man of science is commonly occupied with analyzing the facts of sensible experience, and is apt to be somewhat scornful of facts which cannot be thus treated and set forth in syllogisms. The religious man is absorbed in the contemplation of deeper and obscurer intimations, which do not so readily lend themselves to analysis, and is apt to doubt whether any one can really be a lover of goodness who insists on understanding before he believes. The one will have no mysteries, the other will have little else.

Now all truth is, doubtless, of one kind at bottom, but it need not always present itself to the mind in one shape. There is no necessary incompatibility between a conjecture, or a divination, and a scientific conclusion. The same truth may be held as an instinct, without any distinct apprehension of the grounds upon which it rests ; or, again, with full apprehension, — and in either case with entire and well-founded conviction. Who will say, for example, that the sentiment which held this country together in the Civil War was in the minds of the vast majority of persons any thing more than a feeling ; that it was a reasoned conclusion for which they could have given the proof in due form ?

The little volume before us, although addressed in the first instance to the students of a theological school by an Ecclesiastical Professor, brings with it, in the name of its author, a certain presumption of breadth and liberality of view. Dr. Fisher is not afraid of Science, and therefore is in no haste to attack it ; though he does manifest some distrust of the intellectual temper, and of the search for religious truth merely for its own sake. His main point, however, is that Faith is a fact which must be reckoned with, and cannot be disposed of on *a priori* grounds, or by those who have no experience of it. Faith is not sight : we are not to ascribe it to a separate faculty of immediate perception, which may be opposed to reason ; it is a process of the reason, only implicit, without distinct exhibition of the grounds of inference.

But, although it is an act of reason in the broad sense, Faith nevertheless springs out of feeling ; and its grounds accordingly are not appreciable to all alike, but must be known through personal experience if known at all, — like the filial feeling, or love between the sexes. Experience comes first ; Science afterwards. There must be life, and its phenomena must be presented in consciousness, in order to have something to reason upon. The mistake of Rationalism is that it ignores the premises of religion. Making light of assents of the mind, of the antecedents of which it is practically ignorant, and taking no account of implicit mental processes, it assumes that the religious facts are mere pious imaginations, and is even indignant at seeing them treated as facts. But, in the common affairs of life, men generally reason without distinctly knowing it. They believe and act, not



indeed without grounds, but without any conscious apprehension of the grounds; and in like manner the truths of religion are not the less valid for not being the objects of reflective analysis.

Nor is there any incompatibility between Science and Faith, — between the doctrines of Mr. Darwin, for example, and Theism, — for they address themselves to different problems, and so long as each is engaged in its proper work they do not meet. It is only a blunder that sets up either against the other.

If we mean by Rationalism the dogmatic temper that rejects all facts which do not fit its preconceived theories, Dr. Fisher's appeal seems to us entirely just. It is to reason, however, that appeal is made against the false assumption of rationality, and it is at the bar of reason that all beliefs must legitimate themselves before we can properly assent to them as truths. Dr. Fisher appears sometimes to lose sight of this principle, and to confound the immediacy of assent upon grounds which are felt but not distinctly apprehended with the immediacy of assent to mere personal impressions. It is only the latter that is in any danger from analysis or from perfect clearness; and in claiming for it, as he sometimes appears to do, a peculiar sanctity or immunity when applied to matters of faith, Dr. Fisher seems in danger of falling into the opposite narrowness to that which he justly reprehends in the Rationalists. Nor are the illustrations of his theme in the Appendix always in our judgment free from this fault; for example, the attempt to explain the Atonement by the analogy of a transaction between a *patron*, a *client*, and an *offended friend* of the patron, if we are to consider it as adopted by Dr. Fisher, seems to us an example of the very Rationalism he is attacking, only turned in the other direction.

MR. SWINBURNE has very justly remarked that there is nothing so sweet, so wicked, but his verse can dream of worse. But when it comes to ill-savored and prosaic wickedness, no man to whom the English language is native can exhaust the subject like a Frenchman; and it would be hard to believe, were it not for the proof before us, that any one would be willing to render into English the so-called realistic pictures of Zola.<sup>1</sup> The pretext made by the publishers for putting forth this book is, that it teaches valuable lessons on the evil results of the use of intoxicating liquors, — a very flimsy excuse for presenting to the lovers of vile reading, who are ignorant of foreign tongues, the most notorious work of the day; much softened down it is true in details, but still a most repulsive study of human brutality. As a temperance tract it can hardly be considered a success; if it has a moral, it is rather a political one, — namely, that a population such as that

<sup>1</sup> L' Assommoir. A Novel by Émile Zola. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

described is too bad and too base to be governed otherwise than by a permanent state of siege. But really it is absurd to talk about morality in connection with this book. Let no one, however, believe that it is entertainingly immoral; there is nothing about it brilliant or fascinating; neither the plot nor the characters are striking or interesting. "Vice without splendor, sin without relief; meanness and weakness and a sense of woe," — such is the life which is lived, according to M. Zola, in Paris, by the lower classes; and such is the reading which an ingenious translator finds it profitable to furnish in this country — for what classes?

THE economic world is fast awakening to the fact that, as laid down even by Mill, social questions are now chiefly concerned, not with the production, but with the distribution of wealth. M. Laveleye<sup>1</sup> collects in a satisfactory way the tenets of the "Catheder Socialisten," or Historical School, and strikes a balance between them and the "Orthodox School" of England and France who follow A. Smith, Ricardo, McCulloch, and J. B. Say. The latter are charged with holding to universal laws of Nature, discovered only by the deductive method. M. Laveleye sees, that, as regards distribution of wealth, these laws are of merely human origin, and can be modified by society. But in one point M. Laveleye is inconsistent. Mr. Cliffe Leslie, who is one of the best of the new school, has claimed A. Smith as one of his own. But the distinguished Belgian includes A. Smith in the Orthodox School, "who have followed the deductive method" (p. 2), and yet in a later speech (p. 27) he refers to "the remarkable fact that the two schools equally invoke the authority of Adam Smith, and with reason, . . . since his remarkable work is . . . a perfect example . . . of the alliance between the two scientific methods, — the deductive method and the inductive method."

BUT questions of method only do not engage foreign economists. Dr. Leo<sup>2</sup> fears the inroad which may be made in the agricultural population of Germany by the Social Democrats. For practical remedies, he urges that the study of political science should be made obligatory in the high schools; and that the income of the agricultural laborer, which now ranges between one hundred and thirty-four and one hundred and eighty-six dollars of our money, and is too low, should be raised, (1) by putting the landless laborer in possession of small holdings either by lease or purchase (through the Schultze-Delitsch Banks, for example); (2) by piece work; (3) by co-operation; and (4) by grant of a small bonus each year by the proprietor.

<sup>1</sup> *The New Tendencies of Political Economy.* By Émile de Laveleye. Translated by George Walker. 27 pp.

<sup>2</sup> *Zur Arbeiterfrage in der Landwirtschaft.* Von Dr. Ottomar Victor Leo. Oppeln. 1879. 49 pp.



*Apropos* of this question, it is suggestive that none of these well-known reforms have been urged in the present discussion of the exodus of negroes from our Southern States. But when Dr. Leo quotes from a German literary journal that "Political Economy and Statistics strike the mass of readers as the very acme of dryness," we feel the striking difference between the state of things in Germany and in this country. Even the avowedly literary journals in our country give a large proportion of their space to papers on economic questions.

FIVE new "Economic Monographs" furnish further evidence of the assertion above, and give instruction at a very small price. The Address of Mr. Schurz<sup>1</sup> is of high value, not only as giving the views of an observer both skilful and honest, but as presenting the best practical illustration, of which we are aware, of an old economic principle, — that the workingmen's wages are, in a period of inflation and rising prices, the slowest to rise, and, when the reaction comes, the first to fall.

For the advantages of the currency of the National Banks over that of the old State Banks, or of the Government, — if the reader has not heard ex-Secretary McCulloch's Cambridge lectures, — we cordially recommend Mr. Scudder's "Monograph."<sup>2</sup> The advocate of a nearly perfect banking system (the greenbacker is hardly civilized enough to admit the necessity of any banking), and one under which such a failure as that of the Bank of the City of Glasgow could never have occurred, has a comparatively easy task. It is not noticed, however, that few banks were organized under the Act of Feb. 25, 1863. Only after the Act of June 3, 1864, did the banks begin to change in any numbers, aided finally by the Act of March 3, 1865, which imposed a tax of ten per cent on State bank notes.

With a currency of universal value, and with the adoption of the reforms urged by Mr. Sterne,<sup>3</sup> our country would be far on the way out of her present financial and legislative barbarism. While America in the beginning of the century was unfettered in the race for administrative excellence, she has not been able to keep abreast with England, France, and Germany, who were then handicapped with a whole catalogue of abuses. For the evils arising from the "separate character of politics as an occupation," Mr. Sterne urges the same legal protection and publicity for the steps by which nominations are made as are now the requirements for voting at the polls. As a cure for the bad results of our lack of scientific legislation,

<sup>1</sup> Honest Money and Labor. An Address delivered in Boston, Oct. 23, 1878, by the Hon. Carl Schurz. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879. 46 pp.

<sup>2</sup> National Banking. A Discussion of the Merits of the Present System, by M. L. Scudder, Jr. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879. 73 pp.

<sup>3</sup> Hindrances to Prosperity, or Causes which retard Financial and Political Reforms in the United States. By Simon Sterne. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879. 35 pp.

chiefly in regard to private bills, the English rules now in successful operation, of which the essential idea is the giving of publicity and the functions of a court to the operations of the committee to which private bills are referred, are recommended, and are remedies worthy of the great evils which they are intended to cure.

Corrupt legislation once cut off, such efforts as that for the bettering of dwellings for working men<sup>1</sup> will do much to render labor and capital more friendly. A plan at once philanthropic and business-like has been carried into successful operation in Brooklyn, N. Y., by which healthy and separate homes are provided for the poor, at a rental of five to eight dollars a month, in handsome blocks of brick and iron; and yet the builder receives a net profit of over seven per cent. The vices of the old tenement-house system are appalling enough to cause the plans which accompany this book to be well pondered by capitalists.

But the reader cannot confine himself to home questions merely. Our intercourse with other countries has made the question of the tariff of vital importance; and we find plenty of trash written about it. If Mr. Brace<sup>2</sup> cannot hit nearer than six hundred years in the history of primitive institutions, — even if necessary to drag that into a discussion of Free Trade, — he would do better not to write at all.

While we would advise the "Delaware River" (we thank Mr. Putnam for this concise term for the Philadelphia school of Protectionists) to circulate Mr. Brace's book, we can as cordially offer the same advice to the Free Traders in regard to the last manifesto from Philadelphia.<sup>3</sup> It begins to tell what the situation is after the defeat of Mr. Wood's bill, and rambles off to the ages of stone and bronze, — Pennsylvania being still the "chief seat" of the latter! It contains the usual *non sequitur* of the Protectionists that prices are now lower because of the tariff. But cheapness is largely caused by greater efficiency of labor, and that is very much a question of institutions. That prices have fallen in spite of the tariff would be truer, and would express a proper indebtedness to the marvellous possibilities of our country.

Free Traders and Protectionists now have new material for discussion in International Copyright.<sup>4</sup> Mr. Putnam makes a strong Free-trade argument for granting to foreigners the same rights now accorded to American authors, provided that the title of the book be registered simultaneously with, and be republished within six months of, its publication abroad; and provided

<sup>1</sup> Improved Dwellings for the Laboring Classes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879. 45 pp.

<sup>2</sup> Free Trade as Promoting Peace and Good Will among Men. By Charles L. Brace. 1879. 19 pp.

<sup>3</sup> The Industrial League to its Constituents. 1879.

<sup>4</sup> International Copyright. By George Haven Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879. 54 pp.



that for ten years the republication be done by American citizens, the books meanwhile to be printed and bound in this country. Mr. Putnam knows, of course, that "Two Years before the Mast" is Mr. R. H. Dana's, and not Mr. James's (p. 17).

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### RECENT ENGLISH BOOKS.

INTEREST in London literary circles naturally centres, for the moment, upon the fourth volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort." It was expected that with the present volume this very elaborate memoir would close; but it only brings the Prince's career down to the end of 1859, leaving the last two years of his life to be dealt with in a concluding volume. The volume now published covers an important period, embracing the Indian mutiny and the unsettled condition of European and English politics in 1858-59. Perhaps more than any preceding volume, does the one now issued demonstrate the close and patient study which the Prince Consort gave to political affairs, home and foreign; and it is matter for regret that his clear and unbiassed intellect could not have been at the service of the Queen and the State during the past few years, — years which have witnessed great changes in English foreign policy. It is only doing the Prince justice when we say that, although he possessed strong views of his own upon public questions, he was raised above party, and never considered these questions as affecting the existence of Whig or Tory ministries. At the time of the Crimean War, he saw clearly through the Russian designs and ambition; and we now perceive in this volume how, at a later period, his influence and his foresight kept Louis Napoleon constant to the *entente cordiale*, when Russian intrigues were again recommencing. If further evidence were needed as to the great interest which the Prince Consort took in the arts of commerce and industry, it is abundantly furnished in this most entertaining volume.

"The History of the English People," by Mr. John Richard Green, M.A., has now reached its third volume, which has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. When this work is completed, it will be worthy to rank with any history of the country which we possess. Mr. Green not only writes in an admirable style, flowing and eloquent, but he is eminently fair from the party and historical point of view. In proof of this, let any one turn to the present instalment of his work which deals with "Puritan England," 1603-1660, and "The Revolution," 1660-1688. The author is a clergyman of the Church of England, and until quite recently it would have been difficult to get such an one to say a word in favor of the Puritans; but Mr. Green's candor is above all praise in dealing with the patriots who

overthrew the sovereignty of Charles I. Puritanism, he says, not only gave its noblest gift to English politics, but "it gave a gift hardly less noble to society at large, in its conception of social equality. Their common calling, their common brotherhood in Christ, annihilated in the mind of the Puritans that overpowering sense of social distinctions which characterized the age of Elizabeth." Again: "Home, as we conceive it now, was the creation of the Puritan. Wife and child rose from mere dependants on the will of husband or father, as husband and father saw in them saints like himself, souls hallowed by the touch of a divine spirit, and called with a divine calling like his own. The sense of spiritual fellowship gave a new tenderness and refinement to the common family affections. The wilful and lawless passion of the Renaissance made way for a manly purity." This eminently candid spirit is the one in which history should be written; but too frequently history has been only the vehicle of personal rancor and political partisanship. Mr. Green holds the scales of justice with even hand, and from this one point of view alone his work would deserve to take very high rank. But those who follow him through the memorable period of English history treated of in this volume will discover that the author has literary powers also of a high order. He has a picturesque talent for describing persons and events, which lends a great charm to his narrative; and, after closing his pages, we are bound to confess that they are more entertaining than most works of fiction.

Dante lacks no need of interpreters in English, but remarkably little has hitherto been done for Petrarch, who occupies so conspicuous a position in connection with the Italian Renaissance. Mr. C. B. Cayley's translation of "The Sonnets and Stanzas of Petrarch" (Longmans & Co.) will consequently be the more widely welcomed. The sonnet and the *canzone* are more familiar forms of composition with us than the hexameter and the *terza rima*; and they are more easy of transference into a foreign tongue. Mr. Cayley has endeavored to follow his original closely, and if the difficulties in the way of doing this are occasionally made manifest, on the whole he has produced an effective version. As the translator says, no other poet has so fully represented the whole world of love as Petrarch.

Of notable poetic reproductions I must mention "The Poems and Songs of Robert Tannahill," with Life and Notes by David Semple, F.S.A. (Paisley: Alex. Gardner). A better tribute to this fine Scotch lyric poet could scarcely be imagined. Mr. Semple has left no stone unturned in finding every possible detail bearing upon Tannahill and his work. But besides new facts discovered, and valuable information obtained, the compiler furnishes several missing stanzas by the poet, together with unpublished and unedited pieces. There is also a large amount of new correspondence between Tannahill and his friends. This work is one which every lover of one of the truest of Scotch poets should possess. The same



publisher has also reissued "Manufacturing Arts in Ancient Times," with special reference to Bible history. Since this treatise (which is by Mr. James Napier, F.R.S.E.) first appeared, great discussion has taken place respecting the treasures found in the tombs at Mycenæ. Mr. Napier thinks it probable that, if chemistry were called in as evidence, it would be possible to decide whether the articles found alongside the bodies were of Grecian or Scandinavian manufacture. The present work is full of curious and valuable information upon the ancient metals and the industrial arts in vogue at an early stage of the world's history.

There are two works of fiction that deserve notice. The first of these is "Latheby Towers," by Alice Corkran (Bentley & Son). Miss Corkran makes very considerable progress as a delineator of character. This new story is chiefly concerned with two individuals, — Clara Saville, the heiress of Latheby Towers, and her blind relative, young Latheby, whose family were the original owners. These two characters present a striking contrast; the lady is imperious, wilful, impulsive; the hero strong, silent, deep. The plot is not an uninteresting one, and, as the author writes with ease and spirit, the novel is well entitled to take good rank in current fiction. The picture of Clara Saville in her childhood is drawn with evident truthfulness to child nature. The author of "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn" has given us a third heroine of a somewhat analogous type in her new story, "Airy Fairy Lilian (Smith, Elder, & Co.). The work as a whole is not so clever as its predecessors, but it is yet far ahead of much of the fiction daily published. There are gleams of the same ingenuous humor which charmed us in "Molly Bawn," though the new heroine Lilian does not possess the strong qualities which shone through the apparent wilfulness and carelessness of the young Irish girl Molly. Lilian is, in fact, too coquettish and hoydenish; and if she is intended to possess very stirring qualities in addition, they are not made very clearly to appear. But novels by this writer are invariably welcome. There is always a freshness and a naturalness in the writing which makes her stories pleasant reading. To this rule the anonymous author's latest work offers no exception.

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### BOOKS RECEIVED.

PROPOSED LEGISLATION ON THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD AND MEDICINE.

By Edward R. Squibb. An Economic Monograph. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

ANGLO-AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. By Appleton Morgan. New York: Brentano. 1879.

- THE SECRET OF SUCCESS. By W. H. Davenport-Adams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.
- THE FAIRY LAND OF SCIENCE. By Arabella B. Buckley. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.
- FIRST PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Joseph Alden, D.D. New York: Baker, Pratt, & Co. 1879.
- POESIE FÜR HAUS UND SCHULE. Selected and Arranged by L. R. Klemm. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.
- AN ILLUSTRATED COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN. By Lyman Abbott, D.D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1879.
- OCEAN WONDERS: A COMPANION FOR THE SEASIDE. By William E. Damon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.
- CÆSAR: A SKETCH. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.
- LETTERS FROM FLORIDA. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.
- THE SCHOOL GARDEN. By Prof. Erasmus Schwab. Translated from the fourth German edition, by Mrs. Horace Mann. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. 1879.
- THE ASSAILANTS OF CHRISTIANITY. A Lecture by O. B. Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.
- INDEX OF PERSONS AND PLACES MENTIONED IN HUTCHINSON'S MASSACHUSETTS. Made by F. Wingate Thornton, Historiographer, and somewhat corrected by Charles L. Woodward, book-peddler. New York, 1879.
- INDEX MEDICUS. VOL. I. No. 4. By Dr. John S. Billings and Dr. Robert Fletcher. April, 1879. New York: F. Leypoldt & Co.
- A REVIEW OF THE DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE CASE OF GEORGE REYNOLDS vs. THE UNITED STATES. By George Q. Cannon, M.C. Salt Lake City. Deseret News Printing and Publishing Establishment. 1879.
- A PLEA FOR THE INTRODUCTION OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT AND THE REPRESENTATION OF CAPITAL. By Van Buren Winslow, LL.D. Springfield, Illinois. 1879.
- AN AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Noah Webster, LL.D. Thoroughly revised, and greatly enlarged and improved, by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D. and Noah Porter, LL.D. New edition with Supplement. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1880.



# THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

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AUGUST, 1879.

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## CURRENT POLITICS AND LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

THIS chronicle should be, above all, literary, but it is as impossible to separate it from the national and historical surroundings in which a literature is developed, as it is to write upon botany and to neglect the sun and climate which contribute to modify the vegetable life that one describes. We shall say very little about the general politics of France. The republican government having come victorious out of the crisis of May 16 and the senatorial elections of the month of January, which gave it the majority in the upper chamber as well as in the Chamber of Deputies, has passed, according to M. Gambetta, from the period of great struggles, in which peril teaches discipline and wisdom, to that of difficulties. The *morrows* of victory have special dangers. The question now is, to know whether the violent party of democracy will prevail over the moderate and reasonable party, which alone is capable of permanently establishing the Republic in the shifting soil of France. We sincerely hope it is ; but it cannot be without struggles. There will be many days of difficulty, but we must keep ourselves from believing that the first mistake will compromise every thing. Besides, the new President of the Republic, M. Grévy, is precisely the pilot for this rocky navigation. He is both liberal and moderate. His personal influence is considerable. The most serious difficulties of the new régime proceed from the struggle with the ultramontane Church, which profited largely by the privileges she claimed from the National Assembly, in which a majority of the

members were her adherents. It is necessary to resist these encroachments, and to withdraw all the rights belonging to the State which were conceded to the Church ; but at the same time great care must be taken to keep strictly to justice, if one does not wish to let loose the most alarming tempests, and to inaugurate a barren and dangerous *kulten kampff*, like that which has worn out the genius of a Bismarck, and which miscarried so miserably in Switzerland, both at Berne and Geneva.

Now it seems certain that the important laws upon education, suggested by our new Minister of Public Instruction, M. Ferry, are of a nature to set fire to that most inflammable of powders,—the religious passions. Doubtless these laws possess one irreproachable side. We cannot but approve the minister who restores to the superior council, destined to govern public instruction with him, a purely secular character, by withdrawing from it the representatives of the clergy, who have nothing to do there ; especially as they, having now their own universities, find themselves at once outside, to conduct the siege of the fortress, and within, to surrender it. We can also only approve the article of the new law which removes from the free faculties all share in confirming the university degrees, because the freedom of professions does not exist in France as in America, public careers being open only to those who are provided with these degrees. In such a case the State alone is competent to confer them. The point on which M. Ferry's project passes the bounds of justice, in our opinion, is that relating to the unauthorized religious bodies, which he undertakes formally to exclude from even private instruction. He supports himself, undoubtedly, upon the old law, not repealed, which declared more than a century ago, in the Parliament of Paris, the suppression of the order of Jesuits in France. This suppression was a necessity in our old French society, where a recognized religious body had political privileges and leaned upon the sword of so-called Christian government. In our democracy, to-day, these privileges no longer exist ; the law only recognizes citizens invested with equal rights. The recognized congregations have only the advantage of the right of corporate ownership, which they possess in common with all other established societies of a quasi-public character. But the State admits no corporation to favoritism. It should not, therefore, recognize them in order to strike at them. The intention is, no doubt, to exercise a vigilant control over them all. The State should submit them to the inspection of its representatives, in order to prevent any instruction



contrary to the laws and the constitution. In short, it should hold in check, but not mark out by preventive measures, this or that class of citizens, whether they wear the cassock or not.

It is impossible to understand by what right the State should limit beforehand the general and natural right of instruction, especially in the domain of private life. We must not forget that, thanks to the long custom of law, a large number of private institutions have been founded belonging to unrecognized religious orders, where a part of our youth, sent thither by their families, are brought up. Would not the power of these families be seriously impaired, if they were obliged to abandon the masters of their choice? The reply to this is, that there is great danger lest a double France, that of the Revolution and that of the Syllabus, should be formed by such different masters as those of the Church and those of the State; and a terrible conflict should thus be prepared to convulse the country. We certainly recognize this peril; but how avoid it, unless we make the State the only father of the family who has both the authority and the responsibility to dispense an official doctrine?—and this would be sufficient to remove all character of secular neutrality, which is its fundamental idea since the French revolution. It would be strange to pretend to protect the modern State against the theocratical State, which is the ideal of the orders we strike at, by borrowing of its adversaries the same idea with which we oppose them, while rejecting in reality the governing idea of the French revolution; that is to say the theory of the secular State as opposed to the religious. We must not forget that the proposed measures would not go far enough to strike efficaciously the congregations. Indeed, there is no use in forbidding teaching to unauthorized congregations unless one also forbids authorized congregations; for from the point of view of principles, there is no difference in them,—they are equally pledged to the most absolute ultramontaniam. We can go even farther, and admit that all difference is obliterated, from this doctrinal point of view, between the secular and regular clergy. The council of 1870 has levelled all ancient differences; there is no longer a French national clergy,—all Catholicism is bowed down before the infallible one of the Vatican. We have just had a new and positive proof of this in the united protestations of the whole French Episcopate against the Ferry laws. The bishops boldly declare their solidarity with the religious bodies at which they aim. Does it not follow that the exclusion of these bodies would be entirely fruitless? In the first place, the directors of the great scholastic institutions which

belong to them would be removed by the Pope from their special rank, and be transformed into simple abbés, as ardent in the propagation of their ultramontane doctrine as they were before. Suppose them replaced, their successors would be equally impregnated with the same doctrines. Nothing would be gained by forbidding the cassock, as the laymen who would be substituted would only be Jesuits in disguise. It would be necessary to institute an inquisition on thoughts (which would be absolutely impossible, for thoughts escape always), and would make the enterprise both absurd and odious.

Thus these famous projects can only be as a sword cutting the water, if we consider at whom they are aimed ; and in fact the sword would only cut those who have worn it, for the Republic would suffer much damage from the excitement thus aroused. This excitement is already important. An immense petitioning is started all over the country. It has just received a powerful impulse at the annual session of the Catholic committees, which concentrate all their methods of propagandism. Assembled at Paris, under the presidency of the Archbishop of that city, they have uttered the most intense protestations against the violation of their liberty. These invocations are rather spoiled by the fact that they know and acknowledge that our ultramontanists only care for their own liberty, which they call the liberty of the State, and that they have often obtained from the Government, when they could get a hearing, restrictive measures upon the rights of their opponents. Has not the new Pope himself, in spite of his moderate opinions, just expressed in a public document his regret at being no longer able, as a temporal prince, to proscribe and to strike heresy ? We know of nothing more contradictory than this struggle between the liberals and the ultramontanists, in which the former sacrifice liberty the better to serve it, and the latter vindicate it while hating and repudiating it in principle. We sincerely hope that the Ferry schemes will be extensively modified in the grave debates which have just been opened in the French parliament.

This preamble, which is necessary both to show the actual condition of minds in France, and also to account for our suddenly intensified intellectual temperature, leads me to speak of the recent publications growing out of the religious controversy. I would mention first the very peculiar book which M. de Falloux has just published, entitled "Fragment de Mémoires." M. de Falloux, former Minister of Public Instruction and a member of the French Academy, has long been a friend and ally of Montalembert. The interest attach-



ing to this part of his lately-published memoirs lies in the account of his ministry in 1850, which was an important date in our internal history; for it was the first time since 1830 that a leader of the Catholic party was in power. He was carried there by the current of reaction which the revolution of 1830 had provoked, and he made the most of his opportunities; for it was by his efforts that the law of 1851 on public instruction was passed, which has allowed the ultramontane Church to engage in a struggle often victorious against the settlements of the State, and, thanks to the introduction of its bishops into the academic councils, to govern the latter sometimes in its own way. The most interesting part of these personal and private pages is that which relates to M. Thiers, who at that time, alarmed by the progress of socialism, joined the clerical party which he had formerly opposed, to struggle with it against the rising tide. There are conversations and letters of his, in M. de Falloux's book, which explain clearly his politics at that time. It is known, however, that he only went half way, and that, although allying himself with those who called themselves "sons of crusaders," he remained at heart a disciple of that Voltaire whose memory he defended against the exaggerated attacks of his new allies. He was truly a Saul in the midst of prophets, with frequent returns to his ordinary temperament.

Two publications relating to the religious subject are of an interesting nature. One is a simple liturgy, but it marks an era in the path of future reformatations. It is the *new ritual* that Père Hyacinthe has introduced into the worship opened by him in Paris, and which is one of the events of the day on account of the crowds collected by it, which assemble every Sunday before his chair, whence he preaches with singular power and a truly evangelical unction the religious renovation which he only prepares, since it is sure to go beyond him, and will not stop at a half Catholicism like his own.

The book of Père Didon, called "La Science sans Dieu," has had already a very resounding echo. Père Didon tries to combat material science by descending to its own ground, and opposing science to science. Disciple and friend of the famous Claude Bernard, he aspires to unite the most decided scientific certainties to Christian spiritualism. All last winter he held, in a modest chapel, apologetic conferences, animated by the same spirit, before an audience of men among whom was more than one free thinker, attracted by this simple and just promise. Doubtless, Père Didon is somewhat hampered in his war of advance posts by the heavy baggage of Roman orthodoxy. It

is even certain that, for having wished to lighten it a little, he has already been suspected of ultramontaniam. He suggests distrust in high places ; but it would be impossible to take much interest in an attempt like his, at a time when anti-Christian science has undertaken a veritable crusade in order to make itself popular. Under the directions of the Library of Sciences, several of our principal booksellers publish very good translations of the publications of the Transformist school. Herbert Spencer, Hoertel, and Hartman are read in France almost as quickly as in their native countries.

Concerning French Protestant publications, I have not a long list to present. I would mention first the biography of Count Agénor de Gasparin, by M. Borel (Geneva, 1877). It will be remembered that, at the most perilous time of the war of secession, Count Gasparin published a book, celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic, entitled, "The Uprising of a Great Nation." He foretold victory for the right in the darkest days of danger and uncertainty. In the rostrum of the Chamber of Deputies, as in the chair of the conferences or in the synodal discussions of the free churches of France, of which he was one of the founders, he was always the ardent and sincere Christian, the chivalrous liberal and the eloquent orator. This biography, somewhat partial, as is inevitable in a work of the kind, revives one of the most noble figures of our French Protestantism.

M. Bersier, one of the most distinguished orators of the contemporary Protestant pulpit, has just published the sixth volume of his sermons. We find again therein his great talent as a psychological preacher, always timely by the choice of subjects, the new turn of the form, and also by the serious morality of a true witness of Jesus Christ. His reputation has spread far beyond the Protestant circle, and there is certainly no preacher at this present hour whose voice has more of an echo in the bosom of his generation.

We have seen with astonishment and satisfaction a magnificent volume issue from the national printing presses, consecrated to the history of the first Protestant Psalter, reformed from the sixteenth century, and especially of the poet Clément Marot, whose translation had so much success in the sixteenth century. This book, intensely interesting not only from its biographical details and historical information, but also as containing an entirely new reproduction of the ancient music of the Psalms, which were the great religious war-songs of the French reformation, is due to M. Douen, agent of one of our Biblical societies, who is as cultivated in music as in history, and a



very distinguished writer. Thanks to him, we have heard at the anniversary meeting of the Society of the History of French Protestantism, which has unearthed so many valuable documents of its heroic period, some of the chorals of Le Bourgeois and Gonduiet, those Bernard Palissys of religious music in the sixteenth century, as M. Douen has so happily called them. These seem like a magnificent response, at once manly and harmonious, to the immortal choral of Luther. The history of art will derive as much benefit from this discovery as will the history of religion.

In the domain of historical studies, which is always one of the most profitably cultivated branches of our contemporary literature, we will mention first the new book which M. de Chantelaugé has just published on the last part of the "Political Life of Cardinal de Retz," from unpublished documents. In a former work, M. de Chantelaugé had described the skilful diplomacy used by the cardinal to obtain the hat, his right to which had been so much disputed by Mazarin. He exhibited immense skill in this, and sometimes a wonderful descriptive talent in his private dispatches. The present book shows him to us displaying the same qualities to serve the policy of Louis XIV., particularly for the election of two popes, and pursuing his end with unparalleled skill among the distinguished but most astute and artful clergy of Rome. De Retz gave proof of a true political genius in this phase of his life. If Louis XIV. could have pardoned him the Fronde, he would have been a great minister. After all, his life was wasted, except from a literary point of view, for he remains one of the cleverest writers of France.

M. de Loménie, whom the French Academy lost a few months ago, left a work of the greatest interest on Mirabeau and his family, whose private papers had been committed to him. The two volumes, which have just appeared, are entitled "Les Précurseurs de Mirabeau," and refer principally to his uncle, the bailiff, and his father. The latter the central figure, was wont pompously to call himself in his philosophical writings the friend of mankind, but to show himself in private life the enemy of his own family, especially of his son, the great tribune of the future, whom he hated from his infancy, and whose faults he chastised with an almost inhuman harshness, which had at least the advantage of awakening in this ardent soul a horror of arbitrariness, which he was to oppose and crush with his thundering voice. The great interest of such a book, enriched as it is by unpublished papers, is obvious. The origin of this powerful orator, in whom evil and good were equally mingled, is thus made clear.

I mention, finally, in the same list, the book published by M. Rothan, former diplomatist in the service of the second Empire, on "La Politique Française en 1866." Although in sympathy personally with Napoleon III., the author, by means of the secret records found at the time of the war at the country seat of M. Rouher, exposes the combined artifice and foolishness which caused his Imperial Majesty to fall into the nets of Prince Bismarck. It is shown how he unwittingly prepared the omnipotence of Germany and his own downfall, by faith in fallacious promises of territorial aggrandizement, an even partial fulfilment of which he had not been wise enough to obtain when his neutrality was indispensable to Prussia. We know no more overwhelming condemnation of personal power. It was said in the last century: "When Augustus drank, Poland was drunk." It might have been said more truly in 1866: When the Emperor was oppressed by his rheumatism, France had his slow fever, and was sacrificed to the dreams of an invalid.

"Le Banquet," a posthumous work of M. Michelet, serves as a transition between history and imaginative literature. This curious work has as a starting-point an attack of gastritis of the author, who, in the state of inanition to which dieting has reduced him, is led to think of all the famished people of the earth, beginning with those in the little Italian city not far from Genoa, where he lives, and which he describes with his usual talent. He then proceeds to imagine the great feast of the social renovation of the future, where all the physically and morally famished will sit down together as brothers. We recognize in these often charming pages his vigorous imagination, his rather sickly sensibility, his undefined spiritualism, and his hostility (increasing at the close of his life) to Christianity, which he confounds with monkish asceticism. The chapter on Virgil, considered as a most melodious echo of human griefs, is a marvel.

The French Muse is very languishing at the present time. She pleases herself most often by tricks of style, of which the merit consists in conquering difficulties or inventing new rhymes, and which require hardly more sentiment and thought than a work of complicated embroidery. 'Tis still Victor Hugo who most recalls to us his best days; but although his poetical vein has not by any means dried up, it is not clear, resembling a river which no longer has sufficient force to cast up on the bank what it carries, because its waters have become somewhat sluggish. His last poem, "La Pitié Suprême," is inspired by a noble and generous thought, — that of universal pardon,



reaching even to tormentors, who are more unhappy than their victims. The poet enlarges on this theme, without knowing when to stop. The plenary indulgence which he accords to all criminals, whom he treats as diseased rather than guilty, does not sufficiently maintain the duties of conscience, because it does not make personal repentance a condition. It is very different from that pardon of Christ, of which however Victor Hugo speaks with a tender respect, all the more noticeable because so rare in the advanced political party to which he belongs. The representation of the drama "Ruy Blas," at the Théâtre Français last month, was the occasion of a splendid ovation to this glorious survivor of so many literary struggles. This work of his youth sparkles with imagination, fervor, and enchanting poetry.

Perhaps in the triumph decreed to the most famous representative of the poetical renovation of 1830, there was an intentional protest against the new literary school which has made so much noise lately, and has just published a most arrogant manifesto under the title "La République et l'École Naturaliste." It is impossible to be silent concerning that which is so conspicuous in France and elsewhere, for, to the shame of our generation, the novels of this school attain a fabulous number of editions. I believe that the last novel but one of M. Zola, "L'Assommoir," has reached its seventieth edition. It is evident that the whole world must be the market, to account for such a sale. When success reaches such proportions, it is no longer possible to ignore it, or to avoid passing a well-considered judgment upon the books that obtain it. They say that Voltaire once remarked to one of his visitors at Ferney, when showing the venerable folios of the Fathers of the Church: "I have read them; they will repay me for it." We would like to apply the same remark to the duodecimos of M. Zola and his school: "We have read them; they will repay us." We come from reading them as from a slough whose mire sticks to our mind, and we feel like shaking ourselves thoroughly.

What does the Naturalistic school really mean? Its pretension is to paint Nature — or, rather, reality — entirely naked and crude, without any extenuation. It undertakes to represent the hideous side of Nature without excluding any thing, and in brutal language which is like a photograph of its ugliness, a cast of its monstrous excrescences. It resolutely rejects the old æsthetic rules, which have produced the most exquisite masterpieces of the human mind, and which started with the reasonable idea that in wishing to copy Nature it is quite

useless to reproduce it, because Nature will always surpass us in her living manifestations ; that the mission of art is to make a choice in reality, and that it should leave what is vile and low to pursue the ideal. From this came the conclusion that it would not be permitted to paint evil for itself, but only to contrast it with good, as light and shade are contrasted in a picture, — its final aim being beauty and goodness. Great art does not submit itself to Nature as the slave who holds out to Roman ladies the mirror in which they see themselves. It governs Nature with all the nobleness of a thought made for truth and eternal beauty. It seeks everywhere traces of the divine, and thus in some measure hears favorably the sigh of creation. Not that art limits itself to painting only the attractive side of things ; no, it also understands how to express the terrors of Nature, the tragedies of history, and the poignant drama of the charms and penalties of unbridled passion ; but this is in order to rouse more strongly an aspiration towards the ideal, and to cast up to heaven the great lamentation of torn humanity, resembling the deep groaning of the ocean. In great epochs, artistic work was always pervaded by a moral tone, which was its chief interest and accomplishment. Such were the æsthetics of the great masters of art, whose theory Plato, in antiquity, and Christian philosophy alike had given. Thus understood, art was no preaching of virtue ; its morality did not proceed from a formal lesson, but from the general inspiration which animated it. To-day, the Naturalistic school has changed all that. It wishes to eliminate not only all that resembles the moral idea, but any idea whatever, and to paint a thing for itself alone. It pretends to be only the continuation and development of the Romantic school, while redeeming that school from poetical frippery. It cannot be denied that Romanticism has insisted too much on painting all the aspects of Nature ; but at least it brought out its nobility and beauty, even though it gave undue prominence to its ugliness. The great Goethe was the first of this order of naturalists. We can disapprove his contempt of the moral idea, but at least he was always a faithful admirer of the beautiful. The Romantic school of Victor Hugo has descended one degree towards simple reality. The romancer, Balzac, whose heir M. Zola considers himself, lowered art still more, but without debasing himself by reproduction of low and mean reality. He is still a poet and a psychologist. There is no longer any question about M. Zola, at least in theory ; for, as his talent is indisputable, he has happy inconsequences. Strange it is that this pretended realist, who wishes only to see *things*



without caring about *ideas*, is really a narrow theorist who bends this reality to a preconceived system. This bitter enemy of ideality has an ideal of his own, which consists of an atheistical materialism, whose standard he resolutely sets up in the manifesto which he has just published, and which has already provoked a real tempest in our literary world. Thus he does not approach Nature with the complete freedom from all which is not reality, upon which he prides himself, but he comes to her with a ready-made system to which he tries to reclaim her; and he wears, also, colored eye-glasses, — no matter what kind of color, brilliant or ugly, they none the less prevent him from seeing Nature as she is: he sets the task and transforms her according to his plan. Nature is as much changed by being made ugly as by being beautified. It is with this, indeed, that we can justly reproach him. This Nature, this reality, which you undertake faithfully to depict to us (we should have the right to say to him), you begin by mutilating, both in things and in men. Recognizing everywhere only mechanical forces, what Hœckel calls *monism*, — that is, matter alone charged with producing every thing by its combinations and transformations, from the tiny original cell to the mind, the soul, the thought, — you make us something entirely different from the real world, something which has no other vital breath than a gross sensuality. All history is nothing more than natural history; the law of reproduction is the universal and only law; and after painting its first exposition in the world of plants and animals, you deliver up to it, without exception, man as a mere animal. Nature is nothing but a hymn to Priapus; we only see satires in human history. It is the constant struggle between conscience and the passions which alone makes the interest, the pathos, and the eternal rejuvenescence of art. The moral fall is no more affecting than a fall from a staircase or a ladder: it is mere accident.

M. Zola has no expedient to relieve this monotony, except an endless series of descriptions of sensations and of what provokes them. He drags his readers through the heated mire of the lowest passions, and owes his effects to an ignoble and brutal language. When he has achieved a twisting of the sinews of the stomach he is satisfied. Naturalism only triumphs when it has succeeded in producing nausea. Let no one accuse us of exaggeration, although we cannot furnish proofs because of the impossibility of selecting a simple analysis from the least coarse of M. Zola's novels. The series which made his fame is called the "Rougon Macquart." It is a cynical application to

humanity of the famous law of natural selection and inheritance. The author follows the descendants of one family in all situations, and shows how they carry a hereditary germ which is developed and modified, under the influence of surroundings, in a horrible struggle for life, which leaves no room for pure and generous sentiment, or conscientious resistance. He describes with extraordinary splendor contemporary country life, as understood in our great cities, from the court of Napoleon III. to the public houses where the workman grows stupid under the purely material influence of a gross existence. It is impossible for those who have not read "*L'Assommoir*" to imagine a greater abuse of real talent, or language more expressively base. And yet that is what thousands of our contemporaries devour.

M. Zola has recently had a striking proof of the viciousness of his system from an artistic point of view. He must be convinced that realism cannot bear being carried before a large assembly of men; it can only be relished in solitude, where one can blush alone. When he tried to transfer his novel, "*L'Assommoir*," to the stage, he found himself obliged to prune its ignominies, and to turn it into a very ordinary play, in which vice is punished and virtue rewarded. There is a verdict of the conscience from which there is no appeal. M. Zola is undergoing another condemnation, which comes from his followers. He seems to them to be still timid. A so-called "*Naturalistic Review*" has just been established, which aspires to carry out the system to the end. A simile worthy of this hideous literature faithfully shows its workings: The author, wishing to describe our civilization, descended into a dirty street, and only saw the mud of the gutter. Returning home, he described it minutely. His followers did better — they wiped their boots on a sheet of paper! This is exactly the effect the "*Revue Naturaliste*" produces, which does not prevent its being horribly dull. What a revenge for Christian spiritualism and the art it inspires, to see where consistent materialism æsthetically leads!

E. DE PRESSENSÉ.



## GEORGE SAND: HER LIFE AND WRITINGS.

### II.

CHOPIN, who had a marked aversion for blue-stockings and strong-minded women, refused for a long time to make the acquaintance of George Sand. When he had once seen her, however, he conceived such a liking for her that they became the closest friends, and continued so for many years. He spent the winter of 1839-40 with her on the Island of Majorca. In "Un Hiver au Midi," George Sand has given a splendid description of the Balearic islands. When in health and good humor, Chopin was one of the most agreeable of men ; but in sickness, or when out of temper, he was insupportable. Maurice, now a grown-up youth, lost all patience with him. Chopin, on the occasion of a quarrel with him, left George Sand for ever.

Those who maintain that George Sand was mentally influenced by all who enjoyed her intimate friendship will recognize in the musical romance "Consuelo," and its continuation "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt," a product of the Chopin period. These two works have been commented upon by a large number of enthusiastic critics, the majority of whom have declared them to be the best productions of our author's powerful pen. The most exuberant of all George Sand's works, they have had the most exuberant criticism. The language is overpowering in its transcendental glory, and its charm is enhanced by the fact that the writer knows how to restrain herself within the limits of a certain moderation. Music is the bond by which the several characters are united ; not modern, artificial music, but the music of the heart, in which the passions, in all their unsophisticated genuineness and simplicity, flow and melt into each other. The remarks that are put into the mouths of the acting persons respecting music are masterly and original. The current of events increases to a torrent. The various incidents follow so closely upon one another that we are led to ask in amazement where the improbable ends and the impossible begins. Society *as it is* makes way for society as it *ought*

*to be.* With deep earnestness Consuelo predicts the future; with still deeper earnestness she speaks of the ideals floating before her mind, especially of the Utopian marriage, which the authoress would fain bring about. Consuelo is not only the genius of love, she is also the genius of marriage, but of that kind of marriage in which "two wills become blended into one, and with all the energy and fire of the celestial virtue that animates them swear fidelity to each other, not only for time but for eternity." In these two works the authoress shows more clearly than any where else, that it is not the abolition of marriage generally that she aims at, but rather the substitution of what she calls "real, genuine marriage" for "marriages of convenience." True, in this she is more a poet than a prophet; but that she possesses an energetic will, and knows how to enforce it by language equally energetic, no one can deny.

Another considerable number of George Sand's admirers consider her "*Mauprat*," — a novel published just before her acquaintance with Chopin, — as her best work. There can be no doubt that Edmée is her best female character, and Bernard is one of her best male characters; the same Bernard who, at the age of eighty, is able to declare that he never loved any woman but Edmée, and that he has never ceased to love her. It is Edmée who tames the wild and brutal spirit of Bernard, and transforms him into a civilized being. She changes Bernard's instinctive passion into a pure and holy flame. Our authoress traces the gradual progress of his mental improvement and his love with masterly ability and minuteness. By her vigilance and energy, by alternate smiles and frowns, Edmée leads her barbarous cousin onwards, step by step, until he is finally civilized, sensible, gentle, and true-hearted. The whole story shows that the writer has been an attentive observer of the phenomena of human feelings and propensities, and has carefully followed them through all their various phases and intricacies.

From 1833 to 1841 George Sand published by far the greater part of her romances, novels, dramas, and literary and theatrical critiques in the columns of the "*Revue des deux Mondes*," where, in 1832, Gustave Planche had so enthusiastically reviewed "*Indiana*" and "*Valentine*." Besides the works we have mentioned there had also appeared, in the same periodical, "*Simon*," "*Metella*," "*Les maîtres Mosaïstes*," "*La dernière Aldini*," "*L'Orco*," "*Gabriel*," "*Pauline*," "*Monny Robin*," "*Aldo le Rimeur*," &c. Now it happened that in 1841 the periodical in question found itself under the necessity of



declining the insertion of "Horace," on the ground of its ultra-radical and socialistic tendencies. This refusal led to a rupture, and our authoress, in connection with Lecroux and Viardot, established the "Revue Contemporaine," in which, among other things, "Consuelo" and "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt" appeared. This "Revue Contemporaine" lasted only a very short time, and after a disagreement of seventeen years George Sand and Buloz became reconciled. In the mean time our authoress had begun to write for the stage. About twenty pieces of hers have been played in Paris, but most of them have not met with much success. The majority of them are charmingly well-conceived and well-written gossip, more adapted for novels than for dramatic representation. George Sand's celebrity was already so great, that, when she wrote her first piece for the stage, "Casima," its first representation was looked forward to with anxious expectation, and crowds went to witness it. Her friends expected turbulent scenes from her adversaries, which however were avoided, partly out of regard for the great name of the authoress, and partly because she had carefully omitted from the piece every thing likely to give offence. Nevertheless it was a failure. It was only with "François le Champi" (1849), "Le Marquis de Villemar" (1851), and "Claudia" (1861), that our authoress achieved, as a dramatic writer, the success to which she aspired; the latter piece having been performed for a hundred nights in succession. On the whole, George Sand was not far wrong in not being discouraged by her numerous failures. In "Les vacances de Pandolphe," she attempted to naturalize in France the traditional characters of Italian comedy; she was as unsuccessful in that as in the experiment she made to introduce Shakspeare's "As You Like It" upon the French boards. The reason of her comparative want of success as a dramatic writer lies in her ignorance of the technicalities of the stage. In her novels she was able to excite the interest of the public, but it was otherwise with her plays. As Charles Bigot very aptly remarked, she was wanting in "stage instinct."

The Revolution of February and the formation of the Republic stirred to their innermost depths the thoughts and feelings of George Sand, and led her to plunge headlong into politics, a thing which up to that time she had avoided. She wrote the introduction to Ledru Rollin's "Bulletins de la République," contributed to Barbès's "Commune de Paris," and commenced a new journal, "La Cause du Peuple," which, however, did not continue beyond three numbers. She also translated Mazzini's "Republic and Royalty in Italy." In 1851,

after the *coup d'état*, imagining her liberty to be in peril, she went to Brussels for a short time. Then she came back to Nohant, bade farewell to politics, and began once more to move in her former literary sphere.

Shortly afterwards she became again the subject of general attention, in consequence of the publication of her memoirs, which appeared first in the *feuilleton* of Emile de Girardin's "La Presse," and were afterwards reprinted in twenty volumes. This "Histoire de ma Vie" is a highly interesting story in itself, more so even than many of George Sand's novels; but as an autobiography it cannot be too strongly condemned. First, it is very imperfect and defective; and second, it is too much clogged with useless and unnecessary details which, however proper they might be in a romance, in an autobiography are worthless and superfluous. For example: she gives undue prominence to her friendship with Eugène Delacroix and a few others, whose influence on the formation of her character has been comparatively insignificant, and is altogether silent on the subject of some of her most important and interesting *liaisons*. Then she has manifested too little regard for economy in dealing with the space unreservedly placed at her disposal. Her birth happens only in the sixth volume. The interval between her birth and her marriage occupies nine volumes. Nearly all the remaining part of the work is devoted to the time between the marriage and the separation. The years from 1837 to 1855 are dismissed in three chapters, from which we learn very little respecting George Sand's life, these being mostly taken up with critiques on French literature and French authors, opinions on religion, art, &c. Our authoress had no doubt her reasons for observing silence on many events connected with her life, and frequent opportunities for the application of the motto which she places at the head of her "Histoire de ma Vie," — "Indulgence for others, dignity towards ourselves." But these are no principles for autobiographers. George Sand would probably have done better had she imitated Goethe, and named her work "Wahrheit und Dichtung," more especially as it contains a great deal that is calculated to provoke an incredulous smile. It was quite evident that she had carefully avoided keeping the promise held out in the title-page, of writing a history of her life. Not only the public generally, but the scandal-mongers also, were disappointed. Although she began with the words, "Qu'aucun amateur de scandale ne se réjouisse: je n'écris pas pour lui," — a phrase which forms a sort of dispensation to enable



her to pass over certain things in silence, — the book contained a good deal of scandal nevertheless, though not of the kind expected. In a word, everybody found that these memoirs contained too much about other people and too little about herself. What was wanting we have already pointed out ; what was superfluous was the way in which she spoke of her parents. In biographies of eminent persons the parents are generally disposed of in a few lines ; but George Sand in her reformatory zeal has devoted the most considerable portion of her memoirs to the exposure of her ancestors. Instead of striving to hide the shame of her parents under a mantle of mercy, she makes no scruple of detailing minutely what nobody either knew or troubled themselves about, and what was any thing but essential to the interest of her narrative. She could express herself strongly enough against Chateaubriand's memoirs : " They are without morality, — not unmoral, but without *bonne grosse moralité* ; they are spun out into ten volumes, and I am afraid they are too long." But her own memoirs consist of twenty volumes ; and as regards the *bonne grosse moralité*, we would only remark that it is difficult to reconcile the fact of her having proclaimed trumpet-tongued to the world the lives of her parents and grandparents with her observance of the strictest silence in respect of her own. It is astonishing with what open-heartedness she lays bare all the filthy details connected with her origin. The following passage is sufficient to put the reader out of countenance : " L'accident de quitter le sein de ma mère m'arriva un mois après son mariage." Her object is to show that "like generates like ;" but this mode of dealing with Darwinism is highly suspicious, and people were not far wrong when they pronounced the book to be "frivolous," a "business speculation of Girardin's," and "a clever but indiscreet provocation of an unhealthy curiosity." When she says, "Character is mostly hereditary, and if the reader desires to know mine he must first know my father's, which he can only do by reading some hundreds of his letters," and follows up this declaration by the insertion of an indiscriminate mass of insignificant military letters written by her no less insignificant papa, — we are compelled to agree with those who regard this only as an excuse for increasing the size of the book, and who for this reason speak of it as a "triumph of book-making."

But if we consider the greater part of George Sand's memoirs in the light of a romance rather than as a biography, there is no denying the excellence of the book, nor ignoring the numberless beauties it

contains. This remark applies principally to the psychological observations and revelations with which it abounds, testifying as they do to an extraordinary talent in this respect. The gift of describing particular states of the mind, which George Sand possessed, borders on the marvellous, especially where she traces the gradual development of her own mind, of her ideas and capabilities, and still more so in her detailed description of her convent life. This is the most interesting and one of the most remarkable portions of the work. Her sketches of her former convent friends surprise us as much by the feeling which they manifest as by the intelligence they display. There is no doubt a great deal of romanticism about them, but there is also a great deal of calm judgment and sober appreciation of character. She speaks of her friends of that period with great warmth, without once breaking out into foolish extravagances. We see that she *understood* them. Her description of Jannelly, her favorite playmate, a bland, cheerful, openhearted girl, is one of her best. Here we are vividly reminded, that, besides the passionateness and sensibility which are usually considered as her principal characteristics, George Sand also possessed great talent for correct, and often calm, impartial observation, — a faculty to which she is indebted for a great portion of her prodigious success.

During the war of 1870 George Sand broke from the seclusion in which she was then living, and issued a proclamation drawn up in a peaceful spirit. But she was not to be spared the pain of seeing, for the third time in her life, her country occupied by foreign troops. Then she went to the seat of war. Her notices, the result of her observations there, appeared in the "*Revue des deux Mondes*," under the title, "*Journal d'un voyageur pendant la Guerre*." From that time she lived in retirement at her castle at Nohant, where she led a pleasant, cheerful life. She slept only six hours daily, and worked as hard as if she had been penniless. On Sundays, a public performance was given for the country people in the theatre of her own house, which was originally erected for the rehearsal of her pieces before going to Paris to be played, and for which she afterwards wrote a series of charming little pieces, which appeared in one volume under the title "*Théâtre de Nohant*." After the performance, in which she frequently took part herself, she used to entertain a portion of the audience at her table as guests. She was extremely kind to her tenants and charitable to the poor. It is said she spent the entire income from her estates in works of charity, and lived



upon the product of her pen. Her house was a place of consolation for all who stood in need of it. In the neighborhood she went by the name of "our good lady," and many a tear was shed on June 9, 1876, when the news spread that she had died during the preceding night.

George Sand was permitted to live to the age of seventy-two years, and to die with the consciousness that she had not only not lived too long, but that she was leaving behind her an imperishable fame, extending throughout the whole civilized world. She was an intellectual phenomenon, of whom France may well be proud. So much grace and ability, so much imagination and vigor, and such an abundance of spiritual gifts have never before been united in any one woman. Like Nature she was inexhaustible. For nearly half a century she was continually pouring forth the rich treasures of her mind. She resembled Nature likewise in her variety and spontaneity. She obeyed an internal impulse, unknown to herself. Like Nature, too, she was able to renovate without repeating herself. She had a series of successive evolutions. She produced a succession of works, all of which were different, and which yet resembled each other so far that they had the same inspiration, and were modifications of one fundamental type.

As regards George Sand's personal qualities, we have already seen that she was an excellent mother, friend, and benefactress. Let us add that envy found no place in her heart. The habit, so marked in a genuine Parisian, immediately on the appearance of a new work, of picking out its faults before noticing its excellencies was never indulged in by her. Her custom was rather to praise than to blame, and she criticised alike impartially the work of friend or foe. She had been in her time a great beauty. "My features," she says, "were well formed, but I have never tried to give them expression." Her face was handsome rather than interesting; her features bore the stamp of Grecian regularity; her voice was faint and without any ring. In conversation she was the reverse of Parisian. She was incapable of dazzling the mind with "esprit" by a brilliant play upon words, by unexpected sallies and ready answers. Mental fencing was unknown to her, and she very seldom said any thing witty. Her writings contain very little humor; she was mostly inclined to taciturnity. She was a better listener than talker, and what she heard was often reproduced in her works. "Your mind is sluggish," Musset is reported to have said once in allusion to her colloquial failings.

In common, perhaps, with other writers who are much absorbed in their works, she had another remarkable peculiarity. "If I had not had my works on a shelf before me," she says, "I should have forgotten them even to the title-page. You may read half a volume of one of my own romances to me, and with the exception of one or two principal names I should never know it had been written by me. If I were suddenly asked for my opinion on one of my own books, I could sincerely answer that I do not know it, — that I must first read it before I can say any thing about it." She alleges this peculiarity as the reason why in her memoirs she says nothing about the subject and tendency of any of her own works. She scarcely even quotes the titles of some of them.

Let us now proceed to the consideration of George Sand's literary individuality. She produced romances as the vine produces grapes, in obedience to the laws of her nature, without effort, and as a necessary condition of her being. These are not the offspring of great mental labor, but the result of natural inspiration. Her ideas and characters arrange themselves in her mind as it were of their own accord, and flow with the same ease from her pen. When she had once written any thing, she never attempted to alter it, or polish it, or to substitute one word for another. She hated erasures. She was ignorant of the technical artifices of the handicraftsman. She was unable to chisel a sentence in conformity with the rules of art, to waste time and labor in smoothing down a phrase. If there was any thing she had written one day that did not please her the next, instead of making alterations in her manuscript, she would tear it up and begin afresh. It is not surprising, then, that George Sand should care so little about details, but should be more concerned about the work as a whole. She painted in large characters, and disregarded all those minor effects with which the pencil of a scientific artist frequently achieves such wonderful success. Absorbed in her subject she forgets herself, and gives free scope to her imagination, which playfully wreathes into one garland a number of narratives, events, and persons, and creates a world of beauty and manifold variety. We may instance likewise her special faculty for tracing the gradual growth of a passion, her preponderatingly spiritual comprehension of most things, and, almost inseparable therefrom, a propensity for the chimerical and Utopian, an exquisite feeling for Nature and art, immense fluency of language, the result of great practice, pure, powerful,



harmonious, eloquent without being declamatory, simple yet not trivial, in which all that is secondary is held in subordination. In short, her style is undefinable, and bids defiance to all attempts at analysis. It is clear, condensed, indeed magical. She is able to adapt it to every situation and every idea. Nothing comes amiss to it; neither the grand sublimities of Nature, nor the grateful outpourings of friendship; neither the charm of love, nor the frenzy of hate. In its boldness and simplicity it is wonderfully adapted to express every passion, to arouse every feeling. It is at once rich and moderate; the thought is never weakened by metaphor, and never loses its power.

George Sand appears to have acquired her remarkably pure diction by intuition. She possesses all the original freshness of Rousseau, his love for music, and his habit of employing new words and expressions. Like him, in her style of writing she never aims at false distinction, nor assumes an aristocratic demeanor. Her style is alternately grave and epigrammatic; now easy and delicate like that of Voltaire, then solemn and energetic like that of Bossuet, but always pellucid, and seldom affected. On the whole, they are right who pronounce her prose to be the best that has been written during the present century. At all events, the style of her earliest works is the finest that ever proceeded from a French pen; and that is saying a great deal, for every educated Frenchman is in the habit of writing elegantly. There are critics who consider "Lelia" the finest in style of all prose works in existence. We feel a breath of poesy, and hear a murmur of music as we wander over its pages. Its descriptions of Nature exceed in clearness every thing of the kind that has ever appeared, without being burdened by details. She furnishes no inventories, like Balzac and others, but her descriptions are such that the reader experiences the same feeling as he would if the scene itself were before his eyes. This is the very highest triumph of art.

But if George Sand's first works were the most brilliantly written, it does not follow that her later ones were unsatisfactory as regards style. On the contrary, it has only been given to the privileged few to preserve their mental freshness to the same great age. In spite of her long and prodigious activity, "notre bonne dame" not only did not write herself out, but her style remained absolutely unimpaired. Up to the hour of her death, and with undiminished interest, she continued to pour out from the cornucopia of her pen one splendid story after another, without betraying the least sign of exhaustion. During the later period of her life she had the advantage, that with

the freshness and vivacity of youth she united that maturity of her talents and ideas which only comes with age. True it is, that as she grew older the fire of her ideals and tendencies began to pale, and to give place to a calmer tone of mind; but her style underwent no change, neither did her extraordinary capacity show any signs of enfeeblement. Paul Lindau called her "a kind of intellectual Ninon de l'Enclos." Some of her works written during the last ten years of her life are veritable masterpieces.

We have just spoken of George Sand's descriptions of Nature. These play such an important part in her writings that, to do justice to her, we must dwell on them a little longer. We have seen how strong was her love for Nature from her childhood upwards. In her memoirs she states how fond she always was of birds, and how great was her delight when somebody once gave her a live pigeon. She used to wander about the Berry on her return from the convent, roaming over mountain and valley, through forest and field, on foot or on horseback. In "*La Daniella*" she describes what a source of consolation it was to the hero languishing in prison to be permitted to feed a goat and to watch the butterflies. In "*Mauprat*" we have the charming picture of Edmée, a young and cheerful girl. How rapturously she enjoys her first free and unrestrained communion with Nature! and how she revels in the fresh air and bodily exercise, and in the glorious aspect of the scenes around her, until at last she sinks into a deep, romantic reverie! George Sand always showed a marked predilection for a country life. She never liked large towns. Although she lived so often and so long in Paris, she never felt comfortable there. The trees on the boulevards never seemed to her like natural trees; her lungs required country air, and she loved to have her vision bounded only by the distant horizon.

It is to this genuine and profound love for Nature, this predilection for a country life, that we are indebted for some of her most interesting novels, apart from the many beautiful descriptions of Nature forming the background of various scenes in what we may call her "town" romances. It is said that her first inducement to write this series arose from her son having wept on reading "*Paul et Virginie*." She promised him to write some stories in which there should be little of romantic love, and where every thing should end happily. She kept her word; and hence some of her most accomplished works, in which no tearing passions, but only innocent emotions, are portrayed, and where she has tried to keep within the limits of what might happen



in any country village. In "La petite Fadette" she describes the love of two twin brothers for each other; in "Français de Champe," maternal love; in "La Mare au Diable," the love of a girl for a neighbor's child. The latter is acknowledged on all hands to be the most charming of this series of village stories. It is a short drama, which begins like a pastoral poem by Virgil, and ends with the picturesque description of a country wedding. The current of these stories glides onwards with an irresistibly soothing tranquillity. The idyllic and pathetic traits with which they abound are of exquisite beauty, the grandeur of the language is beyond all praise, and the general effect is heightened by a slight tinge of sentimentality which pervades the whole. All this manifests an acquaintance such as is seldom to be found with the amusements, inclinations, and characters of village life. Thousands of readers who turned their backs upon George Sand the republican, socialist, and reformer, who abjured "Indiana," "Lelia," or "Jacques," and refused to have any thing to do with the objects and theories of the George Sand of a former period, were delighted with her pastoral novels. Our authoress was thus enabled to offer something to everybody, and to please all.

Here we must mention her romance of "Jeanne" (1837), which forms the transition to the village stories. True, the scene is entirely laid in the country, but the incidents do not come altogether within the sphere of reality. Many consider this work a masterpiece, and delightfully pure; others again regard it as weak; to most people it will appear as an easily read and easily forgotten novel. This fantastical story is founded on the singular superstitions of the peasantry in the interior of France. The heroine is a sort of Jeanne d'Arc, who refuses to marry because some foolish persons have persuaded her that she was intended by Heaven for a higher destiny, and she takes a vow of chastity, poverty, and humility. She is a cleverly drawn character. But when our authoress says that Jeanne is one of those models, mystical and wonderful, which we still sometimes find in the country, and which appear to have been made for a golden age, it is difficult to agree with her. Jeanne's chastity ceases to be ideal when we find it combined with ignorance. Where there is an absence of passion it is easy to be virtuous. Simplicity is not identical with greatness and dignity. With all their excellencies, George Sand's village stories are not faultless if we examine them closely. They appear simple, but in reality are not so. They all exhibit George-Sand-like genius which George Sand could never wholly ab-

negate. Her former ideas mingle like shadows with charming descriptions. All the refinement of George Sand appears together with happy inspiration. George-Sand-like sophistry sometimes forms the introduction to lively pictures. An incipient Lelia, or a miniature Consuelo lies hidden in little Fadette, with her vagabond habits, her pride, her omniscience, and the magnetism she exercises on all around her; and who, in the evening, dries her tears in order to pour out her heart before Landry. George Sand's peasants are too subtle for peasants. This can best be seen in "*Les Maîtres Sonneurs*," also a magnificent rural romance.

We must repeat, that he who wishes to judge of the peculiar tendencies of George Sand must confine himself exclusively to the works of the early period of her literary labors. We have already spoken of some of the principal ones, but, before proceeding to an examination of the moral qualities of George Sand's writings, we must direct our attention to a few more of her novels.

When a married woman plays the part of a lover, what part is usually played by the husband? As a rule, authors make him either stupid, ridiculous, or depraved; and this is precisely what George Sand has done in "*Indiana*" and "*Valentine*." But it is possible also that worthy, noble, and devoted husbands may be deceived. Suppose a husband of this kind learns that his wife is faithless to him, what then? George Sand, who is discouraged by no difficulties, has shown that she is quite able to deal with this. In "*Jacques*" (1834), and "*Le péché de Monsieur Antoine*" (1846), she favors us with her views in such an emergency. The hero of the first-named work, a middle-aged man, marries a young girl whom he passionately loves, a kind-hearted creature who endeavors to requite his love, but is prevented by Octave, a youth of her own age, to whom she is warmly attached. Both she and Octave appreciate the noble character and conduct of Jacques, and profess great admiration for him; but, as they are unable to subdue their love, their veneration for his person does not prevent them from deceiving him. Jacques becomes aware of the mutual attachment of the two lovers, and sees that he is an obstacle in their way. He would willingly bestow his blessing on their union, but, as the law forbids it, he sees no way out of the dilemma except by suicide. The dictum of Dumas, "*tuez la*," is changed to "*tuez vous-même*." In order to spare them the remorse he supposes they must feel should they think that he had sacrificed himself on their account, he makes it appear as if he had fallen by accident from the precipice,



at the foot of which they find his mutilated corpse. In "Le péché de Monsieur Antoine," the denouement is much more agreeable. The husband is made to act as George Sand would have every husband act who happens to be similarly situated. In this story, the husband has been separated from his faithless wife for many years ; the latter and her illegitimate daughters are living with her lover. One day Gilberte, already a grown-up girl, happens to be in the house of the "offended husband," where to her great surprise she sees a portrait of her mother. Questions are asked, and explanations are given, and on discovering the truth she goes to work and succeeds in bringing about a general reconciliation. The husband pardons both his rival and his wife, and the four persons afterwards lead a happy and a comfortable life *together*. Thus the moral of the first work is : Kill thyself, rather than be an obstacle in the way of the destroyer of your domestic peace ; while that of the second is an exaggerated interpretation of the precept "Forget and forgive," with the additional clause, "Take to thy bosom the man who has the most grievously wronged thee." It would be useless to waste words in showing the folly and ridiculousness of these doctrines ; but we must not forget that they have an elective affinity to many thoughts and feelings which are neither untrue nor depraved, and that they belong to the current of opinions which are characteristic of modern "society." "Le péché de Monsieur Antoine" is the best of George Sand's social novels, both as regards contents and style.

"Le compagnon du tour de France" is a social, or rather a socialistic, romance of a different order. With this work George Sand entered upon a new course, and one which a year later was destined to lead to her withdrawal from the "Revue des deux Mondes." It is a work aimed at society, in the name of society. On reading it one might imagine that the proletarian class alone could be noble and reasonable, and possess a taste for art and beauty. The citizens and the higher classes are treated with contempt. The ideas propounded are altogether *à la* Pierre Leroux. Similar ideas were brought forward in "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt" (1842), "Le meunier d'Angibault" (1845), "Horace" (1847), and others. In fact the years 1840-1850 were, with George Sand, a period of overstrained exertions for the reformation of the world.

To return to George Sand's matrimonial romances, let us endeavor to ascertain what justification there is for the charge so often brought against her, of desiring to abolish the marriage tie. This

question may be answered either in the affirmative or the negative, according to the way in which the matter is viewed. Marriage, as it exists at present, she certainly *would* have abolished ; but she had no idea of substituting libertinism, communism, or polygamy in its stead. Her aim was to replace the present system of marriage by another and a better. She knew that her influence would not go a great way towards eradicating a deeply-rooted existing abuse, and especially one so time-hallowed as that she had the courage to attack ; but she had the same right as any other writer of eminence to point out its evils, and contribute towards its reformation. The most determined advocate of the indissolubility of marriage must admit that the French marriage laws—and it was with these she had to deal—are infamous, and he who endeavors to reform them is a benefactor to society. Is it any wonder then that George Sand, who was a Frenchwoman to the backbone, and who never knew what it was to palter with any subject with which she was called upon to deal, should have denounced these odious laws with all the fervor of her sanguine nature ? These laws favor the husband, and make infidelity on his part more venial than on that of the woman. Is George Sand to blame if she brings that forward as an injustice, claims the same rights for women as for men, and declares that in France selfishness not only ruined society in general, but destroyed connubial happiness ? On the contrary, she is quite right in her rebellion against the prevailing system of convenience. True, she sometimes defends her cause in a way that would lead her readers to suppose that she is opposed to all marriage ; but we may pardon a little extravagance in her, for what great French writer was ever wanting in that commodity ? If we examine more closely, however, we shall find that George Sand did not attack the institution of marriage in itself, but only in its faults and abuses. This is the reason why marriages in her romances, that is, those in which convenience is the guiding principle, are immorally contracted. A description of the misery resulting from such marriages forms the introduction, as it were, of nearly all her novels of this class ; after which follows the antithesis. She holds up moral marriages in contrast with immoral ones, and contends manfully for the former. She points out the shortcomings of our social relations, shows how they are to be remedied, insists upon a higher education for both man and woman, and presents as the result an ideal marriage such as we have seldom seen realized. Marriage is not to be an object of barter, but an affair of the heart.



She inveighs against vulgarity, frivolity, and indifference, and assumes that in a marriage where the characters are in harmony a high state of morality, and consequently of happiness, will be the result. "Away with brutal oaths and brutal laws!" she makes Consuelo exclaim, "leave to marriage its ideal, and do not seek to bind it with the iron fetters of the law; and when you find that it is not avarice, vanity, or lust that brings your sons and daughters together, when you are convinced that they comprehend the magnitude of their duties and the freedom of their choice, then you may allow them to belong to each other. But, mark my words! An oath is to be a religious license, an admonition, but never an injunction, an obligation, an ordinance with a menace and a chastisement, a self-imposed slavery with scandal, a prison and chains in case of transgression. The inequality of the rights of the two sexes, the dissimilarity of the duties consecrated by public opinion, the erroneous distinction in matrimonial honor, and all the absurd ideas which prejudice has created in consequence of corrupt institutions, must of necessity diminish the confidence and destroy the enthusiasm of man and wife." In all this there is not a syllable with which we can find fault. But the injustice done to George Sand by the reproach that she desired to substitute libertinism for marriage is shown still more clearly by the following passages from her excellent "Lettres à Marcie": "A singular cure for the depravity of society, to open door and window to unbridled licentiousness! *Perseverance in a moral career alone* elevates man. . . . Every thing that tends to restrain our wishes and desires, which places a barrier to our unlawful inclinations and longings, tends also to make a heaven on earth. . . . The endeavor of a few Saint Simonian women to find pleasure in absence of restraint is dangerous." As with marriage, so also with regard to female emancipation generally, George Sand is by no means so revolutionary as many have been led to suppose. On the contrary, her views are thoroughly sound and moderate, and they show that she opposed the St. Simonian doctrines in regard to the mission of women, and that she was guided solely by a high sense of justice. The fact that to one sex every thing was permitted and to the other nothing, was painful to her, and in endeavoring to put an end to this subordination she made no unreasonable demands.

Notwithstanding the great number of George Sand's romances, there is less variety in her characters than many would imagine. The same character is frequently reproduced with slight variations in

the coloring. She is fond of placing inferior men by the side of more intellectual women. She likes to make her gallants as insignificant as possible. They may be handsome or witty, but as a rule they possess no individuality, or at most only an unfavorable one. Such a man is Horace Cazalès in "Rose et Blanche," and Raymon de Ramière in "Indiana," who, though he wins Indiana's heart, is represented as being very much her inferior, — mean, timid, and selfish. Another example of the same kind will be found in Lansac in "Valentine," who, according to the standard of society, behaves well toward Valentine, but notwithstanding is an ordinary man, not at all corresponding to the love-ideal of our authoress. We have another weak lover in "Horace." This strange and not very pleasant story is a striking example of the utter abandonment on the part of George Sand of all conventional considerations when she is called upon to hold the balance between virtue and vice. The only respectable character in it is a grisette, whose actions are continually guided by magnanimity, discretion, and self-esteem. In contrast to her is the love of a vain, fantastical student, which, although sincere for the moment, at the bottom is nothing but empty egotism.

In "Lucrezia Floriani" the lover is considered from a totally different point of view. Prince Carol loves truly and devotedly, but unreasonably. The leading idea of the work is that a woman can never be happy in the love of a man whose love is, in its nature, far more feminine than masculine, no matter how cordial and unpretending it may be. Carol loves for love's sake, and nothing can draw him away; whereas Salvator, who is introduced by way of contrast, as a good-hearted, cheerful man of the world, ceases to love when he finds it does not afford him the happiness which he seeks. Carol, in his craving for the absolute and undivided possession of Lucrezia, cuts her off from every pleasure. He is jealous of every thing she does. If she smells a flower or strokes a dog, he thinks she is amused with trifles. "She loves and admires every thing: how then can she love *me*, who except her see nothing, admire nothing, love and desire nothing? An abyss lies between us." This morbid love and still more morbid jealousy make his mistress's life miserable, for she loves him and is sorry for him, and she perishes piecemeal under the mental anguish caused by Carol's absurd conduct, as if she were pricked to death with pins. In "André" likewise, the woman is of the regular George Sand type, that is to say, superior to the man. Another example of a noble woman and a worthless man, as well as of the



ridiculousness of excluding women from the enjoyment of certain civil rights, is furnished in "Gabriel," one of the least known of George Sand's works. It swarms with variations of her favorite theme, and bewails the ingratitude with which men are in the habit of requiting the love, generosity, and self-sacrifice of their "better halves." This predilection of George Sand for placing women higher than men is easy to understand, and is the more excusable as being an innocent weapon in her hands in her championship of woman's rights.

Another ingredient in her romances, equally capable of being explained, is illegitimacy. Many of her works abound in bastards and natural births. We need not wonder at this, for two reasons: first, her ancestors showed their small appreciation of the marriage tie, in consequence of which she had from her childhood continually before her eyes an illegitimate brother, the son of her father, and an illegitimate sister on the mother's side; and second, if she saw no great harm in illegitimacy, she was an enemy to marriages of convenience; consequently, in the absence of "free choice," she might not be unwilling to tolerate it preliminarily in the way of concubinage, although she certainly did not approve of sensuality, as we shall presently see.

In the love romances which we have just sketched, as well as in George Sand's love descriptions generally, her painting of details deserves our attention, testifying as it does to great talent for observation and faculty of thought. She not only knows how to introduce material details, such as bodily health, the effect of clothing, demeanor, attitude, and the like, but she can also describe nervous crises, magnetism, or the attraction which one person is capable of exercising upon another, and the progressive development of love. She is continually making observations respecting the situation of lovers in the various stages of their passion, in doing which she betrays a surprisingly correct knowledge of the heart. "Lucrezia Floriani" abounds with examples of this talent. For instance: when Prince Carol finds his love returned, he trembles at his sudden success, considers his victory too easily achieved, fears a retrogression on the part of Lucrezia, and is dissatisfied at his premature self-congratulation. At times the effect of the picture is heightened by a tinge of sentimentality. Mauprat says of the first kiss he receives from Edmée: "This kiss was the first that a woman had given me; it reminded me of the last that my mother gave me, and instead of

pleasure it caused me only sadness." How beautifully that indicates the progress of Mauprat's psychological education! But George Sand's power goes still further than this. She has shown that she can do what only a few chosen spirits are capable of, for she can describe the young, budding, pure, fresh love in a way that even genuine poets can rarely boast of. Excellent proofs of this may be found in "Mauprat," but the finest is in "Valentine," in the scene where Benedict and Valentine are seated on the margin of a lake, in whose pellucid waters they mutually behold each other's images reflected.

Few writers have been the object of such divergent criticism, have been so unstintedly praised and so mercilessly condemned as George Sand. Those who sympathized with her views found as a rule little to blame in them, while her adversaries were unwilling to discover a single good hair in her head. Thousands of senseless stories have been related of her person, of her works and opinions, and have found credulous believers and diligent disseminators. Wretched translations of apparently obnoxious passages have also contributed their part to swell the general chorus of vituperation. She has been accused of having corrupted the ideas of the world, and blamed as being the cause of the depravity of France in modern times. It is especially interesting to compare the utterances of the French press after George Sand's death. The "Rappel" said:—

"The whole human race must go into mourning. French literature has had women of masculine mind, but George Sand excelled them all. She had not only the power but the will. She has worked well. What a stately number of works! Her characters are men and women, but they are more than that. They are first of all themselves, and then they are their author. She infused into them her whole soul, her superiority, her mental dignity, her magnanimity. Under her great talents there lay a great heart. She loved all humanity. She is dead, if when speaking of one who has left such treasures behind her we may speak of death. Her works will never die, nor her images, more glowing than life; and her characters will serve as friends and guides to all coming generations."

By the side of this enthusiastic eulogy, altogether in keeping with the spirit and style of Victor Hugo, we may place by way of contrast the following passage from the "Union":—

"We will not criticise before the open grave. Respect commands us to be silent. Still we cannot forget that George Sand has exercised a fatal influence on the mind of the age; that she devoted her great talents to the furtherance of revolutionary and anti-social ideas. Since Rousseau and Bernardin de St. Pierre, whose direct descendant she was, she was one of our best and greatest writers.



Why did she make so bad a use of the ability with which Providence had endowed her? What remains of her works? A few rural stories are the only portion of her numerous writings with which posterity will concern itself."

For a long time George Sand fared the worst in England. In a foolish article which appeared in the "Quarterly Review," in 1836, she was placed far lower even than Dumas or Paul de Kock, and without a single word of commendation was spoken of as the most indecent writer whose works had ever been offered for public sale. It was asserted of her writings that "in any other country they would have been publicly burned by the common hangman." Eight years later the same periodical said: "An attempt is made to introduce an English translation of these infamous productions, leaving out the obscenities. We denounce the scheme; the public would not tolerate the poison." Thirty years since, an English authoress said of George Sand's works: "They are so shamefully smutty that even the inmates of the Paris brothels are ashamed to be caught reading them." How she got information *from such localities* is more than we can tell. Of course all these criticisms only prove that their writers could never have read a line of George Sand. Nevertheless, the consequence was that John Bull was very evilly disposed towards the poor occupant of Nohant Castle, and looked upon her as a sort of Satan, endowed with a terrible power and inclination for destruction, and animated by an unextinguishable desire to banish virtue from the face of the earth. And whence all this groundless abuse? It sprung not so much from British indignation respecting George Sand's theoretical onslaughts on society, on rooted prejudices, and on "sacred truths," as *from her pantaloons*. That she wore men's costume was considered as an infallible proof of her supreme wickedness. There are fashionable English authoresses who write much greater *indelicacies* than George Sand,—if, indeed, we may use such a word in connection with her,—and who are eagerly read, but who fortunately for themselves have never so far forgotten propriety as to dress in male attire.

In conclusion, we would say a few words respecting the so-called "*frightfully immoral tendency*" of George Sand's works. We deny that they contain any thing immoral. They contain, perhaps, a good deal that is calculated to give pain and to startle a reader of delicate nerves, but there is nothing in them that can either corrupt or demoralize him. Here and there we find unæsthetic spots, repulsive and disagreeable episodes, but on the whole the general tendency and

treatment of her works may be pronounced chaste. Everywhere they furnish evidence of profound sensibility, an upright striving after the truth, large ideas, and a noble mind. No one feels more sadly or more deeply than she how great a loss is that of purity of heart and mind. Her heroines are peculiarly chaste. Fiamma, Consuelo, Edmée, Geneviève, &c., are grand creations, who by firmness, dignity, and virtue resist repeated temptations. Without being amazons, for they have nothing masculine about them except their courage and energy, they are dependent, not on society, but on their own will,—a favorite point with our authoress, and one on which she continually lays great stress. As regards George Sand's moral feeling, it will be sufficient to mention that she never treats adultery lightly or as a joke, but always as a crime attended with serious consequences, while really immoral French writers are in the habit of treating chastity and conjugal fidelity as things which it is glorious to overcome. Compared with her colleagues, she is, generally speaking, morality personified. On matters relating to marriage, as we believe we have abundantly proved, she is any thing but immoral. True, in the warmth of her feelings, her fatalism, and her inclination to hold "society" responsible for more than is just, she is not over-puritanical; but this fault is far outweighed by the great value she sets upon virtue, and the high standard she applies to love. For a Frenchwoman, her point of view is an exemplary one. Nothing shows her superiority over others more than the hearty contempt she expresses for the ordinary heroes of romance. The *blasé*, varnished, winning Parisians to whom other novelists' heroines are in the habit of sacrificing their easy virtue are always represented by George Sand as the pests of the female world. In themselves, no doubt, the opinions and many of the subjects chosen by our authoress may appear more or less immoral to readers of other nations; but the way in which she treats them is far from immoral. The reader who is able to place himself within the circle of French ideas will easily perceive how possible are many of the seductions described by her, and will both appreciate her works and profit by them. Even upon readers who do not agree with her she is likely to exercise a beneficial influence. The time has happily gone by when young and imprudent minds might have been led astray by her glowing and passionate descriptions, as happened with Goethe's "Werther's Leiden." Many a mind has she elevated, comforted, and impelled to virtuous thoughts and noble aims. No one has a greater right to be called



virtuous than George Sand. She treats every subject seriously, utters what she believes to be true and right, and disseminates it with all the energy and ability she can command, regardless of existing prejudices. It is absurd to say that novels and romances are not the media through which ideas like hers are to be conveyed. In the first place, it is the form of all others best adapted to the diffusion of all sorts of ideas ; and second, our authoress uses it with the same right as the journalist employs the newspaper, the politician the pamphlet, the painter the brush, the orator the living word, and the legislator the official gazette. George Sand used romance and narrative as weapons against the ridiculous prejudices and pernicious vices of her time. In doing this, like every other reformer she may occasionally have fallen into error, which was the more likely in her case, inasmuch as the sentiments to which she gave such passionate utterance often suffered from the manner in which she uttered them, and were not always expressed with sufficient perspicuity.

LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

## SEPARATION.

STAND, I pray thee, apart and touch me not !  
 Thine the world is, mine the world's despite ;  
 I am darkness, dear, and thou art light ;  
 Thou art strong of heart, while I, God wot,  
 Now the battle is waxen fierce and hot,  
 With my weariness should crush thee quite ;  
 For mine armor availeth not in fight,  
 And in thine I will not cast my lot.

Stand apart ! The night meets not the day.  
 Time will have it thus ; approach not even !  
 Be not mine, who art my life away,  
 Wait till death be done ; and then — in heaven —  
 Thine shall be the higher heaven, God will !  
 Stand, I pray thee, apart ! . . . but love me still.

WILLIAM M. HARDINGE.

## CABINET GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

OUR patriotism seems of late to have been exchanging its wonted tone of confident hope for one of desponding solicitude. Anxiety about the future of our institutions seems to be daily becoming stronger in the minds of thoughtful Americans. A feeling of uneasiness is undoubtedly prevalent, sometimes taking the shape of a fear that grave, perhaps radical, defects in our mode of government are militating against our liberty and prosperity. A marked and alarming decline in statesmanship, a rule of levity and folly instead of wisdom and sober forethought in legislation, threaten to shake our trust not only in the men by whom our national policy is controlled, but also in the very principles upon which our Government rests. Both State and National legislatures are looked upon with nervous suspicion, and we hail an adjournment of Congress as a temporary immunity from danger. In casting about for the chief cause of the admitted evil, many persons have convinced themselves that it is to be found in the principle of universal suffrage. When Dr. Woolsey, in his admirable work on Political Science, speaks with despondency of the influence of this principle upon our political life, he simply gives clear expression to misgivings which he shares with a growing minority of his countrymen. We must, it is said, purge the constituencies of their ignorant elements, if we would have high-minded, able, worthy representatives. We see adventurers, who in times of revolution and confusion were suffered to climb to high and responsible places, still holding positions of trust; we perceive that our institutions, when once thrown out of gear, seem to possess no power of self-readjustment,—and we hasten to cast discredit upon that principle the establishment of which has been regarded as America's greatest claim to political honor,—the right of every man to a voice in the Government under which he lives. The existence of such sentiments is in itself an instructive fact. But while it is



indisputably true that universal suffrage is a constant element of weakness, and exposes us to many dangers which we might otherwise escape, its operation does not suffice alone to explain existing evils. Those who make this the scapegoat of all our national grievances have made too superficial an analysis of the abuses about which they so loudly complain.

What is the real cause of this solicitude and doubt? It is, in our opinion, to be found in the absorption of all power by a legislature which is practically irresponsible for its acts. But even this would not necessarily be harmful, were it not for the addition of a despotic principle which it is my present purpose to consider.

At its highest development, *representative* government is that form which best enables a free people to govern themselves. The main object of a representative assembly, therefore, should be the discussion of public business. They should legislate as if in the presence of the whole country, because they come under the closest scrutiny and fullest criticism of all the representatives of the country speaking in open and free debate. Only in such an assembly, only in such an atmosphere of publicity, only by means of such a vast investigating machine, can the different sections of a great country learn each other's feelings and interests. It is not enough that the general course of legislation is known to all. Unless during its progress it is subjected to a thorough, even a tediously prolonged, process of public sifting, to the free comment of friend and foe alike, to the ordeal of battle among those upon whose vote its fate depends, an act of open legislation may have its real intent and scope completely concealed by its friends and undiscovered by its enemies, and it may be as fatally mischievous as the darkest measures of an oligarchy or a despot. Nothing can be more obvious than the fact that the very life of free, popular institutions is dependent upon their breathing the bracing air of thorough, exhaustive, and open discussions, or that select Congressional committees, whose proceedings must from their very nature be secret, are, as means of legislation, dangerous and unwholesome. Parliaments are forces for freedom; for "talk is persuasion, persuasion is force, the one force which can sway freemen to deeds such as those which have made England what she is," or our English stock what it is.

Congress is a deliberative body in which there is little real deliberation; a legislature which legislates with no real discussion of its business. Our Government is practically carried on by irresponsible

committees. Too few Americans take the trouble to inform themselves as to the methods of Congressional management ; and, as a consequence, not many have perceived that almost *absolute* power has fallen into the hands of men whose irresponsibility prevents the regulation of their conduct by the people from whom they derive their authority. The most important, most powerful man in the government of the United States in time of peace is the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Instead of being merely an executive officer, whose principal duties are those immediately connected with the administration of the rules of order, he is a potent party chief, the only chief of any real potency, — and must of necessity be so. He must be the strongest and shrewdest member of his party in the lower House ; for almost all the real business of that House is transacted by committees whose members are his nominees. Unless the rules of the House be suspended by a special two-thirds vote, every bill introduced must be referred, without debate, to the proper Standing Committee, with whom rests the privilege of embodying it, or any part of it, in their reports, or of rejecting it altogether. The House very seldom takes any direct action upon any measures introduced by individual members ; its votes and discussions are almost entirely confined to committee reports and committee dictation. The whole attitude of business depends upon forty-seven Standing Committees. Even the discussions upon their directive reports are merely nominal, — liberal forms, at most. Take, as an example of the workings of the system, the functions and privileges of the Committee of Ways and Means. To it is intrusted the financial policy of the country ; its chairman is, in reality, our Chancellor of the Exchequer. With the aid of his colleagues he determines the course of legislation upon finance ; in English political phrase, he draws up the *budget*. All the momentous questions connected with our finance are debated in the private sessions of this committee, and there only. For, when the budget is submitted to the House for its consideration, only a very limited time is allowed for its discussion ; and, besides the member of the committee to whom its introduction is intrusted, no one is permitted to speak save those to whom he through courtesy yields the floor, and who must have made arrangements beforehand with the Speaker to be recognized. Where, then, is there room for thorough discussion, — for discussion of any kind ? If carried, the provisions of the budget must be put into operation by the Secretary of the Treasury, who may be directly opposed to the principles which



it embodies. If lost, no one save Congress itself is responsible for the consequent embarrassment into which the nation is brought,—and Congress as a body is not readily punishable.

It must at once be evident to every thinking man that a policy thus regulated cannot be other than vacillating, uncertain, devoid of plan or consistency. This is certainly a phase of representative government peculiar to ourselves. And yet its development was most natural and apparently necessary. It is hardly possible for a body of several hundred men, without official or authoritative leaders, to determine upon any line of action without interminable wrangling and delays injurious to the interests under their care. Left to their own resources, they would be as helpless as any other mass meeting. Without leaders having authority to guide their deliberations and give a definite direction to the movement of legislation; and, moreover, with none of that sense of responsibility which constantly rests upon those whose duty it is to work out to a successful issue the policies which they themselves originate, yet with full power to dictate policies which others must carry into execution,—a recognition of the need of some sort of leadership, and of a division of labor, led to the formation of these Standing Committees, to which are intrusted the shaping of the national policy in the several departments of administration, as well as the prerogatives of the initiative in legislation and leadership in debate. When theoretically viewed, this is an ingenious and apparently harmless device, but one which, in practice, subverts that most fundamental of all the principles of a free State,—the right of the people to a potential voice in their own government. Great measures of legislation are discussed and determined, not conspicuously in public session of the people's representatives, but in the unapproachable privacy of committee rooms.

But what less imperfect means of representative government can we find without stepping beyond the bounds of a true republicanism? Certainly none other than those which were rejected by the Constitutional Convention. When the Convention of 1787, upon the submission of the report of the Committee of Detail, came to consider the respective duties and privileges of the legislative and executive departments, and the relations which these two branches of the Government should sustain towards each other, many serious questions presented themselves for solution. One of the gravest of these was, whether or not the interests of the public service would be fur-

thered by *allowing some of the higher officers of State to occupy seats in the legislature*. The propriety and practical advantage of such a course were obviously suggested by a similar arrangement under the British Constitution, to which our political fathers often and wisely looked for useful hints. But since the spheres of the several departments were in the end defined with all the clearness, strictness, and care possible to a written instrument, the opinion prevailed among the members of the Convention that it would be unadvisable to establish any such connection between the Executive and Congress. They thought, in their own fervor of patriotism and intensity of respect for written law, that paper barriers would prove sufficient to prevent the encroachments of any one department upon the prerogatives of any other; that these vaguely broad laws — or principles of law — would be capable of securing and maintaining the harmonious and mutually helpful co-operation of the several branches; that the exhibition of these general views of government would be adequate to the stupendous task of preventing the legislature from rising to the predominance of influence, which, nevertheless, constantly lay within its reach. But, in spite of constitutional barriers, the legislature has become the imperial power of the State, as it must of necessity become under every representative system; and experience of the consequences of a complete separation of the legislative and executive branches long since led that able and sagacious commentator upon the Constitution, Chief-Justice Story, to remark that, "if it would not have been safe to trust the heads of departments, as representatives, to the choice of the people, as their constituents, it would have been at least some gain to have allowed them seats, like territorial delegates, in the House of Representatives, where they might freely debate without a title to vote." In short, the framers of the Constitution, in endeavoring to act in accordance with the principle of Montesquieu's celebrated and unquestionably just political maxim, — that the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of a free State should be *separate*, — made their separation so complete as to amount to *isolation*. To the methods of representative government which have sprung from these provisions of the Constitution, by which the Convention thought so carefully to guard and limit the powers of the legislature, we must look for an explanation, in a large measure, of the evils over which we now find ourselves lamenting.

What, then, is Cabinet government? What is the change proposed? Simply to give to the heads of the Executive departments —



the members of the Cabinet — seats in Congress, with the privilege of the initiative in legislation and some part of the unbounded privileges now commanded by the Standing Committees. But the advocates of such a change — and they are now not a few — deceive themselves when they maintain that it would not necessarily involve the principle of ministerial responsibility, — that is, the resignation of the Cabinet upon the defeat of any important part of their plans. For, if Cabinet officers sit in Congress as official representatives of the Executive, this principle of responsibility must of necessity come sooner or later to be recognized. Experience would soon demonstrate the practical impossibility of their holding their seats, and continuing to represent the Administration, after they had found themselves unable to gain the consent of a majority to their policy. Their functions would be peculiar. They would constitute a link between the legislative and executive branches of the general Government, and, as representatives of the Executive, must hold the right of the initiative in legislation. Otherwise their position would be an anomalous one, indeed. There would be little danger and evident propriety in extending to them the first right of introducing measures relative to the administration of the several departments ; and they could possess such a right without denying the fullest privileges to other members. But, whether granted this initiative or not, the head of each department would undoubtedly find it necessary to take a decided and open stand for or against every measure bearing upon the affairs of his department, by whomsoever introduced. No high-spirited man would long remain in an office in the business of which he was not permitted to pursue a policy which tallied with his own principles and convictions. If defeated by both Houses, he would naturally resign ; and not many years would pass before resignation upon defeat would have become an established precedent, — and resignation upon defeat is the essence of responsible government. In arguing, therefore, for the admission of Cabinet officers into the legislature, we are logically brought to favor *responsible Cabinet government* in the United States.

But, to give to the President the right to choose whomsoever he pleases as his constitutional advisers, after having constituted Cabinet officers *ex officio* members of Congress, would be to empower him to appoint a limited number of representatives, and would thus be plainly at variance with republican principles. The highest order of responsible government could, then, be established in the United States

only by laying upon the President the necessity of selecting his Cabinet from among the number of representatives already chosen by the people, or by the legislatures of the States.

Such a change in our legislative system would not be so radical as it might at first appear: it would certainly be very far from revolutionary. Under our present system we suffer all the inconveniences, are hampered by all that is defective in the machinery, of responsible government, without securing any of the many benefits which would follow upon its complete establishment. Cabinet officers are now appointed only with the consent of the Senate. Such powers as a Cabinet with responsible leadership must possess are now divided among the forty-seven Standing Committees, whose prerogatives of irresponsible leadership savor of despotism, because exercised for the most part within the secret precincts of a committee room, and not under the eyes of the whole House, and thus of the whole country. These committees, too, as has been said, rule without any of that freedom of public debate which is essential to the liberties of the people. Their measures are too often mere partisan measures, and are hurried through the forms of voting by a party majority whose interest it is that all serious opposition, all debate that might develop obstructive antagonism, should be suppressed. Under the conditions of Cabinet government, however, full and free debates are sure to take place. For what are these conditions? According as their policy stands or falls, the ministers themselves stand or fall; to the party which supports them each discussion involves a trial of strength with their opponents; upon it depends the amount of their success as a party: while to the opposition the triumph of ministerial plans means still further exclusion from office; their overthrow, accession to power. To each member of the assembly every debate offers an opportunity for placing himself, by able argument, in a position to command a place in any future Cabinet that may be formed from the ranks of his own party; each speech goes to the building up (or the tearing down) of his political fortunes. There is, therefore, an absolute certainty that every phase of every subject will be drawn carefully and vigorously, will be dwelt upon with minuteness, will be viewed from every possible standpoint. The legislative, holding full power of final decision, would find itself in immediate contact with the executive and its policy. Nor would there be room for factious government or factious opposition. Plainly, ministers must found their policies, an opposition must found its attacks, upon well-con-



sidered principles ; for in this open sifting of debate, when every feature of every measure, even to the motives which prompted it, is the subject of out-spoken discussion and keen scrutiny, no chicanery, no party craft, no questionable principles can long hide themselves. Party trickery, legislative jobbery, are deprived of the very air they breathe, — the air of secrecy, of concealment. The public is still surprised whenever they find that dishonest legislation has been allowed to pass unchallenged. Why surprised? As things are, measures are determined in the interests of corporations, and the suffering people know almost nothing of them until their evil tendencies crop out in actual execution. Under lobby pressure from interested parties, they have been cunningly concocted in the closet sessions of partisan committees, and, by the all-powerful aid of party machinery, have been hurried through the stages of legislation without debate ; so that even Press correspondents are often as ignorant of the real nature of such special measures as the outside public. Any searching debate of such questions would at once have brought the public eye upon them, and how could they then have stood? Lifting the lid of concealment must have been the discovery to all concerned of their unsavory character. Light would have killed them.

We are thus again brought into the presence of the cardinal fact of this discussion, — that *debate* is the essential function of a popular representative body. In the severe, distinct, and sharp enunciation of underlying principles, the unsparing examination and telling criticism of opposite positions, the careful, painstaking unravelling of all the issues involved, which are incident to the free discussion of questions of public policy, we see the best, the only effective, means of educating public opinion. Can any one suppose for one moment that, in the late heated and confused discussions of the Bland silver bill, the Western papers would have had any color of justification in claiming that the Resumption Act of 1875 was passed secretly and without the knowledge of the people, if we had then had responsible government? Although this all-important matter was before the country for more than a year ; was considered by two Congresses, recommended by more than one Congressional committee ; was printed and circulated for the perusal of the people ; was much spoken of, though little understood by the Press at the time, — the general mass of our population knew little or nothing about it, for it elicited almost no statesmanlike comment upon the floor of Congress, was exposed to none of the analysis of earnest debate. What, however, would have

been its history under a well-ordered Cabinet government? It would have been introduced—if introduced at all—to the House by the Secretary of the Treasury as a part of the financial policy of the Administration, supported by the authority and sanction of the entire Cabinet. At once it would have been critically scanned by the leaders of the opposition; at each reading of the bill, and especially in Committee of the Whole, its weak points would have been mercilessly assailed, and its strong features urged in defence; attacks upon its principle by the opposition would have been met by an unequivocal avowal of “soft money” principles from the majority; and, defended by men anxious to win honors in support of the ministry, it would have been dissected by all those who were at issue with the financial doctrines of the majority, discussed and re-discussed until all its essential, all its accidental features, and all its remotest tendencies, had been dinned into the public ear, so that no man in the nation could have pretended ignorance of its meaning and object. The educational influence of such discussions is two-fold, and operates in two directions,—upon the members of the legislature themselves, and upon the people whom they represent. Thus do the merits of the two systems—Committee government and government by a responsible Cabinet—hinge upon this matter of a full and free discussion of all subjects of legislation; upon the principle stated by Mr. Bagehot, that “free government is self-government,—a government of the people by the people.” It is perhaps safe to say, that the Government which secures the most thorough discussions of public interests,—whose administration most nearly conforms to the opinions of the governed,—is the freest and the best. And certainly, when judged by this principle, government by irresponsible Standing Committees can bear no comparison with government by means of a responsible ministry; for, as we have seen,—and as others besides Senator Hoar have shown,—its essential feature is a vicious suppression of debate.

Only a single glance is necessary to discover how utterly Committee government must fail to give effect to public opinion. In the first place, the exclusion of debate prevents the intelligent formation of opinion on the part of the nation at large; in the second place, public opinion, when once formed, finds it impossible to exercise any immediate control over the action of its representatives. There is no one in Congress to speak for the nation. Congress is a conglomeration of inharmonious elements; a collection of men representing each his neighborhood, each his local interest; an alarmingly large proportion of



its legislation is "special;" all of it is at best only a limping compromise between the conflicting interests of the innumerable localities represented. There is no guiding or harmonizing power. Are the people in favor of a particular policy, — what means have they of forcing it upon the sovereign legislature at Washington? None but the most imperfect. If they return representatives who favor it (and this is the most they can do), these representatives being under no directing power will find a mutual agreement impracticable among so many, and will finally settle upon some policy which satisfies nobody, removes no difficulty, and makes little definite or valuable provision for the future. They must, indeed, be content with whatever measure the appropriate committee chances to introduce. Responsible ministries, on the other hand, form the policy of their parties; the strength of their party is at their command; the course of legislation turns upon the acceptance or rejection by the Houses of definite and consistent plans upon which they determine. In forming its judgment of their policy, the nation knows whereof it is judging; and, with biennial Congresses, it may soon decide whether any given policy shall stand or fall. The question would then no longer be, What representatives shall we choose to represent our chances in this haphazard game of legislation? but, What plans of national administration shall we sanction? Would not party programmes mean something then? Could they be constructed only to deceive and bewilder?

But, above and beyond all this, a responsible Cabinet constitutes a link between the executive and legislative departments of the Government which experience declares in the clearest tones to be absolutely necessary in a well-regulated, well-proportioned body politic. None can so well judge of the perfections or imperfections of a law as those who have to administer it. Look, for example, at the important matter of taxation. The only legitimate object of taxation is the support of Government; and who can so well determine the requisite revenue as those who conduct the Government? Who can so well choose feasible means of taxation, available sources of revenue, as those who have to meet the practical difficulties of tax-collection? And what surer guarantee against exorbitant estimates and unwise taxation, than the necessity of full explanation and defence before the whole House? The same principles, of course, apply to all legislation upon matters connected with any of the Executive departments.

Thus, then, not only can Cabinet ministers meet the needs of their

departments more adequately and understandingly, and conduct their administration better than can irresponsible committees, but they are also less liable to misuse their powers. Responsible ministers must secure from the House and Senate an intelligent, thorough, and practical treatment of their affairs; must vindicate their principles in open battle on the floor of Congress. The public is thus enabled to exercise a direct scrutiny over the workings of the Executive departments, to keep all their operations under a constant stream of daylight. Ministers could do nothing under the shadow of darkness; committees do all in the dark. It can easily be seen how constantly ministers would be plied with questions about the conduct of public affairs, and how necessary it would be for them to satisfy their questioners if they did not wish to fall under suspicion, distrust, and obloquy.

But, while the people would thus be able to defend themselves through their representatives against malfeasance or inefficiency in the management of their business, the heads of the departments would also have every opportunity to defend their administration of the people's affairs against unjust censure or crippling legislation. Corruption in office would court concealment in vain; vicious trifling with the administration of public business by irresponsible persons would meet with a steady and effective check. The ground would be clear for a manly and candid defence of ministerial methods; wild schemes of legislation would meet with a cold repulse from ministerial authority. The salutary effect of such a change would most conspicuously appear in the increased effectiveness of our now crumbling civil, military, and naval services; for we should no longer be cursed with tardy, insufficient, and misapplied appropriations. The ministers of War, of the Navy, of the Interior, would be able to submit their estimates in person, and to procure speedy and regular appropriations; and half the abuses at present connected with appropriative legislation would necessarily disappear with the present committee system. Appropriations now, though often inadequate, are much oftener wasteful and fraudulent. Under responsible government, every appropriation asked by an Executive chief, as well as the reasons by which he backed his request, would be subjected to the same merciless sifting processes of debate as would characterize the consideration of other questions. Always having their responsible agents thus before them, the people would at once know how much they were spending, and for what it was spent.



When we come to speak of the probable influence of responsible Cabinet government upon the development of statesmanship and the renewal of the now perishing growth of statesmanlike qualities, we come upon a vital interest of the whole question. Will it bring with it worthy successors of Hamilton and Webster? Will it replace a leadership of trickery and cunning device by one of ability and moral strength? If it will not, why advocate it? If it will, how gladly and eagerly and imperatively ought we to demand it! The most despotic of Governments under the control of wise statesmen is preferable to the freest ruled by demagogues. Now, there are few more common, and perhaps few more reasonable, beliefs than that at all times, among the millions of population who constitute the body of this great nation, there is here and there to be found a man with all the genius, all the deep and strong patriotism, all the moral vigor, and all the ripeness of knowledge and variety of acquisition which gave power and lasting fame to the greater statesmen of our past history. We bewail and even wonder at the fact that these men do not find their way into public life, to claim power and leadership in the service of their country. We naturally ascribe their absence to the repugnance which superior minds must feel for the intrigues, the glaring publicity, and the air of unscrupulousness and even dishonesty which are the characteristics, or at least the environments, of political life. In our disappointment and vexation that they do not, even at the most distressing sacrifice of their personal convenience and peace, devote themselves to the study and practice of state-craft, we turn for comfort to re-read history's lesson,—that many countries find their greatest statesmen in times of extraordinary crisis or rapid transition and progress; the intervals of slow growth and uninteresting everyday administration of the government being noted only for the elevation of mediocrity, or at most of shrewd cunning, to high administrative places. We take cold consolation from the hope that times of peril—which sometimes seem close enough at hand—will not find us without strong leaders worthy of the most implicit confidence. Thus we are enabled to arrive at the comfortable and fear-quieting conclusion that it is from no fault of ours, certainly from no defects in our forms of government, that we are ruled by scheming, incompetent, political tradesmen, whose aims and ambitions are merely personal, instead of by broad-minded, masterful statesmen, whose sympathies and purposes are patriotic and national.

To supply the conditions of statesmanship is, we conclude, beyond

our power; for the causes of its decline and the means necessary to its development are beyond our ken. Let us take a new departure. Let us, drawing light from every source within the range of our knowledge, make a little independent analysis of the conditions of statesmanship, with a view to ascertaining whether or not it is in reality true that we cannot contribute to its development, or even perchance give it a perennial growth among us. We learn from a critical survey of the past, that, so far as political affairs are concerned, great critical epochs are the man-making epochs of history, that revolutionary influences are man-making influences. And why? If this be the law, it must have some adequate reason underlying it; and we seem to find the reason a very plain and conspicuous one. Crises give birth and a new growth to statesmanship because they are peculiarly periods of action, in which talents find the widest and the freest scope. They are periods not only of action, but also of unusual opportunity for gaining leadership and a controlling and guiding influence. It is opportunity for transcendent influence, therefore, which calls into active public life a nation's greater minds,—minds which might otherwise remain absorbed in the smaller affairs of private life. And we thus come upon the principle,—a principle which will appear the more incontrovertible the more it is looked into and tested,—that governmental forms will call to the work of administration able minds and strong hearts constantly or infrequently, according as they do or do not afford them at all times an opportunity of gaining and retaining a commanding authority and an undisputed leadership in the nation's councils. Now it certainly needs no argument to prove that government by supreme committees, whose members are appointed at the caprice of an irresponsible party chief, by seniority, because of reputation gained in entirely different fields, or because of partisan shrewdness, is not favorable to a full and strong development of statesmanship. Certain it is that statesmanship has been steadily dying out in the United States since that stupendous crisis during which its government felt the first throbs of life. In the government of the United States there is no place found for the leadership of men of real ability. Why, then, complain that we have no leaders? The President can seldom make himself recognized as a leader; he is merely the executor of the sovereign legislative will; his Cabinet officers are little more than chief clerks, or superintendents, in the Executive departments, who advise the President as to matters in most of which he has no power of action independently of the con-



currence of the Senate. The most ambitious representative can rise no higher than the chairmanship of the Committee of Ways and Means, or the Speakership of the House. The cardinal feature of Cabinet government, on the other hand, is responsible leadership,—the leadership and authority of a small body of men who have won the foremost places in their party by a display of administrative talents, by evidence of high ability upon the floor of Congress in the stormy play of debate. None but the ablest can become leaders and masters in this keen tournament in which arguments are the weapons, and the people the judges. Clearly defined, definitely directed policies arouse bold and concerted opposition; and leaders of oppositions become in time leaders of Cabinets. Such a recognized leadership it is that is necessary to the development of statesmanship under popular, republican institutions; for only such leadership can make politics seem worthy of cultivation to men of high mind and aim.

And if party success in Congress—the ruling body of the nation—depends upon power in debate, skill and prescience in policy, successful defence of or attacks upon ruling ministries, how ill can contending parties spare their men of ability from Congress! To keep men of the strongest mental and moral fibre in Congress would become a party necessity. Party triumph would then be a matter of might in debate, not of supremacy in subterfuge. The two great national parties—and upon the existence of two great parties, with clashings and mutual jealousies and watchings, depends the health of free political institutions—are dying for want of unifying and vitalizing principles. Without leaders, they are also without policies, without aims. With leaders there must be followers, there must be parties. And with leaders whose leadership was earned in an open war of principle against principle, by the triumph of one opinion over all opposing opinions, parties must from the necessities of the case have definite policies. Platforms, then, must mean something. Broken promises will then end in broken power. A Cabinet without a policy that is finding effect in progressive legislation is, in a country of frequent elections, inviting its own defeat. Or is there, on the other hand, a determined, aggressive opposition? Then the ministry have a right to ask them what they would do under similar circumstances, were the reins of government to fall to them. And if the opposition are then silent, they cannot reasonably expect the country to intrust the government to them. Witness the situation of the Liberal party in England during the late serious crisis in Eastern affairs. Not daring

to propose any policy, — having indeed, because of the disintegration of the party, no policy to propose, — their numerical weakness became a moral weakness, and the nation's ear was turned away from them. Eight words contain the sum of the present degradation of our political parties: *No leaders, no principles ; no principles, no parties.* Congressional leadership is divided infinitesimally ; and with divided leadership there can be no great party units. Drill in debate, by giving scope to talents, invites talents ; raises up a race of men habituated to the methods of public business, skilled parliamentary chiefs. And, more than this, it creates a much-to-be-desired class who early make attendance upon public affairs the business of their lives, devoting to the service of their country all their better years. Surely the management of a nation's business will, in a well-ordered society, be as properly a matter of life-long training as the conduct of private affairs.

These are but meagre and insufficient outlines of some of the results which would follow upon the establishment of responsible Cabinet government in the United States. Its establishment has not wanted more or less outspoken advocacy from others ; nor, of course, have there been lacking those who are ready to urge real or imaginary objections against it, and proclaim it an exotic unfit to thrive in American soil. It has certainly, in common with all other political systems, grave difficulties and real evils connected with it. Difficulties and evils are inseparable from every human scheme of government ; and, in making their choice, a people can do no more than adopt that form which affords the largest measure of real liberty, whose machinery is least imperfect, and which is most susceptible to the control of their sovereign will.

Few, however, have discovered the real defects of such a responsible government as that which I now advocate. It is said, for instance, that it would render the President a mere figure-head, with none of that stability of official tenure, or that traditional dignity, which are necessary to such figure-heads. Would the President's power be curtailed, then, if his Cabinet ministers simply took the place of the Standing Committees ? Would it not rather be enlarged ? He would then be in fact, and not merely in name, the head of the Government. Without the consent of the Senate, he now exercises no sovereign functions that would be taken from him by a responsible Cabinet.



The apparently necessary existence of a partisan Executive presents itself to many as a fatal objection to the establishment of the forms of responsible Cabinet government in this country. The President must continue to represent a political party, and must continue to be anxious to surround himself with Cabinet officers who shall always substantially agree with him on all political questions. It must be admitted that the introduction of the principle of ministerial responsibility might, on this account, become at times productive of mischief, unless the tenure of the presidential office were made more permanent than it now is. Whether or not the presidential term should, under such a change of conditions, be lengthened would be one of several practical questions which would attend the adoption of a system of this sort. But it must be remembered that such a state of things as now exists, when we find the Executive to be of one party and the majority in Congress to be of the opposite party, is the exception, by no means the rule. Moreover we must constantly keep before our minds the fact that the choice now lies between this responsible Cabinet government and the rule of irresponsible committees which actually exists. It is not hard to believe that most presidents would find no greater inconvenience, experience no greater unpleasantness, in being at the head of a Cabinet composed of political opponents than in presiding, as they must now occasionally do, over a Cabinet of political friends who are compelled to act in all matters of importance according to the dictation of Standing Committees which are ruled by the opposite party. In the former case, the President may, by the exercise of whatever personal influence he possesses, affect the action of the Cabinet, and, through them, the action of the Houses ; in the latter he is absolutely helpless. Even now it might prove practically impossible for a President to gain from a hostile majority in the Senate a confirmation of his appointment of a strongly partisan Cabinet drawn from his own party. The President must now, moreover, acting through his Cabinet, simply do the bidding of the committees in directing the business of the departments. With a responsible Cabinet — even though that Cabinet were of the opposite party — he might, if a man of ability, exercise great power over the conduct of public affairs ; if not a man of ability, but a *mere* partisan, he would in any case be impotent. From these considerations it would appear that government by Cabinet ministers who represent the majority in Congress is no more incompatible with a partisan Executive than is government by committees representing such a majority. Indeed, a partisan President might

well prefer legislation through a hostile body at whose deliberations he might himself be present, and whose course he might influence, to legislation through hostile committees over whom he could have no manner of control, direct or indirect. And such conditions would be exceptional.

But the encroachment of the legislative upon the executive is deemed the capital evil of our Government in its later phases ; and it is asked, Would not the power of Congress be still more dangerously enlarged, and these encroachments made easier and surer, by thus making its relations with the Executive closer ? By no means. The several parts of a perfect mechanism must actually interlace and be in strong union in order mutually to support and check each other. Here again permanent, dictating committees are the only alternative. On the one hand, we have committees directing policies for whose miscarriage they are not responsible ; on the other, we have a ministry asking for legislation for whose results they are responsible. In both cases there is full power and authority on the part of the legislature to determine all the main lines of administration : there is no more real control of Executive acts in the one case than in the other ; but there is an all-important difference in the character of the agents employed. When carrying out measures thrust upon them by committees, administrative officers can throw off all sense of responsibility ; and the committees are safe from punishment, safe even from censure, whatever the issue. But in administering laws which have passed under the influence of their own open advocacy, ministers must shoulder the responsibilities and face the consequences. We should not, then, be giving Congress powers or opportunities of encroachment which it does not now possess, but should, on the contrary, be holding its powers in constant and effective check by putting over it responsible leaders. A complete separation of the executive and legislative is not in accord with the true spirit of those essentially English institutions of which our Government is a characteristic offshoot. The Executive is in constant need of legislative co-operation ; the legislative must be aided by an Executive who is in a position intelligently and vigorously to execute its acts. There must needs be, therefore, as a binding link between them, some body which has no power to coerce the one and is interested in maintaining the independent effectiveness of the other. Such a link is the responsible Cabinet.

Again, it is objected that we should be cursed with that instability



of government which results from a rapid succession of ministries, a frequent shifting of power from the hands of one party to the hands of another. This is not necessarily more likely to occur under the system of responsibility than now. We should be less exposed to such fluctuations of power than is the English government. The elective system which regulates the choice of United States Senators prevents more than one third of the seats becoming vacant at once, and this third only once every two years. The political complexion of the Senate can be changed only by a succession of elections.

But against such a responsible system the alarm-bell of *centralization* is again sounded, and all those who dread seeing too much authority, too complete control, placed within the reach of the central Government sternly set their faces against any such change. They deceive themselves. There could be no more despotic authority wielded under the forms of free government than our national Congress now exercises. It is a despotism which uses its power with all the caprice, all the scorn for settled policy, all the wild unrestraint which mark the methods of other tyrants as hateful to freedom.

Few of us are ready to suggest a remedy for the evils all deplore. We hope that our system is self-adjusting, and will not need our corrective interference. This is a vain hope! It is no small part of wisdom to know how long an evil ought to be tolerated, to see when the time has come for the people, from whom springs all authority, to speak its doom or prescribe its remedy. If that time be allowed to slip unrecognized, our dangers may overwhelm us, our political maladies may prove incurable.

THOMAS W. WILSON.

## SOME POLITICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

IN the year 1852 the Whig and Democratic parties fought their last battle. The debatable problems of administrative policy which at first, and for many years, divided them into hostile camps, had ceased to be the pivots on which their action turned; and each, in the desperate scuffle for ascendancy, was stretched upon its belly at the feet of the South, which held the balance of power. Nothing prolonged their miserable strife save the spoils of office and the memory of past conflicts; and while the creed of one of them was a tradition and its record an epitaph, both had degenerated into mischievous factions which no longer had any moral right to exist.

The political situation to-day, in its leading characteristics, bears a strong resemblance to that of twenty-seven years ago. The great question which gave life and form to the Republican party has been irrevocably settled. The work of Reconstruction, whether wisely or unwisely done, is likewise an accomplished and irreversible fact. The Tariff question, as a party issue, is incapable of definition, since each party agrees that in particular States and Congressional districts its representative men may proclaim such doctrines as may seem most likely to secure local success, and thus to make its pretended principles the mere shuttle-cock of party tactics. The same observation applies to the question of Finance. Just now, it is true, the drift of opinion in the Republican party is pretty strongly in the direction of honest money; but in the last Congress Republicans and Democrats united in the effort to repeal the Resumption act. They also shared the honor of defeating this effort. The silver bill received the overwhelming support of both parties; and during the years intervening since the close of the late war, the ever-varying attitude of each has responded to the shifting currents of popular feeling in different sections of the country, as if neither party lines nor financial principles had any existence. The repeated somersaults of such leaders as the late Senator Morton and the present Secretary of the Treasury are apt illustrations of the truth of what we say; and notwithstand-



ing any apparent indications to the contrary, the probability borders very strongly on certainty that, in the national canvass of next year, these parties will again occupy substantially the same position.

On the issue involved in the reform of our Civil Service both are unmistakably in the wrong, and there is not the least reason to believe that either can be trusted. Both are completely wedded to the organized political corruption which now riots on the public welfare, and so disgracefully illustrates the motto that "to the victors belong the spoils." If the Chinese question is a party one, its character as such is only discoverable in the disgusting eagerness of Republicans and Democrats to outdo each other in the flagrant violation of their fundamental principles in order to secure the vote of California next year. On the question of public economy, of subsidies, and of appropriations of money in whatever form for works of internal improvement, no party lines can be drawn. The Southern question is simply a political foot-ball which each party hopes to play with to the detriment of the other, and without the slightest regard to the effect of the game on the peace of the country. On the time-honored question of Federal usurpation and the right of local self-government, both occupy a false position, and neither is a fit school-master for the other. The Republicans, inheriting their constitutional opinions from the old Whig and Federal parties, and still under the spell of their late military training, naturally lean to the danger of centralization and the use of implied powers ; while the Democrats, alarmed at this fact, and blinded by their traditions, quite as naturally lean to the danger of *de*-centralization, as practically illustrated in the late bloody struggle for national dismemberment. A party division founded on extreme and dangerous opinions perpetuates them, while it stands in the way of moderate counsels and the consideration of questions of practical concern. It may also be well to remember that the parties to this issue have not always been consistent, and that the Democratic party itself, in its long and shameful alliance with Slavery, espoused the most monstrous schemes of centralization in the interest of its pet oligarchy, and in utter defiance of the rights of the States.

Nor is there any definable difference between these parties on the question of political morality. The simple truth is that they are fighting for power, for the sake of plunder. The national canvass of 1880 may be expected to determine only who shall control the offices for the ensuing four years, and to determine nothing else. The spectacle will, doubtless, be presented of one party struggling to keep the

other out of power, and the other struggling to get in, while the welfare of the country will be equally forgotten by both. They will rival each other in the alacrity with which they will engage in schemes of jobbery and corruption and in the refreshing audacity with which they will disregard their professions. Each will charge the other with every form of venality and crime, and each will plead the existence of the other as the excuse and necessity for its own existence. Both will illustrate the truth of the saying of Mr. Emerson, that "parties keep the old names, but exhibit a surprising fugacity in creeping out of one snake-skin into another of equal ignominy and lubricity." The time was when our parties had a very different mission; when they were divided upon well-defined questions of principle or policy, and each could honorably justify its existence as the means through which it sought to carry out its honestly-entertained views. No one then dreamed that a party could outlive the issues which created it, and become itself an inspiring object and end, for the sake of which even principle may be sacrificed. Yet this is the political mire into which our politicians have finally led the people. A party is no longer the hand-maid and servant of some declared truth in politics, but a blessing in itself, to which the truth may be postponed or subordinated. It is, in reality, a faction, which Mr. Madison defines as "a number of citizens, whether amounting to a minority or majority of the whole, who are united and actuated by some common impulse of passion or of interest, adverse to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interests of the community." This political devil-worship was strikingly illustrated in the action of leading men of both parties respecting the last presidential election, and more recently in the votes of both Houses of the late Congress on the Chinese question, in which even so decent a man as Senator Bayard joined in the scandalous raid against immigrants from China for the evident purpose of securing a party advantage. We do not know a single prominent leader on either side who is ready to turn his back upon his party for the sake of his convictions, or who does not plainly say by his action, "Let principle be surrendered, if need be, but spare my party!"

We believe the state of our politics was never before so morally humiliating. It is conceded by leading organs of opinion on both sides that the next presidential race will turn upon the personal character and fitness of the candidates, and not upon any political issue. This is a remarkable state of affairs, and well fitted to drive honest



men out of politics or into some new organization. The old motto of "Principles, not men," is displaced by the new one of "Men, not principles;" and this naturally paves the way for the repudiation of both. It is barely possible that our leaders, heeding the homage which vice often finds it necessary to pay to virtue, may secure the nomination of able and incorruptible candidates; but granting this, who believes that it would furnish any adequate remedy for our political disorders? The atmosphere of both parties is infected by long years of wide-spread demoralization, and it cannot be purified through the agency of a single man. "One swallow cannot make a summer;" and one political leader, however able and patriotic, could no more regenerate a great party, thoroughly steeped in corruption and misrule, than he could fence out malaria from the continent. Senator Morton, in 1876, declared that "the administration of any president will be, in the main, what the party which elected him makes it. If he breaks away from his party, the chances are that he will be broken down. In a government of parties like ours the President must have his friends. The men to whom he owes his election, who have defended him from assaults, to whom he must look for support in the future, will ordinarily control his actions, and he will do nothing offensive to them." The truth of this is written down in the complete capture of President Hayes by the political leaders he was powerless to withstand. Had Governor Tilden been president, his failure might not have been so unqualified; but it is impossible to ignore the fact that his particular friends who have been publicly disgraced through their connection with the cypher telegrams are fair representatives of the type of politicians who would have thronged to the front as the consequence of a Democratic victory, and would everywhere have demanded the recognition and leadership to which they had been accustomed. We hope, of course, that both parties will nominate their best men, and not their worst, and we believe in the exceptional power of great personalities in politics and reform; but the malady which has so thoroughly sent its gangrene through the body politic can only be cured by the people themselves. To them, at least, the chief appeal must be made; and if they are incapable of finding a remedy, the result must be political death.

But there is painfully slender probability that either of our parties will select the highest type of men for its standard-bearers. The time for so decent a performance has long since gone by. The political morality which would make it necessary does not exist.

The conditions for it are fatally wanting. Figs are not gathered from thistles. The Republican party affords, perhaps, the best illustration of our meaning. The raw material of which it is composed is better than that of its rival. Its average intelligence is higher. Its strongholds are the sober and comparatively enlightened communities of the Middle and New-England States, and the sturdy and enterprising population of the great North-West. The press, the pulpit, and the school-master, always its efficient allies, have given it an advanced position in the march of civilization and progress. We do not speak of its theories of government and policies of administration, which we cannot approve, but of the *morale* of the party. It has also the advantage of glorious memories to inspire it and keep alive its enthusiasm for humanity. Its magnificent championship of the rights of man during the grandest epoch in our history justly entitles it to the gratitude of the nation and of the civilized world. Yet we believe that the fact is beyond dispute, that the Republican party demands the nomination of General Grant for a third presidential term. It knows him thoroughly. It has tested his capacity and fitness for civil administration by eight years of trial; and now, as the crowning fruit of nearly twenty years of party ascendancy, it selects as its pet and favorite, and with marvellous unanimity, the man whose two administrations "swept over the country like a tropical tornado," and compelled every department of the Government to bear witness to "the ravages of the storm." It seeks to prolong its supremacy through the elevation of a man whose incapacity for civil affairs and sympathy for political criminals have at last given to the Democrats the control of the Government. It thus summons to the public service the legion of political rogues and vampires which held the nation in their ravenous clutch at the close of his last term, and were driven into temporary retirement by an outraged public opinion. It seeks to rehabilitate lawlessness and misrule, and insult all the decencies of political life. It would mobilize the army of muzzled rascals and thieves who are anxiously lying in wait for a call to the front from their old political commander, and would completely remand the country to the organized rapacity and pillage which the people so emphatically branded in 1876. No condemnation could well be more fearful than that which the Republican party thus pronounces upon itself in its clearly manifested choice of a candidate. If it be said that the nomination of General Grant is not demanded on the score of his qualifications as a civil ruler, but that the condition of the South calls for the iron hand



of military power, we reply that such a plea places the Republican party in a still worse predicament. It is a confession that the regular and orderly working of our free institutions is a failure, and that the Republic is to be saved by Mexican or South-American methods, instead of by trusting to time, patience, and the educational influence of self-government. A party so besotted in its notions of popular liberty, and so ready to surrender the Government to knaves and mercenaries on the pretence of preserving order in the South, is dead already in its trespasses and moral despair, and needs to have its epitaph written with as little delay as possible. Its mission is evil, and its influence thoroughly pernicious.

But the case would not be much improved should the possible death of General Grant, or his refusal to enter the race, prevent his nomination. In that event the popular favorite would too probably be Senator Blaine, whose brilliant talents and rare personal magnetism have already won for him a high rank as a party leader. He is, however, singularly untrammelled by convictions. He is the chief leader of "stalwart" Republicanism, and the special champion of the Southern negro; and recently, through the pages of the "North American Review," he has given to the public a startling picture of the condition of the Freedmen after the close of the late war, under the black codes by which their old masters have sought to make their condition even more deplorable than slavery. But Mr. Blaine himself voted for the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which the committee on Reconstruction reported to Congress in 1866, and which handed over the colored people of the South to the tender mercies of the codes so graphically portrayed, on condition that they should not be counted in the basis of representation. This was all that the wisdom and humanity of the Republican party could then devise in behalf of the down-trodden race which had furnished nearly two hundred thousand soldiers in the war for national life. The simple and sole stipulation was, that, if the conquered rebels would agree that these people should not be counted, we would surrender them absolutely to their old tyrants as the price of our selfish demand for equality of white representation. "The Southern States," says Mr. Blaine, "could have been readily readmitted to all their powers and privileges in the Union by accepting the Fourteenth Amendment, and negro suffrage would not have been forced upon them." These are the words of the colored man's great leader and friend. It was a shameful proposition, and involved the basest ingratitude to our black

allies in the grand struggle for National unity ; but, fortunately for the negro, the rebel States rejected the proposition, and thus forced upon Congress the necessity for other and more decisive measures of reconstruction. When these measures, however, were brought forward at the session of Congress of 1866-67, definitely providing, among other things, for negro suffrage as one of the fundamental conditions on which the rebellious States should be restored to their rights in the Union, Mr. Blaine did his utmost to deprive the negro of the ballot pending the decision of the question by those States. The plan of reconstruction did not abrogate the existing disloyal State governments. It left the ballot in the hands of white rebels, and did not confer it upon black loyalists. They were completely in the power of their old masters so long as the latter might refuse the terms of reconstruction that were offered ; and they had the option to refuse them just so long as they might prefer their own mad ascendancy and its train of disorders to compulsory restoration to the Union. It was through the timely action of Mr. Shellabarger, of Ohio, which Mr. Blaine opposed, that the scheme of reconstruction was so amended as to make the rebel State governments provisional only, and to secure the ballot to the negro during the period, whether long or short, which might intervene prior to the work of readmission, and which provision doubtless had a decisive influence upon the acceptance of the terms proposed. Mr. Blaine tells us that "the year that followed the accession of Andrew Johnson to the presidency was full of anxiety and of warning to all the lovers of justice, to all who hoped for a more perfect union of the States." But it should be remembered that during this fearful period he continued in the company of a small faction of conservative Republicans who were dancing attendance at the White House, and receiving from this same Andrew Johnson substantial tokens of Executive recognition. The loyalty of Mr. Blaine to the colored race then, to say the least, was a divided allegiance, and very feebly prophesied the ardor with which he now devotes himself to its service.

In referring to these facts we do not wish to be understood as defending the plan of military reconstruction as finally amended and adopted. We have always considered it exceedingly crude and hasty. With or without negro suffrage, it was sure to produce serious mischief. What the rebellious districts needed was not an easy and speedy return to the places they had lost by their treasonable conspiracy, but a probationary training looking to their restoration when



they should prove their fitness for civil government as independent States. They were not prepared for this. With their large population of ignorant negroes and equally ignorant whites, dominated by a formidable oligarchy of educated land-owners who despised the power that had conquered them while they had the sympathy of their old allies in the North, it was easy to see that the withdrawal of Federal intervention and the unhindered operation of local supremacy might as fatally hedge up the way of justice and equality as the rebel despotisms already existing. The political and social forces of Southern society, if unchecked from without, were sure to assert themselves; and there were men in both Houses of Congress who so warned the country, and foretold that no theories of democracy could avail unless adequately supported by a healthy public opinion. They saw that States must grow, and cannot be suddenly constructed where the materials are wanting. They realized then, what Senator Thurman sees now, that "property, education, and intelligence must rule," and that forms are worthless in the hands of an ignorant mob. Mr. Blaine says that the provincial policy which we have commended would have been "as arbitrary, and as sure to lead to corruption and tyranny, as the pro-consular system of Rome;" but it was simply the Territorial system to which we have been accustomed from the beginning of the Government, and could not have been so bad as the mongrel scheme he favored, which clothed ten conquered rebel districts with the dignity of States of the Union, and compelled its champions to aggravate the blunder by the horrors of carpet-bag government and a system of "pro-consular" tyranny as inconsistent with the rights of these States as it was disgraceful to the very idea of free government and injurious to the best interests of the colored race. The truth is that Mr. Blaine is not troubled by any question of conscience or political consistency. He plays fast and loose with principles. As a politician, he never gives any sign of perfect sincerity in his action except as the devotee of himself. He has no charity whatever for the white people of the South in the trying circumstances in which they are placed by the complications of Slavery and the war, while he hastens to show his hand as the champion of white ruffians in California, whose bloody proscription of unoffending Mongolians rivals the worst known outrages upon negroes by the worst white outlaws of the Southern States. All this the Republicans of the United States know; and when he was their unmistakable choice for the presidency three years ago, they knew

he was personally and politically involved in transactions so dishonorable that no successful defence of them was possible.

It cannot be necessary to multiply these illustrations of the moral tone and inevitable tendencies of the Republican party. It has completely triumphed over its original integrity and earnestness, and become the helpless instrument of a thoroughly debased leadership. It has survived its capacity for political reform, or even for usefulness; and should some strange accident provide it with a really worthy standard-bearer, he would be as powerless to withstand its evil momentum as to stay the tides of the sea.

That the Democratic party is any more worthy of honest trust no fair-minded student of American politics can believe. Like the Republican party, it has honorable traditions. Under such leaders as Jefferson and Madison its career was pre-eminently honorable and praise-worthy. It was the champion of equal rights and the foe of every form of monopoly and privilege. It believed in hard money. It held fast the principle of local self-government, without renouncing that of national supremacy. It favored a strict construction of the Constitution, and opposed extravagant schemes of internal improvement by the general Government. It welcomed to our shores immigrants and exiles from whatever country or clime. It favored the extension of the suffrage, and was in fact, as well as in theory, the party of the people. But it fell from this high estate. It invented the system of spoils and plunder to which it is still wedded, and which has done more to debauch and degrade our politics than all other causes combined. It covered its good name with shame by becoming the "natural ally of Slavery." It flavored our politics with the Fugitive Slave act of 1850, and made the harboring of a runaway negro constructive treason. It gave us the Dred Scott decision, the repeal of the Missouri restriction, and the murderous attempt to plant Slavery in Kansas. During the war for the Union its traditional friendship for its Southern allies tempted it to sympathize with the enemies of the Government and their purpose to form an independent confederacy with Slavery as its corner-stone; and a very large division of the party would at any time have rejoiced in Southern success. It has only accepted the results of the war on compulsion, and is still in sympathy with the heresy of nullification, as the current debates in Congress show. In the very nature of things, its ugly antecedents must have a deforming influence upon its character and aims for generations to come. Its chief strength is in our great



cities, dominated by a brutalized suffrage, native and naturalized, and in the South, whose reactionary and semi-barbarous communities still cling to the delusion that the old Slave States constitute their country. It appeals to the worst passions of the basest men in the pursuit of its purposes, and its better element is as powerless as the same element in the Republican party. It has abandoned its ancient position on the finance question, and coquetted with the wildest schemes of inflation and repudiation. Its policy is fashioned less by the intelligence and patriotism of the people than by their passions, and its strongest impulse comes from the section in which violence and the cheapness of human life stand in the way of immigration from better communities, without which the regeneration of society in that section must be indefinitely postponed. On one point it is perfectly united and thoroughly in earnest, and that is the desire for political success; and every day bears witness to its willingness to attain this object by any form of demagogism that seems most likely to secure it, irrespective of consistency or principle.

It may not be easy, at this time, to forecast the nominees of such a party in the canvass of next year, but it will act after its kind. Its controlling tendencies and characteristics will find expression, and inevitably make its standard-bearers the followers rather than the leaders of the party. Its political chemistry will obey its own laws, and the qualities which it holds in solution will thus certainly be precipitated in such party action as will effectually forestall any successful effort in the direction of political reform. Even so strong and independent a leader as Governor Tilden was so far obliged to bend to the storm of soft money fanaticism in the States of the South and West in 1876, as to accept a platform demanding the immediate and unconditional repeal of the Resumption act. Senator Thurman, after avowing thoroughly sound financial views a few years since, and steadfastly maintaining them for a season in the face of a formidable opposition in his own State, has at last made a complete surrender. Senator Bayard, as we have seen, has given the country a melancholy proof of his weakness in succumbing to the anti-Mongolian madness through which California demagogues have succeeded in leading astray the great body of his party. Governor Hendricks is so proverbially cautious and diplomatic, and so exceptionally genial and conciliatory in his disposition, that those of his friends who believe most firmly in his personal honor and political integrity would scarcely affirm that he has sufficient strength of will and force of

character for even a vigorous and determined effort to exorcise the political abuses and corruptions which have so long been securely intrenched in the party. Its evil genius, in fact, is practically unchallenged by any force within itself, and its chronic viciousness would long since have ended its career, if it had not been so well matched by the viciousness of the opposing party. Each lives upon the badness of the other, and neither could survive if the other could boast a good character. Their struggle for power would cease, and a way thus be opened for the regeneration of our politics through the reconstruction of parties on really vital questions.

The unfortunate fact is that the game of politics has become thoroughly despicable. Character is well-nigh an unknown quantity among our party leaders. Real manliness is forgotten, and statesmanship gives place to the struggle of rival factions to out-manœuvre each other in the mere tricks of party management. When the Democrats propose to attach general legislation to appropriation bills as a condition of their passage, the Republicans raise the cry of "revolution," as if they had not furnished repeated and notable precedents for this vicious form of legislation, and as if both parties had not sanctioned it by their uniform and long-continued usage. The controversy respecting the use of the army in elections, which led to an extra session of Congress, could easily have been adjusted by patriotic and fair-minded men, if the presidential election of next year had been out of the way, with the hope it inspired in each party of being able to manœuvre the other into a false position. Senator Hoar, for the evident purpose of rekindling sectional strife and thereby securing a party advantage, moves to except Jefferson Davis from the benefits of the bill providing pensions for the soldiers of the Mexican war; and Senator Lamar, as the mouthpiece of Southern sectionalism, defends the chief of the Southern Confederacy, ranks him with Washington and Hampden as a patriot, and thus utterly confounds the difference between treason and loyalty, between perjury and keeping one's oath, between fighting for the life of one's country and fighting to destroy it in the interest of human slavery. The Republicans entertain the country with a startling inventory of the "Confederate Brigadiers" now in Congress, who are sharing in the government of the country they fought to destroy; but these dangerous characters are there by the express legislative permission of the Republican party, which made haste to remove their disabilities. Whether this was done in good faith, or as the mere clap-trap



of party management at the time, the Republican leaders are fairly estopped from declining the consequences in the election to Congress of the leading and representative men of the South. There is no doubt a damaging measure of truth in the Republican charges of fraud and intimidation in Southern elections during the last year; but the tissue-ballot swindle, if we are not mistaken, was attempted by the Republicans themselves, and there is no reason whatever for believing that under the same circumstances their action would have been more defensible than that which they so vehemently denounce. Mr. Hoar and General Garfield, two of the foremost and most respectable men in their party, prior to the formation of the Electoral Commission declared that it would be the duty of that tribunal to go behind the returns, and ascertain the real facts of the disputed issue; but afterwards, as members of the commission and the servants of their party, they took the lead in keeping out of sight the very facts which they were honorably and morally bound to aid in uncovering. Since the last presidential election the Republicans have proved that leading Democratic politicians endeavored to secure the election of Governor Tilden by the corrupt use of money, and they went about the work with all the airs of outraged patriotism and innocence. But while they destroyed or put out of the way the direct evidence of their own guilt, the very proof which they produced establishing that of their opponents rendered it morally certain that the Republican party had triumphed through the bribery of the corrupt officials who had the result in their keeping; and who, as men now known to have been in the market, would not have declined rich Democratic largesses except for Republican offers which they regarded as more tempting, and have since accepted in the shape of places under the Administration brought into power through their agency.

These and many cognate facts, which we need not enumerate, show how completely the ruling parties have ushered in the dispensation of mean, ambitious, and pettifogging politics, and how imperative is the necessity for reform. How shall it be accomplished? How can the atmosphere of public life be purified? If these parties are growing worse, and thriving upon the fact that their iniquities are so evenly balanced, how is it possible for the country to escape from their baleful domination? An adequate answer to these questions is not easily given. One thing is perfectly certain, and that is that the work cannot be accomplished by the policy of despair and sullen acquiescence. It cannot be done by remaining inside of these

organizations, and co-operating with them. They rule the country, after all, through the help of the better men in them, who weakly submit to their discipline while deprecating the evils against which they should rebel. Political independence is the demand of the hour. In the case of all great party divisions there is a third party, not under the drill of either, which holds the balance of power; and nothing is now more needed than accessions to that party, and a fresh instalment of courage. It may seem a solecism, but it is nevertheless true, that in free governments minorities often rule. Our independent voters are already strong enough to have illustrated this truth. In 1872 the Republicans carried New York by a majority of fifty thousand votes. In 1874 the Democrats triumphed by the same majority,—thus showing that the State was not divided into two parties, but three, and that the potency of the party battle-cry was dependent upon outside help. The independent voters held the balance of power in the nation, and wielded it, in 1876, as they will undoubtedly determine the result in the canvass of next year. As the make-weight in party divisions they are able to create the majority they desire, and this power imposes upon them a very grave responsibility, and invests their action with a commanding interest. It is true that they are compelled to make themselves of no reputation. They are able to parade no grand procession of followers. They are allowed no triumphs when their victory is won. They are rewarded by none of the spoils of office. They are obliged to face the general hostility and scorn which the smallness of their numbers and the potency of their action so naturally provoke. They are styled “dreamers,” “impracticables,” and “malcontents;” but they are nevertheless the true conservative force in our politics, and the real leaven of reform. Although they are occasionally persuaded to act with one or the other of the dominant parties for the purpose of defeating that which they deem the worse, they form the best and only nucleus of a new party, for which they prepare the way by gradual inroads upon the old ones. If faithful to their mission, they can so act as to destroy that equilibrium between them which has so long been their common support, and thus bring their quarrel to an end,—as was strikingly illustrated in the final rout of the Whig party, and the subsequent overthrow of the Democracy, which lasted through so many years. Like the members of other parties they are liable to make mistakes. Their lack of organization and discipline is certainly attended by some disadvantages. Their real power was



seriously compromised by the action of their leaders in the spring of 1876, in their famous New York conference. They laid down the precise conditions on which they declared they would co-operate with the other parties, and then made haste to join them after those conditions had been scouted. They betrayed vacillation and weakness at the critical moment which called for straightforwardness and courage, and thus strengthened the hands of the common enemy by the virtual surrender of their vantage-ground. Independent voters can accomplish nothing in the rôle of trimmers and mercenaries.

In truth, the crying need of the times is character in politics. Character is the condition precedent of every worthy achievement. The Whig party perished, not merely because the issues on which it was organized had been settled, but because its conscience left it, and drew after it a formidable force in the fight against Slavery. In disowning their party allegiance, and unfurling their own banner, these political independents followed the example of Fox and Wesley in a different field of reform. They adopted the true method. The triumph of the Republican party in 1860 was the culmination and ripe fruit of independent voting, beginning with the old Liberty party and the Free Soil movement which followed it. These parties were largely re-enforced by recruits from the Democratic party, and its defeat in 1860 would not have been possible without the help of these desertions of patriotic and conscientious men from its ranks. These facts are worth remembering. We believe we are safe in saying that in every great trial of the country independent voting has been its deliverance. It is the sovereign and only remedy when parties sink into factions; and if the country is not lifted out of the slough of general debauchment and misgovernment in which it now lies floundering, it will be the fault of this saving balance of power. We do not say that it can itself accomplish so grand a task, but it can inaugurate it. It can rally and organize its forces, and gather strength through its example of political courage and independence. It can open the way for other movements which will naturally affiliate in the overthrow of effete organizations and the final creation of new ones. It can rouse laggards and cowards from their supineness, and make uneasy the consciences of men who are held in a false position by timidity and habit. As we have already said, the rule of existing parties is prolonged by the mere sufferance of men who deplore it, while they submit to its authority. In both there is an element of honesty quite strong enough to command respect and

dictate terms, if it possessed the courage to act. What is wanted is an earnest and active fellowship of true men, in and out of these parties, in the effort to overthrow their ignominious power. They are strong in numbers, and in the prestige of their traditions, but weak in character and wanting in principle; while the power of their assailants depends upon the truth which they proclaim and their fidelity in maintaining it, rather than their numbers. Let the independent voters get ready for their work. Let them agree upon their course of action, and then abide by it. Let them remember that the chronic political vices and immoralities which have become the shame of the Republic will not reform themselves, and cannot be reformed through the party machinery under which they have grown into their hideous luxuriance. Let them say to these parties: "We are tired of your strife, and will no longer abet it. You cannot justify your existence on the ground of any principles or measures on which you are divided, and which form the basis of your contention. If you have any convictions you are ready to abandon them for the sake of success, and to lay hold of any expedient that promises to secure it. You propose no measures of reform which your long term of misrule has made necessary, while you seek to keep your forces in line by despicable make-shifts. You have outlawed conscience and character, while you ask honest men to degrade themselves by taking sides. You make the reformation of political abuses impossible by your very existence, and leave no honest man any excuse for lending himself to your service. If we cannot break your lines by direct assault, we will flank them. If you believe your party machinery is destined to last for ever, we will try to enlighten you. We can at least do our best to tempt you into the path of reform by our power to award or withhold the prize of victory, and thus to compel you to respect our demands."

The political infatuation that subjects men to the discipline of a party after its work is done, and thus makes it a master to be served instead of a servant to be dismissed, is always pernicious, but is especially so now. The old machinery is kept in working order by appeals to passions and animosities that need nothing but forgetfulness. The studied effort is made to prolong a perfectly profitless warfare by keeping alive the fires of sectional hate, under cover of which all manner of abuses and corruptions find immunity from the right of search. Crimination and recrimination respecting questions that should be allowed to sleep are made the fuel of our



politics, disturbing the peace and prosperity of the country, while making impossible the exposure and punishment of the organized roguery which threatens to become its master. These facts may well awaken alarm. The man who, by word or deed, seeks to keep alive this unfortunate estrangement, should be regarded as the enemy of his country. Instead of seeking pretexts for renewing the old quarrel, men on all sides should seek to avoid them. Instead of lying in wait for some unguarded expression or rash utterance, or studiously provoking it, they should study that which makes for peace. What the Southern question needs is oblivion and the healing hand of time; and no man who loves his country will thrust his party or personal ambition in the way of union and peace. The "solid North" and "solid South" for which reckless demagogues are now laboring would be a national calamity. Both should be divided; and questions of practical administration are not wanting on which such divisions are invited, involving of necessity the division of the colored vote, and thus clearing the way for the end of sectional agitation by diverting attention from the questions of the past.

The truth is, that the "Confederate Brigadiers" now in Congress, and the people they represent, are not more to be feared than the men who impute to them the same treasonable spirit and purpose which inspired them at the outbreak of the Rebellion. The attitude of both is to be deplored. It is not to be supposed that the people of the South have been entirely cured of the political and social heresies which were born of the system of Slavery and led them to take up arms against their country in its defence. So complete a revolution must be the work of generations and the fruit of cultivated patience and good-will in both sections. In dealing with so vital and delicate a problem we are obliged to accept the inevitable conditions of progress, and have no right to upbraid whole communities with the great historic facts which have made them so unlike their brethren of the Northern States. Without the intervention of a miracle that unlikeness can only disappear gradually and under favoring conditions. In the very nature of things the Southern people cannot feel as the Northern respecting the institution of Slavery. They cannot feel the same attachment for the Union they fought to destroy which is felt by the people who fought to save it. They cannot help remembering their sufferings and sacrifices in the struggle, and hallowing the memory of their slain. They are a different people, with a different history, and imbued with different ideas; and these differences

should be accepted as facts to be regretted, instead of being made the occasion for strife. All this was well known to the Republican party when it hurried the seceding States back into their constitutional relations to the Union, and thus armed them with the power to manage their own affairs without being called to account by the other States. Nobody had any right to expect that in choosing men to serve them in Congress they would select representatives of Northern opinion. Nobody had any right to suppose that the essential facts of the situation could be changed, except by time and the duty of men on both sides to smooth the way as fast as possible to a general and genuine reconciliation. It was well said by the late Walter Bagehot that "generations change; the son is not like his father, the grandson is still less like his grandfather. They do not feel the same feelings, or think the same thoughts, or lead the same life. You can no more expect different generations to have exactly the same political opinions, to obey exactly the same laws, to love exactly the same institutions, than you can expect them to wear identical clothes, own identical furniture, or have identical manners." The people of the South may safely be left to the operation of these obvious principles. That another revolt against the national authority is meditated by them or their real leaders, now or hereafter, we utterly disbelieve. We do not think so meanly of their intelligence. We cannot so belittle the fruits of our war for the Union, or the work of republican reconstruction. The people of the South are thoroughly tired of war. The cause which inspired their mad enterprise nearly twenty years ago has perished for ever. There are doubtless malign spirits among them who are so stung by the humiliation of defeat that they would glory in another conflict; but to say that the great body of the people are plotting it, or desire it, is to play the lunatic or the demagogue. If any thing can drive them into such madness it will be the policy of perpetually branding them with it, and arraigning them in the language and spirit of 1861. How can a quarrel ever come to an end, if the parties to it, after a formal settlement, make it their constant business to taunt each other with their mutual accusations? In peace or in strife, the two sections of the Union must remain under one Government. They must be cemented by friendship, or held together by the bayonet. If the ashes of the past are to be constantly stirred, and parties are to be rallied on the memories of a struggle which ended more than fourteen years ago, and not upon the vital issues of our politics, who can



predict the day when a real union of the sections will be possible? If the North and the South are to be dealt with as two hostile camps, who can expect immigration to flow into the States which else would invite it, and thus work out their redemption through an intelligent and homogeneous population? There is but one possible way out of the dilemma of unending sectional alienation, and that is through the re-arrangement of parties on questions wholly disconnected with the settled issues of the past. Our Tariff-laws and systems of Taxation need a radical overhauling. The question of Finance is not yet fully settled. The greatest question of all, the reform of our Civil Service, as we have already said, is disowned by both parties. The power of the lobby needs to be still further broken, and the material interests of the people provided for through honest and dispassionate legislation. None of this work can be done while parties are marshalled against each other on the baleful line of sectional hate, which naturally becomes the stalking-horse of every form of political abuse.

If we are mistaken in the views we have expressed, the alternative is too obvious to require statement. The evils we have set forth should have full sweep. If the people of the South are rebels, we should call them rebels, and repeat and reiterate the accusation with the utmost emphasis. In order to make our cause as impressive as possible, we should re-argue all the issues of the war, and thus invite the enemy to defend the "lost cause" by the old-fashioned methods, — charging the war upon the "abolitionists," re-asserting the right of secession, and furnishing a full supply of that audacity of speech which has already considerably "fired the Northern heart." This process would not fail to rouse on both sides all the worst passions of the people, and constantly to aggravate sectional hostility. Of course, emigrants from abroad and from the Northern States would studiously shun the South, which would thus more and more be given over to the rule of its supposed vicious elements, and the sure decay of its material prosperity. All efforts aimed at the reformation of crying abuses would be thwarted by the overshadowing struggle of sections, and political corruption would revel in unprecedented wantonness under this remarkable method of saving and perfecting the Union. The idea of disturbing the old parties by any mischievous balance of power, or of creating new ones, would be utterly discountenanced, and party discipline would be more rigidly enforced than ever. According to this view, General Grant would be made the Republican nominee in the next canvass, in order to reinspire the

“stalwart” Republicans, to intensify sectional bitterness, and to reinstate the rogues and vagabonds who have been obliged to occupy the rear since his retirement from office. The Democrats, not to be outdone, would probably face the situation by nominating a candidate in full sympathy with the spirit and aims of the South, and thus completely match the sectional folly of their foes. By such methods our politics would be made as lively and picturesque as the most ardent partisan on either side could wish ; but all hope of a restored Union would perish. The final result would be ten or more wasted and subjugated provinces instead of as many independent commonwealths. The Republic, at last, would be practically dismembered, while it would be obliged to adopt the very system of “pro-consular” corruption and tyranny which Mr. Blaine so much dreaded in dealing with the question of Reconstruction in 1866. These would be fearful evils ; but we do not believe the people are ready to endure them in order to keep alive dead issues and prolong the reign of factions.



## THE ZULUS.

OF the state of the Zulus a century since there exist no travellers' records, such as enable us to form some idea of the condition at that time of the Hottentots, Fijians, and other savages in different parts of the world. Only a few brief notices of the kindness uniformly shown to mariners shipwrecked on what is now the Zulu coast make it probable that the same race of people who inhabit the country now inhabited it long before any English connection with them began.

That connection began little more than fifty years ago, when the first attempt was made to found a colony at Natal. Chaka, the then ruling Zulu monarch, whose life seems to have been spent in an endless succession of wars waged for the mere enjoyment of conquest and bloodshed, welcomed the early settlers kindly. He gave them liberally of his corn and cattle, and assigned to them the occupancy of the country of Natal. Three or four hundred souls are said at that time to have constituted the whole population of the district, which, before Chaka's ravaging wars, had contained a population "numerous as the blades of grass, spreading over the hills and filling the valleys."

According to the received history, the Zulus were an insignificant tribe till Chaka, by the conquest and assimilation of neighboring tribes, made of them a great and mighty people. But about this little or nothing is really known, and it is perhaps as well to regard the question of the origin of the Zulu people with the same contented ignorance with which most men are wont to face the problems of the origin of the world, or of evil. For even the evidence of tradition, bad evidence at the best, fails us with regard to the Zulu branch of the Kaffir race. The only tradition they have of their own origin is confounded with one concerning the origin of mankind, — a tradition which makes the birthplace of the human race a bed of common reeds. Should any one choose to assert that this bed of reeds means the bulrushes of the Nile, and that the tradition clearly points to an Egyptian origin of the Zulus, he will perhaps not err more widely than wiser men have done before him in their attempts to trace human varieties

to their origin, or to explain the migrations of mankind. If, as Waitz the great German ethnologist says, the name Zulu means the wanderers or the homeless, it is possible that the Zulus have been driven, or have wandered, to their present territory from the more central parts of the great unknown continent. Nor has science yet rendered it inadmissible to indulge in any dreams on this subject which may help to pass a vacant hour. But the general explanation of the word Zulu is that it means the heaven or sky ; the Zulus apparently thus calling themselves after some famous potentate of olden time, whom, in accordance with modes of adulation now actually in use among them, they once saluted as Heaven, thereby ascribing to him the power and dominion of the blue sky which stretched above and around them.

For all purposes, therefore, of practical knowledge the Zulus are simply a South-African population, who have for enemies on the north of them the wild Amaswazi and Amatonga tribes ; on their west the unscrupulous and aggressive Dutch Boers or farmers (since the annexation by England of the Transvaal, in 1877, under English sovereignty) ; while on the south, divided from them by the Tugela River, is the English colony of Natal. The sea hems in Zululand on the east, so that the Zulu king Panda, in reference to the gradual advance eastward over his territory by the Dutch farmers, spoke with a clear understanding of his position when he said : "In a little while the Boers will not leave me room enough in which to stand."

Panda, who said this, was the father of the present king Cetewayo, and the brother of his predecessors Chaka and Dingan. As Dingan succeeded Chaka in 1828, by a revolution in which the latter was assassinated, so Panda in his turn succeeded Dingan in 1840, by a revolution which was effected in his favor by the arms of the Dutch. These Dutch have not proved a happy element in the colonization of South Africa. The English appear to have lived in peace and amity with the Zulus, till the Dutch emigrants from the Cape Colony joined them at Natal ; and from that year, 1837, to 1842, there was nothing but war between the settlement and the aborigines. The English settlers joined with the Dutch in raids upon Zululand, carrying off thousands of cattle, besides women and children. But on one occasion ten thousand Zulus were sent to repel them, and a desperate battle was fought at the Tugela, in which, though the Zulus were cut down in such numbers that their dead formed banks over which the advancing troops had to climb, the settlers were defeated with heavy slaughter, and Natal itself was sacked by the conquerors. This disaster was



however soon wiped out by a decisive defeat of the Zulus at the hands of the Boers, who proclaimed Panda king of the Zulus, and asserted their own dominion to all the land north of the Tugela, as far as the Black River.

But at this point the English government interposed. They disputed the right of the Dutch to establish their so-called Republic of Natalia. They further expressed their determination that aggressions on the natives should cease; and that neither Dutch nor English should in future make raids upon Zululand for the sake of carrying off women and children as their slaves. These principles were laid down in a proclamation of May 12, 1843, after the Dutch had been defeated and Natal had become definitely an English colony; and in 1847 the boundaries between Natal and Zululand were established between the British government and King Panda, by an agreement which had never since been violated till Sir Bartle Frere declared the present unprovoked war against the Zulu king and his people.

Panda, whom the Dutch had treated as a nominal and subject king, thus became a recognized independent sovereign. The Government of Natal recognized this relationship, not only in their general dealings with the Zulus for a period of thirty years, but more explicitly still in a proclamation issued in 1854, in which the Lieutenant-Governor warned traders and hunters against the practice of enticing refugees from Zululand into Natal, and cautioned them to behave while in Zululand "with the respect due to the authority of a government of an independent and friendly chief." But though throughout Panda's reign the peace between the colony and the natives remained unbroken, the barbarities which then deformed the internal government of Zululand called as much for armed Christian intervention as the barbarities which have recently been used as a pretext for the present war with Cetewayo. So long ago as 1846, Sir Philip Maitland, Governor of the Cape, spoke of the "daily increasing numbers *flocking from Panda's cruelty*" as threatening to occupy the colony of Natal. The annual influx of refugees from Zululand into Natal has been at the rate of some ten thousand a year, so that now the black population of the colony amounts to some three hundred thousand souls, — a sufficient proof of the past condition of their native country. Panda also, like his predecessors Chaka and Dingan, and like his son and successor Cetewayo, always maintained a powerful army of native warriors about his kraal at the cost of his subjects. His custom was to compel every family to send their young men once in every three

years for a month's military service, and at the general review, when their names were called over by the king, some would be seized for some offence, their heads wrung off in the royal presence, their wives and children distributed as prizes among their executioners, and their cattle confiscated for the use of the army during the month.

Panda reigned from 1840 to 1872, though from the year 1856 Cetewayo appears to have shared with him the exercise of sovereignty. Yet during all this time the savagery of Zululand aroused no demand for war in the neighboring colony, scarcely even attracted attention. Some extracts from the letters of Mr. Robertson and his wife, on the first English mission to Zululand, from the year 1860 to 1865, afford not only conclusive evidence of this, but a graphic description of the social condition of the Zulus at that time. Thus in December, 1860, Mr. Robertson writes :—

“ Murders are of almost weekly occurrence : I mean judicial ones. . . . I do not give all the blame to the chiefs ; the people are equally to blame. They murder one another by false accusations which the chiefs for the sake of the cattle are but too ready to act upon.”

In 1861, it is the same story :—

“ This country has been in a very unsettled state, scarcely a week going past without one hearing of murders being committed, in some instances of whole kraals at a time.”

The belief in witchcraft is the chief cause of these judicial murders, and the present king, who has sought to abolish capital punishment for crimes generally, has nevertheless suffered its continuance for the cardinal crime of witchcraft. In March, 1863, Mr. Robertson writes :

“ I am sorry to say that during the past three months there has been a good deal of killing going on in this country, chiefly on the charge of being wizards. In this they seem to be infatuated. It is not the king who does it, nor Cetewayo, but the people themselves. I have heard of I do not know how many cases, in some of which Cetewayo interfered, and would not allow the man ‘ smelt out ’ to be killed. In one case near here a great man was smelt out, and Cetewayo said the doctors (diviners) were liars, — they must smell again ; and the result was that the man escaped, but four of his people were killed.”

So again :—

“ The whole country is so pervaded with superstition and cruelty, it sometimes seems appalling ; . . . yet outwardly their lives are so simple, so pastoral, so quiet.”



Sad as such a state of society undoubtedly is, it is evidently one which contact with more civilized neighbors would be likely in time to modify and improve. A belief in witchcraft cannot be destroyed by Gatling guns ; and it is a bad index of the future in store for a savage race, when its barbarous practices are made a ground of offence against it by a more civilized neighbor. Even the Dutch, who have robbed, shot, and enslaved the Zulus without mercy, insisted, when they made Panda king, that "in future he should allow no punishment of death to be inflicted for witchcraft or other ridiculous superstitious pretences," nor "allow any woman, child, or defenceless aged person to be murdered ;" and from the day of Cetewayo's coronation, in 1872, when the Government of Natal forced from him promises of similar reforms, the ground was prepared for a future declaration of war, in the event of the non-fulfilment of impossible terms.

The principal reforms in question were to the following effect :—

1. That the indiscriminate shedding of blood should cease.
2. That no Zulu should be condemned without open trial and the public examination of witnesses for and against him ; and that he should have a right of appeal to the king.
3. That no Zulu's life should be taken without the previous knowledge and consent of the king, after such trial and right of appeal.
4. That for minor crimes the loss of property should be substituted for death.

But the fact that both Dingan and Cetewayo had, before this proclamation, attempted reforms of the nature indicated proves—if proof were necessary—the extreme difficulty of effecting such reforms, while it is obvious how readily such a proclamation would lend itself to future interference and remonstrance with the king. It is even probable that such a result was intended. For, in 1875, Bishop Schreuder, the Norwegian missionary, was commissioned to present to the king a printed copy of these new laws, which the latter was supposed to have assented to at his coronation ; and the account the bishop wrote of this presentation enforces the conclusion that Cetewayo had never really given such unconditional assent to the new laws as has since been asserted, and that they were simply forced upon him in order that their inevitable violation might serve as a pretext for the future operations of soldiers. This plan was a common one in dealings with the native princes of India, and was almost certainly adopted against Cetewayo, if we may judge from the whole tenor of the bishop's official account of the presentation. The bishop told the king, in tones of menace, that numerous copies of the book

of the new laws were in the hands of the white people ; so that at present, and in future times, they would be able to make comparison and determine whether his doings were in accordance or at variance with that law, and would take their measures accordingly. He then handed the king a splendid copy of the new law, and Cetewayo, pointing to the mat at his feet, said, " Lay it down there." " No," replied the bishop, " that will not do ; the book is not at your feet, but you are at the feet of the book : . . . do not make any difficulty." Cetewayo then put his head between his hands, and muttered, " Oh dear, oh dear ! what a man this is ! " He was indeed so far overcome, that, instead of asking as usual for a royal cloak, he could only bring himself to beg for the present of a dog to bark for him at night. And this was the terrible king whose existence was a menace to Natal, whose army was maintained for the purpose of attacking the Imperial forces of Great Britain, — a king who has not even daring enough to say " Go to ! " to a bishop ! Without supposing for a moment that Cetewayo represents a faultless humanity, there is abundant reason to suppose that his character has been artistically blackened in order to palliate the present war and to render it more popular. The impression which the Zulu monarch made on Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in 1872, was that he was " immeasurably superior to any other native chief with whom Sir Theophilus had ever come into communication." He is described as dignified in his bearing, frank and straightforward in his dealings. Mrs. Robertson, writing from Zululand in 1860 says, —

" They are all devoted to Cetewayo here, and express their devotion sometimes by saying they even dream of him when they are sleeping, he is so much in their hearts."

And again, the next year, —

" I beg to tell you that Cetewayo is rather an amiable man than not, and you *are* to believe it. He is brave and warlike, and has a great many good qualities for a heathen prince."

He was, she adds, devoted to his mother. When he was informed by the missionary of the death of the Prince Consort, " he expressed great sympathy ; " and when the missionary lost his wife by the upsetting of his travelling wagon, the king, drawing a metaphor from the construction of Zulu huts, the roofs of which are supported by central poles, remarked with some feeling that the missionary had lost the pole that supported his house. " I am sure," wrote the mis-



sionary in comment, "that Cetewayo has a good heart in him, and that the horrible cruelties — which, alas ! so often occur — are to be laid to the system under which he lives rather than to him." It is said that at one time Cetewayo even made some progress in the art of reading, but that he surrendered this evil fashion out of deference to the remonstrances of his grandees.

This fact illustrates the state of *quasi*-constitutional dependence in which Zulu despots, as well as others, live. A Zulu king cannot make war, nor allot land, without the consent of his chief captains, who constitute his council. He cannot compel his subjects to send their children to mission schools, and of course he is strictly bound by traditional habits and ways of thinking. He takes, nevertheless, the initiative in reforms ; and as Chaka made cattle-stealing a capital offence in order to make property more secure, so Dingan tried to make life more secure by confining the power of inflicting death to three great chiefs instead of allowing it to reside in all the chiefs everywhere. So it is said that Cetewayo has done his best to abolish capital punishment for all crimes except witchcraft, having substituted for the supreme penalty of Zulu law the loss of one or of both eyes. This reform he endeavored to carry out independently of any English coercion, for it is stated as a fact by David Leslie, who visited the royal kraal in 1868. About witchcraft, Cetewayo still entertains the feeling that was entertained about it by the Hebrews of old.

There is one thing he has not dared or has not wished to touch, and that is the marriage law. As the head-man of each subordinate kraal has legally the power to dispose in marriage of his descendants according to his will, so the head of the Zulu state, who is called the Father of his people, has a still higher and supreme authority in the domestic arrangements of Zululand. Hence the curious Zulu law, which is as old as our acquaintance with the people, that bachelors must have royal permission before they can take wives. Like other Zulu institutions, this regulation is attributed to the military policy of the half-mythical Chaka, marriage having been on the one hand discountenanced as detrimental to martial ardor, and on the other hand reserved as a privilege and reward for military distinction. The Zulu army is divided accordingly into married and unmarried regiments ; and the distinction between the two is made as marked as possible, the latter kind of soldiers carrying black shields and wearing their hair naturally, while the married regiments shave their heads and carry white shields. It is, however, some restraint on the military

tastes which such a social regulation would seem likely to foster, that of the thirty-three regiments constituting the Zulu army the married regiments are in a majority of three, so that the men who have every thing to lose by war are slightly in excess of those who have every thing to gain. Such an organization seems admirably adapted for a community which, while chiefly concerned with the care of crops and cattle, has military traditions to preserve and is surrounded by dangerous neighbors on all sides.

Sir Bartle Frere, in demanding of the Zulu king not only a reduction of his army but freedom of marriage for his people, did so on the plea that such changes were "absolutely necessary, *in the opinion of the High Commissioner*, to the safety of her Majesty's dominions" in that part of South Africa. But the opinion of the High Commissioner was at direct variance with facts. For ever since Natal has been a colony the Zulus have had the same military organization, the same marriage law, the same numerical strength, that they have to-day; and, though the colony was in those former days weaker than it is now, it was not till it had attained its present strength that any danger was apprehended from Zululand. "The martial system of Chaka," says Sir A. Cunynghame, "has been steadily kept up since his time with but few relaxations." Yet amicable relations between Panda and the colony "continued uninterrupted through this chief's long reign of thirty-two years." They only ceased in consequence of the new policy inaugurated by Sir Bartle Frere.

Livingstone says that one of the pleas by which the Boers have been wont to justify their raids upon native African tribes has been "an intended uprising of the doomed tribe;" and it would appear that the war party in Natal, the party which desires and has long desired the annexation of Zululand, has resorted, not in vain, to the same justification. In this way it is easy to transmute a war of aggression into one of self-defence; and it is probable that the fear of a Zulu invasion of Natal has been designedly nursed and propagated, till it found expression in the actual invasion of Zululand by Natal.

So long ago as 1861, Mr. Robertson hazarded the prophecy that the Zulu country would soon belong either to the Dutch or to the English; and three years later the American missionary, Mr. Grout, mentioned a rumor in the colony of an *intended* annexation of at least a part of the Zulu country north of the Tugela. In 1861 a rumor was propagated in Natal that Cetewayo had trained a party of his



young men to ride, with the design of making a sudden raid into Natal. Soldiers and volunteers were therefore sent to the Tugela, and small standing camps of observation were established along the Zulu border. Cetewayo was greatly frightened by these preparations and fled inland, protesting his ignorance of the designs attributed to him; and Mr. Robertson, who was in Zululand at the time, testifies by chance to the probable truth of the protestation. He says:—

“The rumor here was that the English were going to invade the Zulus. I am satisfied from all I have seen and heard that this fear was a real one, and not feigned on the part of Cetewayo or his people; and it was caused by the appearance of the troops and volunteers on the Natal side of the Tugela.”

But while danger of aggression from the English passed for the time, that from the Dutch continued. The encroachments of the latter have been the supreme political question in Zululand for many years. On July 9, 1861, Mr. Robertson writes:—

“I heard yesterday that large parties of Dutch have arrived, some from Natal, others from the Free State, and are driving away the people from the upper districts. I heard also that Cetewayo has sent a party to remove them, but not by force.”

In December, 1864, he writes:—

“Passers-by confirm the report that the Boers are taking forcible possession of the Western frontier of the country.”

And in January, 1865, Cetewayo begged the missionary to prevail on the Government at Natal to mediate between himself and the Boers, promising to give the English a portion of territory all along the Western border, between himself and the Dutch. A month later, Cetewayo is in great alarm about the Boers, and is only restrained from trying his strength against them by a fear of offending the English, whom he says he both loves and fears. “No man,” he said, “can put his hand into a snake’s hole and not be hurt; and if the English do not interfere, we shall die to a man, and then the Boers can occupy our country.”

It is a melancholy fact that after a Commission of Englishmen had been formed for inquiry into the Zulu claims, after they had decided in favor of the Zulus as against the Boers, and after they had exposed the system of force, forgery, and fraud by which the latter had established themselves in Zululand, the High Commissioner of Great Britain, instead of dealing with the land according to the spirit of the award, instead of expelling the Dutch from the terri-

tory they had filched, should have resorted to shallow sophistry and subtle legal distinctions in order to deprive the award of all practical value. For he decreed that while most of the lands in dispute were legally Zulu they were to be practically Dutch, and were still to be retained by the very individuals who on the showing of the award had not a tittle of right to them. In his view sovereign rights are one thing, proprietary quite another. To use his own words: "Those private rights of *bonâ fide* settlers which had grown up during the Transvaal occupation, and which could not be abrogated by any change of sovereignty, were reserved and protected under the guarantee of the British government." That is to say, you may have sovereign rights over an apple-orchard, but if your neighbor robs you of your apples, his right to do so may be decided by law to be paramount to any rights of the sovereign owner. It is probable that but for such a decision the world would never have heard of the war between the Zulus and Great Britain, nor of the horrible carnage which has resulted therefrom.

But Sir Bartle Frere, who has been led by the very fervor of his Christianity to the violation of the best principles that Christianity proclaims, has manifested no little anxiety to extend to Zululand the blessings of his own religion; and so the establishment of missionaries in Zululand was included in the ultimatum which preceded the war. As Thackeray says, in one of his playful sketches of society, "the Church and the Army have always gone hand in hand;" and it is sought now in Zululand, and it has been so often sought elsewhere, to make the sword the precursor of the Cross, the bayonet the recommendation of the Bible.

Seventeen years ago Cetewayo was described by Mr. Robertson as "undoubtedly friendly to missions." Great hopes were entertained at first of his conversion, and it is on record that at a certain morning service "it was most striking to observe the deep interest of Cetewayo and his people. . . . As far as he could he joined in the responses most earnestly," and after the service buried his head in his hands for some time, as if in reflection. He professed himself willing that some of his younger brothers or some sons of his chiefs should go to Cape Town to be educated, though he declared his inability to compel them to leave his country. This favorable disposition, however, on the part of the king was of no long duration.

The following incident is illustrative of the Zulu feeling as regards missions about the year 1862. Two Zulu converts were laughed at



by their neighbors, and one of them was threatened by his relatives with death. When Mr. Robertson pleaded their cause with Cetewayo, the latter replied :—

“You see that to believe is a new custom : we follow the customs of our forefathers. I like you missionaries, but I wish my people only to attend church on Sundays, and then return to their homes. I do not wish any of my people to become Christians. These boys are soldiers ; there are the great kraals at which they are known, and where they serve. By becoming Christians, they are lost to me, and if I consent to them all others will follow them.”

That is to say, in the Zulu mind the religious question is really a political one, and the conversion of a native is looked upon with jealousy by the king as the loss of a soldier and a subject. It is another side of the refugee problem, which has always placed the greatest strain on the friendly relations between the Zulus and the colonists. Each refugee to Natal represents a diminution of military force, and this force has been drained at the rate of about 10,000 subjects a year. Neither the Colonial nor the Zulu government has been able to check the process. But mission stations in Zululand increase the evil, inasmuch as they afford places of refuge to the natives. For a missionary “becomes a sort of chief, whose class is continually being recruited from various tribes ;” in other words, the missionary becomes a chief or *induna*, with dependants under him, but himself independent of the king. Mr. Grout’s first mission station was destroyed in 1842, in consequence of the Zulu king perceiving that his people flocked to it “as a place of refuge,” and gradually forgot their allegiance to himself.

After that event Bishop Schreuder, the Norwegian missionary, was the first to establish a mission in Zululand. But it was chiefly owing to his skill as a physician that he obtained leave to do so, having the good fortune to relieve King Panda of the gout. That was fifteen years before an English mission was attempted, and in all that time only a very few converts were made, “of no importance, some only destitute children.” Mr. Robertson says :—

“Cetewayo over and over again confirmed me in my opinion that the small success of the Norwegian missionaries was due to the wrong principle they had acted on, of making an *imperium in imperio*, — *teaching that it is wrong for Christians to serve and pay the usual duties of allegiance to a heathen ruler.*”

Perhaps Cetewayo may be pardoned for having manifested some impatience when Robertson explained to him that Christianity did not really affect allegiance, inasmuch as some of the early Christians had served in the armies of Rome !

There is also a traditional prophecy in Zululand which helps still further to render intelligible the Zulu dislike of missions, and that is a prophecy said to have been made to King Chaka by one Jacob, an escaped convict. It was to the effect

“That a white man, assuming the character of a teacher, would one day arrive, and would one day obtain permission to build a house; that shortly after he would be joined by one or two more white men, and in the course of time an army would enter his country, which would subvert his government, and eventually the white people would rule in his stead.”

Captain Gardiner, who in 1835 made the first attempt to establish a mission in Zululand, accounted for his failure to obtain permission from Dingan by the existence of this prediction; and the prophecy deserves recollection from its remarkable concurrence with actual events.

There is no record of any missionary ever having been killed in Zululand, nor is it certain that converts as such have suffered persecution. When they have been killed, it has been generally as wizards, though the fact of conversion may occasionally have given animus to the charge. Cetewayo's treatment of the missionaries has, on their own showing, been uniformly civil and hospitable; and if he has been indifferent to their success it has been for the reasons referred to, and from the fact of his having become aware that they have acted as spies for the Government of Natal, by sending reports of occurrences in Zululand. Sir Bartle Frere has given, as in so many cases, a false color to Zulu affairs, when he speaks of the missionaries as “driven to fly from the country for safety.” This is not the case. Those of them who left the country did so in spite of Cetewayo's remonstrances and invitation to stay; and it is remarkable that Bishop Schreuder, who has acted more as a political agent of Natal than as a missionary, should, after Sir Bartle Frere's ultimatum had been sent to Cetewayo, making his conduct to the missionaries one of the main grounds of our quarrel with him, have actually stated in a letter his intention of sending if possible a message to Cetewayo, to solicit his aid in giving him some of his people to take care of his station during the war then impending with the English! It is said that Schreuder is still actually in Zululand, living under Zulu protection; yet the English public are taught by official dispatches that the missionaries were in danger of their lives in Zululand.

There is thus considerable evidence to justify the conclusion that there is no material difference between the past and present condi-



tion of Zululand ; that the position of missionaries and their converts is no worse now than it has been at any previous period ; that the barbarous practices, — the executions for witchcraft, the law of compulsory celibacy, and the military organization, — have existed unchanged and unchallenged for the last fifty years, in fact during the whole time that the Zulus and the English have been neighbors and friends ; and that consequently to demand as the only alternative of war the immediate reversal of such a condition of society was not only a departure from all previous colonial policy, but the wilful adoption of a policy of pure aggression, concealed, according to the worst historical precedents, under the guise of religion and humanity. But if this is the historical aspect of the war with regard to its causes, there is a constitutional side to it as well. For here is a war, of which not one Englishman in a hundred acknowledges the justice (and those who speak of its necessity apart from its justice are not worth regarding) ; a war which, because the terms between the combatants admit of no serious equality, is one of those known in England as “little wars,” but a war nevertheless which drains the country’s resources at the rate of half a million pounds sterling a week ; which has been as fatal to human life as a pestilence, and which has lowered both Zulus and Englishmen to the level where the distinction ceases between savagery and culture, — to the level, that is, of sheer animal passion and brutal fury : and this war has been undertaken against the directions of the English government, against the wishes of the English people, against its knowledge and against its conscience, and with utter disregard of its possible disapproval. The following constitutional questions are therefore raised, and in their agitation there may be some good result even from the Zulu War : 1. Whether any Colonial Governor should wield so large a power for evil, or bear so heavy a responsibility, as has resulted in Sir Bartle Frere’s hands in so signal a calamity as the present Zulu War ? 2. Whether it is essential to the interests of any people to place the power of peace and war so entirely as they now place it in the hands of their Executive ? 3. Whether in foreign relations the publicity of Parliamentary control would not tend more to peace and fair dealing than the secrecy which at present attends all negotiations with foreign powers ? For this at least is certain, that had Parliament or the constituencies been consulted ; had they known before the war began all the facts which they have learned since war was declared ; had the same data for an opinion been laid before them that were laid before Sir Bartle Frere alone, — the

Zulu War would never have occurred to grieve and shame all reasonable men. And had it then appeared that there was any real danger of invasion to the colony of Natal, and that such danger was not rather, as is widely suspected, the pure creation of skilful design, it would have been easy at a fraction of the cost of the actual war, with no sacrifice of life nor loss of honor, so to have strengthened the borders of Natal that permanent peace might have been assured to the colony. Such is the primary reflection suggested by a war which was humiliating in its origin and cannot be glorious in its completion, but which, should it lead to the resolution that it shall be the last of its kind, will not fail of the justification of preponderating good.

J. A. FARRER.



## THE THOROUGHBRED RACE-HORSE.

THE race-horse, or to use the less professional and more distinctive appellation common in this country, the running horse, is alone designated by the term "thoroughbred" as applied to horses in its proper and technical sense. This explanation is probably needless for all save the merest tyros; but the word is so often misapplied to horses of other kinds, even by the Press of this country, as to suggest the precaution of making the statement, though at the hazard of a smile from the connoisseur. The thoroughbred, then, is a horse created for the special uses of the "running turf" and by its agency. He is a horse of mixed origin, though he breeds so true at the present stage of the development of the race as to show cause for his title. England is the cradle in which he was nurtured, but he has multiplied and spread his likeness broadcast over the world, maintaining his superiority for the special uses of racing in every clime wherein he has been tried, until it has become a maxim, that, for purposes of high speed at the gallop, "nothing but the thoroughbred can do it thoroughly well."

Even among horse-men of average information no very clear idea prevails of the exact origin, or analytical composition, of the thoroughbred of to-day. He is commonly spoken of as of purely Arabian origin, changed to his present stately size and form by careful selection and breeding under the favorable climatic influences of Great Britain. The stud-book tells us that he is more largely composed of the blood of the horses of Barbary than of Arabia, and that the Turkish horse is quite as strongly represented as the latter. So much the stud-book says; but the element upon which it remains silent may also be a much more important factor than has been admitted by writers and compilers, in whose minds there seems to have prevailed a poetic preference for the horse of Oriental blood. Racing, in an imperfectly formal way, had prevailed as a sport largely patronized by a vast gambling element for a long period preceding that at which the breeding of horses for the purpose began to be recorded in the stud-book, and in those works

from which its earlier pages were compiled. History is meagre as to the style of horse used for racing in the earlier period of the turf, but it is fair to presume that the demands of the warlike age, when cavalry rode in armor and knights contended with sword and lance in the shock of battle, — man and horse encased in panoply, — had summoned to the uses of the saddle a horse of larger frame and greater strength than the diminutive Barb, Arab, and Turk afterwards engrafted upon the native stock for the improvement of the racing form and quality; and it is almost a certainty that some modification of this style of horse was first used for racing. A race-course, evidently not the first, had been established in London early in the twelfth century, during the reign of Henry I., — being no other than Smithfield. The race-horse of that day, we are led to believe, was afterwards modified by importation of the Spanish horse, described as larger and of more substance than the Barb, and with more action both in the trot and gallop. It was not until the latter part of the sixteenth century that the Arab, Turk, and Barb of present record began to be sought and their semblance imprinted upon the racing forms at that period. By their use, so great an improvement was effected in the qualities of the race-horse that for many years there was an almost exclusive taste shown for the stallions of pure Eastern lineage, until a great preponderance of Oriental blood became engrafted upon the stock. Only the want of a sufficient number of pure Eastern mares prevented its absolutely exclusive use for racing purposes, if we may judge by the extent to which the stallions were used; and to meet this difficulty Charles II. imported at great cost, about the year 1680, six Barb mares from Tangiers, known as the Royal mares. The importance attached to this importation of females, as affecting the question of the breeding of the race-horse both at that period and since, indicates very clearly that mares of pure Eastern blood were a great rarity in England, and tends to cast serious doubts upon the authenticity of many of the pedigrees of that and an earlier date purporting to terminate in pure Arab, Barb, or Turkish mares of unspecified identity. The stud-book was compiled from earlier works, which in turn were largely made up of pedigrees furnished by turfmen, owners, and grooms, many of whom were interested in having their horses traced to popular sources; and who, if we may judge human nature of that date by that of the present, would as unhesitatingly run their pedigrees to a pure Eastern termination as many of our present breeders and owners of trotting horses in this country glibly give you the links back to Messenger,



or of late to Abdallah. It is doubtful whether so strict a surveillance was exercised over the records of those days as now prevails with our trotting stud-book, and whether proof was then demanded of the importation and ownership of the Eastern mares, and as to who bred their claimed descendants.

The turf in earlier times was evidently in the hands of a rough element. Although monarchs patronized it and "the nobility took great delight in its sports," it is evident that its chief attraction lay in the facilities it offered for gambling, which the nobility practised largely and on a far greater scale than was possible with the lower classes. History records some instances of brutality toward horses which would not have been tolerated in the communities of better times ; and at best they were trained and raced in a severe school. Among the rules of a breaker in the reign of Queen Elizabeth we find the following: "If a horse does not stand still or hezitates, then berate him with a terrible voyce, and beate him yourself with a good sticke upon the head, between the ears ; then stick him in the spurring place iii or iiii times togather with one legge after another, as fast as your legges might walk : your legges must go like two bouncing bettes." This might be regarded as exceptional, and would accord too nearly with the practice of the more ignorant of the present day to cast any special reflection upon the age in which it was written ; but far later the similar spirit of brutality manifested itself probably in an extreme degree, even for the times, as enacted by one high in authority, no less a person indeed than Tregonwell Frampton, Esq., keeper of the running horses at Newmarket to their majesties William III., Queen Anne, George I. and George II. This gentleman's horse Dragon, of great celebrity, had for some time been retired to the stud for want of opponents able to contend with him, when a challenge appeared against any horse, mare, or gelding that could be brought to the post. Frampton accepted a double match to produce a horse first, and then a gelding. The first race was won with Dragon. The next day, when the second was to be run, he again appeared with Dragon, and just previous to the race caused him to be cast and qualified to start as a gelding, to the astonishment of all present. The horse again won, reeking in blood, but died from the effects of the ordeal, little regretted by his savage owner, who, by his astuteness as a match-maker, had won an enormous stake far exceeding the horse's value.

"The Sport of Kings," as the advocates of horse-racing still delight to call it, has greatly improved since monarchs have taken a less conspicuous part, and the nobility have come to divide it with a less pre-

tending commonalty. Towards the close of the seventeenth century stands were built at Doncaster, but disputes ran so high and were so often settled by recourse to the rapier, that the town authorities were obliged to take the matter in hand, and decreed that "for the preventing of suites, quarrelles, murders, and blood shed that may ensue by the continuing of the races, the standes be pulled upp and imploid to some better purpose." Where money was at stake, it seems that the sportsmen of olden times found great difficulty in accepting their losses with becoming equanimity; and if their imitators to-day resort to less violent methods of expressing their dissatisfaction with results, we have nevertheless abundant evidence that human nature is much the same in its impulses now as then. But to the spirit of gambling, whatever its evil tendencies may have been, the present high qualities of the blood-horse are almost wholly indebted. Nothing less than the combined greed of gain and love of adventure which were no less common then than now, together with a recognition of the laws of heredity which show that in the aggregate of times the greatest performers, or their near kin, will breed the greatest performers, would have induced the vast outlays and unremitting attention bestowed upon the breeding of race-horses. The turf was a constant testing ground upon which all but the wilfully blind could recognize the comparative value of contending strains of blood; and, directed by it, could resort to that which proved of the highest caste. The result is a race of horses of compound derivation, which now breed truer in the essential qualities of the race than any thoroughbred type of domesticated animal nature which has not been created under the like conditions of continual test. The proof of this fact is shown by the failure, as an almost universal rule, of all essays to race successfully with horses having any near taint upon their pedigrees. That a superior part-bred horse may beat poor thoroughbreds is quite probable, but that one should race anywhere near the "crack" horses of the turf who are to retire on their laurels and to be sought for perpetuating their race, would be regarded as the most improbable of events by all who have any experience in such matters.

The eye alone is insufficient to detect the greatest racing capacity. No specific form or action can point to more than probable results, — hardly even that. A comparative test thus made among his own horses might inform the breeder which of them were best for reproduction, but would leave him in ignorance of their powers as compared with those of other breeders. But the institution of great public races, not only of national fame but of world-wide interest, has



constantly brought about by the process of selection the reproduction of the fittest, until the race has reached that highest sense of the term "thoroughbred" in which the purest almost invariably exceed the part-breds in performance as well as in reproducing performers. This sense of the term is wanting in many branches of domesticated animal nature that are recognized as thoroughbreds. The "grade" Short-Horn, of two crosses, too often exceeds in the scale of points the stock from which he came; while, *as a rule*, "grade" Guernseys and Jerseys produce more butter than the thoroughbreds. These facts indicate either that the highest possible achievements do not lie within the scope of the race, or else that breeders have had no adequate system of detecting the fittest animals for reproduction to enable them to reach the highest perfection possible to it. A stain upon the purity of blood in the race-horse, the greyhound, or the game-cock invariably means deterioration. All these breeds have been created under the enlightenment of constant public test, stimulated by large premiums and encouraged by heavy betting systems which opened fields of great speculative reward for successful breeding. Like influences applied to the creation of special features or functions in other animals would doubtless raise the standard of their breeding to similar pre-eminence, and as a matter for national encouragement might add incalculable value to various interests which contribute largely to the wealth and prosperity of the country.

The turf was ostensibly established and its excesses excused on the ground that it was necessary to the improvement and preservation of the breed of horses, — an essential matter to a nation's safety in times of war, by affording a superior cavalry. This it has accomplished incidentally; but its real position is plainly that of a popular amusement, a national sport, and a convenient channel through which to speculate in "the odds." That is what it is and always has been, when divested of sham pretences. That is what it will continue to be, without its original purport, since changes in the art of war have made cavalry quite a secondary thew in the fighting arm. Despite adverse legislation, so long as it is maintained it will be the subject of betting in some form; yet it is also a fine and invigorating public amusement for those who do not bet. Its struggles enlist sympathies and preferences almost unconsciously to the spectator, which in turn bring vivid triumphs or disappointments as the favorites win or lose.

Only within the past fifteen years has racing become established in the northern portions of the United States upon a footing that promises to be permanent. While it has always prevailed in the

South, if not on a grand scale yet at least continuously since a period preceding the Revolution, and had been established on Long Island and New Jersey in early times, it had for many years disappeared from the North. But the turmoil of the late war drove the racing studs of the South and South-West into Northern fields for safety, where they inaugurated the present system of meetings, so popular at the great cities and watering-places of the Middle and Western States, but which have gained no foothold in New England.

The three annual races of greatest interest in England (which is equivalent to saying in the world) are the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Oaks. These sweepstakes in which the colts and fillies are nominated as yearlings, to race at three years old, are the coveted great prizes of the English turf, and one year with another they exceed in value \$25,000 each. They were established at about the same period, and have been maintained as annual events about one hundred years. Other races also of much importance excite the ambition of sportsmen, breeders, trainers, and jockeys; and, taken as a whole, the racing system of England is a stupendous affair, coupled as it is with its betting exchanges and a Press that almost lives upon retailing its events to a nation which never tires in its devotion to the blood-horse.

The first winner of the Derby was Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed, in 1780. This horse when twenty-two years old was brought to America, and his blood, particularly through his son Sir Archy, whose dam was also imported, is the most valuable element in our old American stock. Before leaving England, though placed in competition with Highflyer, Sir Peter, Rockingham, and other famous sires, he left a lasting impression upon the pedigrees of that country. When Diomed arrived here he already found the thoroughbred in purity, from importations which began almost as soon as the country was settled. Ever since his days there has existed in America a class of keen sportsmen who have watched with unremitting interest the progress of the English turf, and, governed by it in their selections of blood, have imported from time to time to this country not only several of its Derby and St. Leger winners, but some hundreds of stallions of the choicest racing strains and a suitable proportion of mares, whereby a constant improvement is thought to have been made in the quality of our thoroughbred stock. It so happens that it is not always the greatest performer that proves to be the greatest producer, though in the average of times great producers are very close of kin to the greatest performers. Hence it has proved occasionally that America has been



able to secure animals of much higher breeding-value than was supposed by the English when they were parted with. The most notable among these prizes was imported Glencoe, a fine race-horse, a winner of the two-thousand-guineas stakes, and highly esteemed in England, but priced far below others for which negotiations were pending when he was selected. Looking back at the influence left by this horse in England in his one stud season there, and at the results of his impress here, it is doubtful whether for the permanent improvement of racing stock he was not a better horse than was left in England when he came away.

From the time when Oriental blood was sought in its original form through subsequent racing periods, it has always been found that among the thousands of animals of both sexes, whose breeding value has been tested, a discovered few arose superior to all others. The turf therefore directed the breeder understandingly, not so much by designating the horse of greatest racing powers as by indicating which animals and strains of blood were most capable of producing such performers. The rule most successfully followed in venturing upon untried ground is to breed from the great winner, especially if he is from an immediate family that has produced other winners. But better still than using untried parents is the plan of breeding, if possible, from sires and dams that have already thrown winners of high class. Hence at the sales of thoroughbred yearlings which occur annually in this country and England, we find brothers and sisters to great performers frequently selling for several times the prices of others whose parents were quite as good performers, but were not proved to stand so highly as producers. Occasional sales of this kind have run to the vicinity of \$5,000 (currency) in this country. In England that figure is not infrequent, with instances far in excess of it; indeed, in one instance 5,000 guineas were paid.

If we trace back the pedigrees of any two great race-horses of to-day, whether English or American, we find that, as we reach a few removes, the same ancestors are common to both, — so much so that at seven or eight removes we find in the pedigrees of all our modern horses the same names repeated again and again. Consequently the descendants of about a dozen sires and twice as many mares compose the greater part of the pedigrees of all successful horses now on the turf. The experience of racing has found the blood of these few animals to be so much superior to all that was contemporaneous with it that it alone survives as the fittest, the rest having passed into obscurity, unequal to maintaining itself under the

crucial test. At a period when further infusions of Oriental blood ceased to improve the powers of the race-horse, and it fell to the lot of native sires to carry on the contest for supremacy, we find the great value of these few preserved lines rising conspicuously above all others. Matchem, foaled in 1748, Herod in 1758, and Eclipse in 1764 are the three great sires to which we trace all that is valuable in present pedigrees; while as mares of relative worth contemporaneous with them are Rachel, Miss Ramsden, Lisette, Principessa, Folly, and Molly Long-Legs. But these are too far back in present pedigrees to be of further interest (except to the student of such matters) than hinges upon the fact that their close descendants were freely brought to the United States at a period preceding and immediately following the Revolution. The same prepotency with which the blood there reproduced itself in successful form was repeated here.

At a later period we find, as we may say, new points of departure in the English stud-book, — horses of such marked individuality that their blood rose superior to that of its time, and to which it is the pride and boast of breeders to trace their pedigrees. Thus we find Waxy, Orville, Buzzard, Tramp, Cotton, Sorcerer, &c., all of which have near descendants in America. Later still we find these strains in commingled form again reindividualized in Melbourne, Touchstone, Glencoe, Birdcatcher, Priam, Bay Middleton, Sweetmeat, Pantaloon, Margrave, &c. Of these, Glencoe, Priam, and Margrave came to the United States, and the others were closely represented here. We also find here among contemporaneous elements, running directly back to the same original fountains, Boston, American Eclipse, Wagner, imp. Tranby, imp. Trustee, imp. Albion, imp. Leviathan, imp. Riddlesworth, imp. Sarpedon, imp. Sovereign, imp. Yorkshire, imp. Zinganee and imp. Fylde. Some of these were of brilliant promise in the first generation, but their lines afterwards failed to sustain themselves. This peculiarity frequently develops itself. The individuality or prepotency of the blood of some horses is such that for several generations it improves all that it encounters, and remains preserved through several different channels; while that of others, though brilliant in its first influence, becomes dissipated and lost entirely, or if preserved in a single line seems rather to be sustained by the force of other blood with which chance unites it than by its own merit. Glencoe is an instance of marked tenacity in reproducing superior form for several generations. When in the stud, though highly successful, he was beaten by Leviathan, who for several years, and so long as they were contemporaneous, returned a larger number



of winners. But when it came to the next remove, we have nothing in the history of breeding the race-horse which compares with the daughters of Glencoe as brood mares, unless indeed those of Lexington fulfil their promise of becoming their full equals. Pocahontas in England, although she failed to race, bred the three great race-horses and stallions, Stockwell, Rataplan, and King Tom, among the very cream of the English stud; while in this country scores of Glencoe's daughters have bred race-horses of the highest caste.

It has long been a mooted question whether the American race-horse, derived from the English and bred in a different climate, is his equal in racing power. The English have always held such as were thought to be their greatest horses beyond the reach of the capital and enterprise of other people; hence many are of opinion that the United States have never been able to obtain the material for reaching the highest excellence which the English horse has achieved, even if our soil and climate are equally well suited to equine development. The systems of racing are so different in the two countries that the time-test is useless in the comparison,—the English racing upon turf, the Americans upon harrowed earth, with other important differences in the courses. Hence comparatively little opportunity has been afforded for arriving at a comprehensive solution of the question. It is twenty-two years since Mr. R. Ten Broeck made his venture upon the English turf with American horses, and all things considered it was creditable to our thoroughbreds in view of the disadvantages against which they contended. In 1857 he won the Cesarewich with Prioress (by imp. Sovereign out of Reel by imp. Glencoe), and in 1861 captured the Goodwood cup with Starke, by Wagner out of Reel. In 1859, his two-year old colt Umpire by Lecomte, out of the dam of Lexington, won the Nursery handicap at Goodwood, beating twenty-one competitors; also at Stockton the Cleveland stakes, beating eleven; and two days later the Zetland biennial stakes, beating five, besides having run the winner to a head at the July New Market meeting. That he was generally regarded as the best two-year old in England at the time was indicated by his subsequent backing for the Derby for which he was first favorite, during the entire winter, and until shortly preceding the race. He failed to win, or even to get a place.

Mr. M. H. Sanford was the next to appear with American horses in 1877, Mr. Ten Broeck having discontinued their use in 1863, although he remained upon the English turf some years later. Brown Prince (by Lexington out of imp. Britannia IV. by the Flying Dutchman) won his first race at the New Market Craven meeting as a three-year

old, beating four at even weights ; but his best essay, considering the quality of his opponents, was in the two-thousand-guineas, where he ran second to Chamant, beating Silvio, and showing sufficient form to call public attention to his chances for the Derby. This race was perhaps the best comparison of high-class horses of the two countries that has occurred, for though Brown Prince has never since shown form he was undoubtedly a very good representative American horse in that day, and he met horses of equally good rating in England. During the present year Mr. P. Lorillard's venture has been more successful. His six-year old gelding Parole (by imp. Leamington, dam Maiden by Lexington, grand-dam by imp. Glencoe) has won four handicaps and one weight-for-age race (the Epsom gold cup), out of seven starts. His opponents do not seem to have been of the highest class, but from favorable weights at first he was compelled to take up the top weight in the Ascot stakes in which he was defeated, possibly owing to the heaviness of the course which made the extra weight tell doubly against his chances. His two-year old sister Pap-poose also won her maiden race, a sweepstake at Newmarket. The three-year old Uncas was nowhere for the Derby.

If the victories of American horses in England have not been won over first-class English horses, it is also doubtless true that the best American horses have not yet started there. The change of climate and the effects of the voyage are in most cases a disadvantage. With Parole the case seems to have been different. From being a delicate and uncertain horse to train (though it must be admitted he was a frequent winner at home), the change has so benefited him that he is said to be robust and a good feeder. Mr. Lorillard has expressed an intention of giving the question a five-years test, and those who know his enterprise and determination will harbor no doubts that the best American horses that money can buy will be used in the venture. Judging by horses that have been imported to this country and raced in competition with those of native breeding, there is no cause for discouragement from an American stand-point. While the importations have raced exceedingly well they have not cast our own at all in the shade. Of imported stallions and brood mares the same may be said. No imported stallion has yet proved the equal of Lexington, yet Lexington's greatest success was upon mares got by imported sires. On the other hand the greatest successes of the imported sires have been upon daughters of Lexington. If the American horse is fully the equal of the English to-day, we may credit it as a first cause to the fortunate importations that produced Sir Archy, as a second



cause to American Eclipse, third to the good fortune that gave us Glencoe, and lastly to that triumph of our own breeders and turfmen in the production of Lexington.

Of stallions now and recently before the public, only the future can decide which are to make the most lasting impress. Popularity is about equally divided between importations and native-bred. Virgil represents through Vandal the male line from Glencoe, and is a prince among the best. Vandal, strange to say, was the only son of Glencoe that made any special mark as a sire, though Star Davis and Thornhill got occasional winners. The greatest virtues of Glencoe's blood have descended through females, except in Vandal's case. He was out of a mare by imp. Tranby, and she seems in other instances to have had the faculty of making good stallions of her male descendants. Lexington has passed away, and though his daughters are breeding finely none of his sons have yet achieved a marked distinction proportionate to the advantages that many of them have had in the stud. Of all the grand race-horses by him out of Glencoe mares, none have yet maintained the high expectations placed upon them as stallions. It would seem that the Glencoe blood was still tenacious for the female side in its crosses with Lexington; for while the stallions have not succeeded the mares have bred admirably. Some are prone to think that we may lose Lexington in the right male line, but among the numbers of his sons still living there are many chances that in one or more we may yet see his greatness repeated. Pat Malloy, out of Gloriana by American Eclipse, is getting some good race-horses; but perhaps Lever, recently summoned from obscurity, presents as good claims as any. His dam was by imp. Trustee out of the same Tranby mare that produced Vandal by imp. Glencoe. Interest is at present centred in Monarchist, by Lexington out of Mildred by Glencoe, whose first get are just appearing upon the turf and giving some warrant of repeating the high racing qualities of their sire, one of the truest and stanchest runners ever known to the turf of this country. Should he prove an exception in the stud to others bred of "the rosy cross," we may again date back a due portion of his merits to the dam of Vandal; for Mildred was a daughter of the Trustee mare that produced Lever, and she a daughter of the Tranby mare that contended successfully with Glencoe in favor of male succession in the transmission of their united qualities.

Of the later importations, Leamington, Bonnie Scotland, Australian, Glenelg, and Phaeton have made the most conspicuous marks, although

imp. Eclipse deserves mention. All have hit splendidly upon the daughters of Lexington. Leamington's influence is just now the most sensational, both on account of the success of his son Parole in England and the recent racing of his progeny here. He was disliked by many at first, owing to an apparent delicacy or want of constitution in much of his stock, and it was freely predicted that his blood would not maintain itself. This prejudice seems likely to disappear, for especially where he has encountered the rugged crosses of our old American stock, his fine racing qualities are sustained in conjunction with more substance and constitution. His son Enquirer, out of a mare by Lexington whose dam was by American Eclipse, has opened his stud career with brilliant effect. Longfellow, too, has a few good performers. Imp. Phaeton, son of King Tom, is dead ; but in producing the great race-horse Ten Broeck, now in the stud, he has probably made a permanent place in American pedigrees. Imported Glenelg, by Citadel son of Stockwell out of a mare by Kingston, was a fine race-horse, and if he sustains his early stud promise will be among the best we have. Imported Bonnie Scotland is likely to live through his daughters, which have begun to breed well and are large roomy mares from a famous mare family ; for he was out of old Queen Mary, one of the best of English brood mares, mother of over twenty foals of very high average merit, and of whom one, Blink Bonnie, won the Derby—a feat never accomplished by a mare save in one other instance—and became the mother of the premier English sire, Blair Athol, who sold under the hammer for about \$65,000. Imported Australian has always stood in the shadow of Lexington's greatness. There has never been the sensational enthusiasm about him that has lifted some of the others into popular favor. His success has been gradual but sure, like that of Glencoe, and his merits have never been so fully recognized as now that he is failing in usefulness, and his sons and daughters are taking up the work he has nearly abandoned. He was got by West Australian, flying son of the great Melbourne. Through sire and dam he gets the stout Waxy blood (that contributed to Glencoe) handed down by his famous sons Whalebone and Whisker and his daughter Web. Like Glencoe, he frequently gets superior race-horses, especially at long distances. When time and experience have tested the lasting qualities of the breeding impress of to-day, perhaps Australian's will be found quite as permanently linked with the future greatness of the turf as that of any of the recent importations.

HARK COMSTOCK.



## THE CAPTURE OF CHIEF JOSEPH AND THE NEZ-PERCÉS.

THE motive-causes which led to that modern "Anabasis" of the Nez-Percé Joseph and his followers, wherein they marched from the Pacific slope across mountains and rivers, past the sources of the Missouri, through the world-famous National Park, and then onward to their last camping-ground near the international boundary-line, nearly a thousand miles from their starting-point, involve the whole subject of the treatment of Indians by the United States, and are far too extensive to be treated in this article. It must suffice for present purposes to say that a system, and not an individual, is chiefly in fault.

Those interested in this unique and in every way remarkable march—a march, not of warriors merely, but a hegira of the old and infirm, of women and babes—have had opportunity to learn, from participants or witnesses, concerning its initiation and earlier progress. I shall speak of some things connected with its later stages and its close. The command of General N. A. Miles had its headquarters at the mouth of Tongue River on the Yellowstone, and its field of operations included the valleys of the Yellowstone and Little Missouri and their affluents southward to Wyoming and the Black Hills; and also, as the event proved, the region north of the Missouri to the Dominion line.

The approach of the Nez-Percés had been anticipated by General Miles, and dispositions made to receive them even before the battle of Big-Hole Pass. A strong detachment of troops, with a force of Crow-Indian allies, was sent well up the Yellowstone in the early part of August (1877) with the purpose of intercepting and capturing the Nez-Percés as they should emerge from the National Park. The Indians, however, slipped by this detachment, and, after a running, rear-guard fight with it, went on without further molestation either from it or from any other force that had before pursued them. Their whole body thus reached a point a few miles north of the mouth of

Clark's Fork, near which they had crossed the Yellowstone, and thence had before them an unobstructed course through the valleys of the southern affluents of the Missouri to that river, to the buffalo range north of it, and to Dominion Territory.

Information of this state of facts reached General Miles at the mouth of Tongue River, — some two hundred miles from the point where the Nez-Percés crossed the Yellowstone, — on the evening of September 17, or about a week after they had accomplished the crossing. During that night couriers were despatched to secure the forwarding of supplies up the Missouri River, which with troops, trains, and horses were ferried across the Yellowstone in time for an early march on the eighteenth. Thence they proceeded over prairie, "mesa," and "bad lands" across the Missouri at the mouth of the Mussle Shell; thence, curving northwestward, they held onward through the beautifully watered and grassy foot-hills, along the eastern and northern bases of the Little Rocky Mountains, a very Eden trailed over by the serpent of an unrighteous, because needless, war. Continuing on across "the gap" to Bear Paw Mountains, and through that range, the command passed over two hundred and seventy miles in ten marching days, and found themselves at the foot of the Bear Paw Mountains, in the vicinity of the Indian village, and undiscovered by its inhabitants.

There has not been lacking a disposition to represent the successful issue of this campaign as a result of good fortune merely. Its good fortune, however, consisted only in a slight chance which was availed of with great skill and astonishing energy. Supplies were accumulated from remote points, not by chance but by design, and the missile-like velocity of the march of the command along its appropriately parabolic trail was such as to make the cheerful but weary foot-soldiers sigh audibly for "an old commanding officer who would not wish to get outside of a stockade."

While the courier was carrying to the mouth of Tongue River the news of the escape of the Indians near Clark's Fork, and the command from the first-named point was pressing forward to overtake them, they had advanced to the Missouri River at Cow Island, — the head of navigation during the period of low water, — had overpowered the gallant little detachment of troops encountered at that point, had destroyed a vast amount of supplies awaiting transportation, had crossed the river and had moved out northward between the Little Rocky and Bear Paw Mountains. Near the river they were attacked



by a small force made up chiefly of civilians from Fort Benton ; the loss on either side was inconsiderable, and the march or route of the Indians was not materially affected.

It chanced that the Indians reached Cow Island on the same day that General Miles's command arrived at the mouth of the Mussle Shell, some fifty miles below. Their arrival, depredations, and departure northward were communicated by a party who escaped in a small boat to a detachment of General Miles's command which had been despatched to Carroll, — a small trading-station a few miles below Cow Island, — and thence the tidings were forwarded with speed to the main command. A boat, which on the previous day had been employed to ferry over a portion of the command, had been loosed from her moorings and was round a curve and just passing out of sight as the news arrived on the morning of September 25. Instantly a small Hotchkiss gun was put in position and fired several times in rapid succession. This was recognized as a signal by those on board ; the boat was brought back, and the remainder of the command, with train and supplies, was transported. Then on the north bank of the Missouri the force was put in order for what appeared to most of the participants to be a hard, hopeless march. Three companies each of the Second and Seventh Cavalry, four companies of the Fifth Infantry, mounted on ponies captured from the Sioux in the early spring of 1877, a gun-detachment, with a Hotchkiss gun, and a small force of white and Indian scouts, — an aggregate of three hundred and seventy-five, all told, — struck out from their wagons, presenting a most picturesque spectacle. The possible proximity of the Indians made it necessary to interdict all shooting, and the antelope, deer, and buffaloes, seen in large bands and herds on either hand, seemed in doubt whether to be more astonished or frightened at so strange a spectacle. But they gazed unmolested, while the patient pack-mules tottered along in the rear under their burdens, confidently following the tinkling of the bell on the bell-horse.

A glance at the map will show that the lines of march of the Indians, after their escape from the force north of the mouth of Clark's Fork, and of the command from the mouth of Tongue River, were almost exactly the perpendicular and hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle. Two hundred miles apart at the Yellowstone, and fifty miles apart at the Missouri, they intersected each other only a few miles from the scene of the battle, which was on a small southern affluent of Milk River.

At 7 A.M. on September 30,—the command having been on the march since daylight,—the village was reported to be three miles away. The command started at a trot; the three miles proved to be seven, and the trot became a swinging gallop, as horse and rider caught the spirit of the occasion, and comradeship and emulation urged them on. The camp was placed in a strong position for a defensive fight, under a high and crescent-shaped “cut-bank,”—the bank itself being cut at intervals of a few rods by deep ravines heading in the open country from which the attack was made.

The column deployed to attack, charged promptly to close quarters, and dismounted. Then the fight raged with an obstinacy, a spirit of “give-and-take,” at short range, without yielding ground in spite of numerous casualties, such as fully warrant the name “battle,” despite the paucity of numbers engaged. The village was surrounded; its herd, to the number of seven hundred and thirty, was captured. The Indians, as the force under cover, would have had great advantage without the assistance received from the dry ravines before mentioned; but following the sinuous courses of these ravines they could approach the troops without detection, and the deadly accuracy of their aim, and their apparent singling out of officers are recorded in the list of casualties.

How shall the Indians be dislodged was now the question, and it was decided that an attempt be made to storm the ravines. At the bugle sound a detachment of the Fifth Infantry, led by Captain Carter, charged over the crest, down the steep declivity, and across the smooth bottom-land. They reached the village, and inflicted a severe loss upon the Indians; but thirty per cent of the charging party were killed or wounded, under the *feu d'enfer* from the Indians' magazine guns, in less time than is requisite to write or read the record of their brave action. It was evident that carrying the place by storm would be too costly, and already one-fifth of the command were killed or wounded. It remained to hold the Indians in a state of siege, to be in readiness to meet effectively the force which they expected would come to their rescue from over the border whither Sitting Bull had been driven, and to provide such shelter against the on-coming snow-storm as an utterly treeless region could furnish to the wounded of a command which had stripped for a rapid march, and brought upon pack-mules only such *impedimenta* as would enable it to eat sparingly and fight liberally.

While the fight was yet raging, General Miles had ridden along



the line and called to the Indians that they could surrender without further fighting if they should choose to do so. There were among them some who spoke a kind of English, and who during the first day replied stubbornly and with defiance. But on the morning of the second day they were disposed to parley, and Joseph with some of his chiefs came out under a flag of truce. They were willing to surrender, provided they could be permitted to retain their arms. Meantime, taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities, they dug pits in the beds of the ravines and on adjacent knolls where they had taken refuge from the exposed valley of the creek. Occupying these, they were protected from direct fire, and seemed to be determined either to await their looked-for succor from the north, or to surrender only on their own conditions.

In the evening of October 1 the wagon-train arrived, and with it a twelve-pounder Napoleon gun. The necessities of transportation had cut the artillery ammunition down to twenty-four shells; and probably never have sixteen shells — the number fired from the twelve-pounder — had equal moral or greater physical effect. The Indians admitted the loss of twenty-four killed and wounded by the fragments of the shells, which were the only missiles that could reach them in their deep cellar-like pits constructed in the bottom of the sheltering ravines.

The unconditional surrender of the Indians was now only a question of time, unless the siege should be raised by their expected northern allies. To be prepared for any such attempt, the force which had last come in contact with the Nez-Percés near the Yellowstone opposite the mouth of Clark's Fork, and had moved thence northward to the Missouri about one hundred miles south of the battle-ground, was ordered forward, and would have augmented the besieging force sufficiently for all contingencies. But, after a short advance north of the Missouri, it was ordered back, inasmuch as the surrender of the Nez-Percés, after a siege of four days, rendered its services unnecessary.

By this surrender upwards of four hundred and twenty prisoners were obtained. The number who escaped northward with White Bird has been variously stated. I met White Bird at Fort Walsh in Dominion Territory in the summer of 1878, and held repeated conversations with him and others of his band. They all agreed in saying that the number of lodges was twenty-five, but that they could give no exact statement as to the number of people. From other

sources I have learned that it was one hundred and five. Yellow Bull, one of the captured Nez-Percé chiefs, was one of my companions in the summer of 1878 (our route lay in sight of the peaks which overlook the battle-field), and from him I learned that their loss in killed in that battle was thirty, which slightly exceeded that of the troops.

Without doubt it was the understanding, at the time of the surrender, that the Indians would be taken back to their old home. They have, however, been placed in the Indian Territory. The reason assigned for this departure from the terms of surrender is that the hostility to Joseph and his followers is so intense and inveterate among those who would be their neighbors in their former home, that they would be insecure there. It is barely conceivable that there may be room for difference of opinion as to the sufficiency of this reason, but there can be no doubt whatever that the hostility, if it exists, illustrates the proverb, "Whom one has injured he hates."

The march of the Nez-Percés — bold to rashness in conception, consummately skilful in execution — was marred by very few acts of savage violence ; indeed, by none which came within my personal knowledge. In the fight herein described, the lines were so close that a charge from either side necessarily left the killed and wounded of the attacking party at the mercy of the attacked ; but, though the Indians took arms and ammunition from wounded soldiers, they did not otherwise molest them, nor did they mutilate the dead.

The results of the different encounters of this band with troops are forcible illustrations of the entire revolution in Indian warfare occasioned by their acquiring not only arms of precision, but skill in the use of them. They inflicted severe loss on every command with which they came fairly and fully in contact ; they placed one command upon the defensive, and they showed themselves throughout to be skilful and courageous enemies. The recent experience of the United States, and the still later experience of England, may well lead those nations to find a new lesson in "*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*" The time when it was possible safely to despise the prowess of a savage enemy is past. The time to fight them, when fighting is necessary, in accordance with the recognized principles of warfare has long since come ; although some who are accounted high authorities in such matters have not recognized, and do not yet recognize, this truth.

It is foreign to the purpose of this article to discuss the "Indian Question." It may not, however, be out of place to say that the pol-



icy which shapes the intercourse of whites with Indians resembles that of the gods, in that whom it would destroy it first makes mad,—so mad from accumulated wrongs that they have nothing left them but to rush, destroying, upon their own destruction. The army, as the fundamental force-element of society, by a sort of law of transmitted tension, receives with augmented force every blow which bad judgment, incapacity, dishonesty, or injustice aims at the Indian. The needless, thankless, unrewarded task imposed by this condition of things has been met with rare self-sacrifice and courage,—“though the soldier knew some one had blundered.” On a bleak knoll in northern Montana, the snow-clad mountains rising coldly by, I saw more than a score of witnesses to the verity of all herein that seems like strong assertion; and none who looked upon their calm, upturned faces could ever discredit their testimony. On the field where they fought shoulder to shoulder they lie side by side in the ceaseless comradeship of a soldier's grave.

G. W. BAIRD.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN POET.<sup>1</sup>—This little pamphlet well deserves the republication which it has at last received from an American publisher. It has already had a wide circle of readers in the English edition, and it ought now to attract a still larger number.

A cleverer thing of the kind seldom appears. The satire and fun are perfectly sustained, and there is not a word wasted. The predominant feature is the satire,—sometimes bitter, always strong, and never relaxed for a moment. As an example of condensed sarcasm, which is no doubt obvious but none the less vigorous, nothing could be better than the recipe for making a “Satanic Poem like the late Lord Byron.” “Take a couple of fine deadly sins, and let them hang before your eyes until they become racy. Then take them down, dissect them, and stew them for some time in a solution of weak remorse; after which they are to be devilled with mock despair.” This, excellent as it is in its way, is neither so good nor so amusing as the longer recipes for the contemporary poets, but it exhibits fully the condensation, force, and point which raise “Every Man his own Poet” far above the level of the ordinary parodies and satires directed against popular and fashionable, and in some cases against great, poets.

It is now known that the author of this *jeu d'esprit* is Mr. Mallock; and as it is the earliest so it is the best, even if the slightest, of his productions. This comes, probably, from the fact that it was written before the author had begun to trouble himself much as to whether “life was worth living,” and while he was still content to take life as he found it, and enjoy himself and his talents. No one can deny that the “New Republic” is a great success in a literary point of view. Whether it has exhausted the vein is not worth inquiry here. Such, unfortunately, would seem to be indicated by its successor, “The Modern Paul and Virginia,” which, despite the occasionally brilliant style and epigrammatic sentences, was forced, feeble, and often coarse, without being funny. However this may be, the “New Republic,” *per se*, was a great literary success; but it represents a phase of thought apparently fashionable in England just now, which may be interesting to

<sup>1</sup> Every Man his own Poet; or, the Inspired Singer's Recipe-book. By a Newdigate Prize-man. First American, from third English, edition. Boston: A. Williams & Co. New York: A. Brentano. 1879.



future historians, but which is in itself a very sorry thing. There are many characters and many books devoted to this phase. Daniel Deronda is the typical hero, and the "New Republic" is the best of all the books which illustrate these interesting inquiries. The essence of the whole business seems to be that there is a set of men and women in England who, having some talents and a great deal of leisure, find themselves rather bored and not sufficiently noticed; and therefore perplex themselves with asking whether "life is worth living," and other questions of the same useless sort. Putting religious beliefs wholly aside, this is not the mental condition of sound men. All these dissatisfied and refined heroes, from Daniel Deronda down, are filled with the idea that they ought to have a mission, and that they should be employed about something quite different from what they see any possibility of doing. So they grumble, and analyze their feelings, and come to the conclusion that the world is not good enough for them. Failing to find any fitting pursuit, any thing worthy of them, they do not even carry out their own theories by taking themselves out of a world which offers so little. All this is decrepit dilettanteism, and is besides morbid and silly to the last degree. If such people exist in large numbers in English society, — and the books concerning them would hardly appear if they did not, — the sooner they stop worrying about themselves and their feelings, and go to breaking stones, or some other useful occupation, the better. The world may not be good enough for some people, but it is quite good enough for such as these; and if they do not agree to this proposition, they would do well to take themselves out of the way and cease to cumber the ground. Speculations of the sort in vogue with this class amuse for a time; but the gentlemen who indulge in them soon become unbearable and then despised. There is plenty of work in the world; and if, instead of wondering comfortably whether life is worth living, and casting about for a "faith" and a sufficiently lofty "mission," these persons were to betake themselves to the many things worth doing which lie all about them, they would be more respectable and more respected. In a literary point of view, they are pretty well worn out; and we trust that Mr. Mallock will give up discussing them and their anxieties, and use his talents in the same genuine way as when he first satirized poetry in the guise of a cook-book.

HAMERTON'S LIFE OF TURNER.<sup>1</sup> — If Turner, sensitive as he undoubtedly was to criticism upon his works, could have foreseen the inevitable result of the adulation which was poured upon him during his lifetime by Mr. Ruskin and others, he might well have exclaimed, "Save me from my friends!" It is highly probable that the old man mentally predicted what would be likely to happen, if his enthusiastic prophet and inter-

<sup>1</sup> The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1879.

preter — the present Professor of Fine Art at Oxford University — did not stay his laudatory hand; and it is related that Turner more than once appealed to Ruskin to be more moderate in his statements and in his expressions of admiration. It was, however, the painter's fortune or misfortune to create by the exercise of his skill a host of appreciators and critics, who have never yet been distinguished by moderation, either in their praise or condemnation. This disposition to run into extremes has made the whole subject of the artist's position in art one of great difficulty to the general public, who are apt to be led by the critics; and Mr. Hamerton's book will therefore be read by many as a relief from the hero-worshipping estimates of Turner, and also as a justification of the attacks of his depreciators.

We candidly wish that the author had attempted both more and less: a more thorough analysis of the painter's art-life and work, and less of his personal history. The two may well be dissociated, as the man most thoroughly desired they should be, — seeking with the persistency of a mole the privacy of individual life, and courting the utmost publicity for his professional work. Neither is affected by the other, and the two are entirely opposed; while it is manifest to all who are outside and apart from the Turner controversy, that any effort to explain or account for his works by his life, and *vice versa*, must result in a confusion of ideas concerning both. Mr. Hamerton has attempted to do this, and has to that extent limited the success of his book. It cannot be said to comply with the description of its title page, in being a Life of Turner, the man; and the amount of space devoted to partial descriptions of his habits and character prevents the author from making a thorough analysis and complete record of the artist's works. Still, it must be confessed that a very readable book is presented to the unprejudiced inquirer, containing perhaps as much as most persons want to know of Turner and his works, though we predict from it no harmonizing of opposing views among those previously familiar with the subject.

After a careful perusal of the work, we have come to the conclusion that its spirit and intent is to deliver the art of Turner from the fictitious sheen and glamour in which it has been enwrought by the enthusiasts; to divest him of the supernatural attributes of divine skill and omniscience which his admirers claim; and to bring him down out of the clouds of mystery to the solid ground of reasonable analysis. This has been performed, under the limits before described, with a skill and coolness which are admirable and unusual when the subject is considered, though we do not think the same impartiality is evident in treating of his private character as when his works are being discussed.

Mr. Hamerton makes a distinction, broad and deep, between the works of the painter in oil and of the draughtsman and painter in water-colors, — claiming for the latter a position in the world of artistic achievements



altogether separate and alone. He observes what only a painter ever sees in the works of a painter, — the marvellous triumphs over technical difficulties which Turner's drawings in color display. Apart from the artist's poetical conception of a subject, is the workmanship involved in its expression ; and this has puzzled even the most accomplished water-colorists more than any other feature of his work. This is frankly acknowledged by Mr. Hamerton, who says, "Turner was unquestionably, in his best time, the greatest painter in water-color who had ever lived. His superiority even goes so far, that the art in his hands is like another art, — a fresh discovery of his own. *The color in his most delicate work hardly seems to be laid on the paper by any means known to us, but suggests the idea of a vaporous deposit.*"

This thought, which we wish to emphasize, must have occurred to every painter who has struggled, and not always with mastery, to express the evanescent effects of light ; its elements decomposed into prismatic tints, yet mingling into atmospheric harmony, as we often see it in the skies of Turner. How the same surface of paper can be made to look golden and roseate and azure at the same time, changing its chord of impression on the mind almost with the varying thought of the beholder, was and is a secret of manipulation that no man save Turner has attained, and no man can explain to this day. Yet in many of his small lake or mountain drawings he did this kind of work as a pastime ; and his mastery over color is well suggested by the above description, — it "hardly seems to be laid on the paper by any means known to us, but suggests the idea of a vaporous deposit."

This sort of skill is the more precious, because it was used only as the vehicle of a power of perception made sensitive and mature by unparalleled exercise, and of an eclectic taste that generalized almost into type-form the subjects which it treated. There can be no doubt that Turner was such a tremendous and prolific worker, and his studies from Nature were so varied and uncountable, that at last his material was never intractable, and he produced with unerring precision whatever he aimed at. It is well to notice this triumph of craftsmanship over practical difficulties, because, so far as our observation extends, the instance is as unique as it is wonderful.

While doing good service to art education by pointing out the value of an unhindered power of expression, however it may be attempted or attained, Mr. Hamerton handles without gloves the estimate which Turner himself put upon his larger works in oil. He considers, with M. Viardot, that to leave certain pictures to the National Gallery, on condition of their being placed side by side with the masterpieces of Claude, was an evidence of Turner's insanity ; though he does not inform us, except by this suggestion, what his verdict would be if called upon to say which is the greater artist. It seems to us that he rather shuns this decision, by claiming that one

cannot compare the flavors of a peach and a strawberry, and decide between them. The analogy does not hold ; though it might do so, if a comparison were sought between a figure painter and a landscape painter. He does complain of Turner's "want of modesty" in making the condition, as though Claude's position were not only exalted and admirable, but beyond human reach and unassailable. Yet there are many thoughtful men, having every opportunity and qualification to make a judicious comparison, who think that not only is competition between the two artists reasonable, but that the English artist leaves the Frenchman far behind in the race. Whatever the verdict might be on a well disputed case, it is not always a sign of insanity or even of immodesty to ask for a trial, especially when the parties to the suit are incapable of influencing the jury, and cannot be affected by the decision.

Commenting on Turner's system of study, Mr. Hamerton classifies his methods of making sketches and studies, which is very interesting to the student. They show both his independence of any particular process or implements, and also a great judgment in using the sort of paint, wet or dry, that would best interpret the characteristics of the subject. Yet in this as in his practice in oil, he was utterly regardless of vehicle, keeping the subjects distinct, or mixing them all together upon one work, in sovereign contempt of all means, so he attained his end. His recklessness as an experimentalist is noted and often referred to, and the ignorance displayed in making these experiments is pointed out and condemned. The works of Sir Joshua Reynolds suffer from the same cause, and it is to be regretted that men whose productions are less valued had not made these daring experiments ; yet it is at least open to question whether Reynolds or Turner could ever have been content to learn by deputy.

What the verdict of posterity will be upon the positive merits of Turner it is impossible to forecast ; for the progress of invention in the physical world, and the change of thought and of standards of excellence in the mental, may lead to modes of comparison and tests of worth, of which at present we are ignorant. The simple discovery, so long looked for, of photographing in color, may change the estimate and position in art at least of every landscape painter, and of Turner among them. Should that extremely simple process be invented, we can imagine it will also be discovered that Turner's works are both more like Nature, and less like Nature, than those of any other painter who ever lived. In other words, his so-called eccentricities of color and extravagances of hue may prove to be too tame by the side of Nature, arrested and made to bear testimony in her prismatic moments ; while the generalizations of Nature which the artist conceived and elaborated on canvas or paper with his consummate skill, may yet be revealed to us as the Nature of fact, perceptible only by those whose faculty of vision is equal to their sense of sight. Mr. Hamerton attacks Mr. Rus-



kin's well-known opinions concerning Turner with a will, and an enjoyment visible in every line ; and though he gives him credit for appreciating Turner, he disputes the discovery of the artist by the critic.

This book will probably give rise to much controversy. It is the first attempt to handle the subject in a perfectly fearless manner by a painter of sufficient literary experience. There are reasons to be found both in *Thornbury's Life* and in this work for the expression of a hope that this will not be the last, though it is now the latest, *Life of Turner*.

BLANC'S GRAMMAR OF PAINTING AND ENGRAVING.<sup>1</sup> — The interest in art, which is becoming so wide-spread in this country, has been hitherto hindered and circumscribed by an absence of good literature on the subject, available to those who read no tongue save our own. This difficulty is being remedied by the publication in English of many important works, — “*Art in the House*,” by Dr. Falcke, and this translation of Blanc's book by Kate Newell Doggett, being notable instances. Both are works of the best quality, standing well within the innermost circle of taste and performance, and presented to us in a manner worthy of the subjects of which they treat. We welcome more especially this translation of M. Blanc's serious and thoughtful book, because in our struggles after the beautiful, and in our somewhat feverish desire to grow rapidly as art producers, there is a tendency among us to mystify the secrets of art and to proclaim their unfathomable depths, when all that is contained in art does not at once unfold itself to us. The sober description and comprehensive display of all that may be found in a good picture or engraving, which form the chief character of this book, will tend to dispel frivolous notions and show the unreasonableness of impatience in art study. With an exhaustiveness that is altogether admirable, and in language most musical and enticing, the reader will be impressed with the fact that good art is not an accident nor a whim of fashion, but a chariot in which majestic and beautiful thoughts are brought to our doors. We commend this treatise more particularly to the attention of young artists and art students, who, disregarding the value of severe intellectual training as a discipline, are apt to assume that inspiration comes by waiting and not by work. Especially to such as are willing to be deluded into the belief that scientific knowledge is of no use in art, these pages will be valuable ; for it will be revealed to them how much of formulated knowledge lies at the basis of all art : and to this knowledge science like a waiting handmaid offers to introduce them. Here, for instance, is a suggestive passage : “The artist who is beginning ought to copy naïvely, religiously, what he sees ; but to copy Nature it is not enough to

<sup>1</sup> The Grammar of Painting and Engraving. Translated from the French of Blanc's *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin*. By Kate Newell Doggett. Third Edition. Chicago : S. C. Griggs & Co. 1879.

have eyes, — he must know how to look, he must learn to see. And how shall he learn? Several methods may be good. There is one, however, that philosophy recommends: it is that which consists in passing from the simple to the complex, from the permanent to the accidental, from that which is to that which seems to be. Then, before teaching perspective, which is the side continually accidental, it is useful to teach the geometrical, which is for every thing its real and permanent manner of being." This position is amply demonstrated, and will be something like a revelation to those who prefer a broader way than many can find into the sacred temple of Art. Yet the great deficiencies in our artists, to-day, are that they will not go through the training of learning to draw before they begin to paint, and that their painting is therefore but the illumination of that which is untrue. The sections devoted to Color and Perspective are sound in their initiation, though not so extended as is desirable; for on both of these subjects people are liable to be much misled.

The book is not a technical manual on any department of art; but is really, as its name implies, a grammar of the art of painting and engraving for the general reader. It is full of suggestions, however, even to the painter, and very provocative of thought throughout. Take as an example the summing up of the chapter on the Ideal: "Great artists take Nature for their model; but they do not take a model for Nature."

The illustrations are numerous, and though varying in quality are of great average excellence, — the Dürers being specially fine. It is eminently worthy as a book, and is creditable to all who have been engaged in its production.

HISTOIRE DU THÉÂTRE.<sup>1</sup> — The English language has no exact equivalent for the French word *littérateur*: it means something less than the literary man of high aims, and it means something more than the mere literary hack. In the familiar fable of the late Mr. Lewes, when the Englishman, the German, and the Frenchman were set to write about the camel, the Englishman spent two years in Africa, and brought forth two bulky octavos; the German locked himself in his study, and proceeded to evolve the camel from his inner consciousness; while the Frenchman took a little trip to the Jardin des Plantes, and at once wrote a most readable little article. The Frenchman of this type is a *littérateur*. There have been few French *littérateurs* of more varied accomplishments than the late Alphonse Royer. Born in 1803, he took part in the romantic revolution of 1830. He wrote novels and plays. He turned into French three volumes of selected Spanish plays, including one by Alarçon. He made a fourth volume out of the Italian fantasies of Carlo Gozzi. He was the author of the books for half

<sup>1</sup> Histoire Universelle du Théâtre. Par Alphonse Royer. 6 vols. 8vo. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1869-1879.



a dozen operas, — including three which still survive, “La Favorite,” “Lucie de Lammermoor,” and “Don Pasquale.” He published several volumes of travels and various articles on Oriental jurisprudence. He was the manager of the Odéon Théâtre for three years, and of the Paris Opéra for six. When the new opera house was first opened, four or five years ago, he brought out a History of Opera in France, one of the most entertaining of the many books called out by the event. But by far the most considerable of his multifarious works is this Universal History of the Theatre. The first two volumes were published in 1869; the next two, bringing the history of the drama down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, followed in 1870, when the war with Prussia interrupted the work. The final two volumes which now appear posthumously — M. Royer died a year or so ago — bear as a sub-title, “Histoire du Théâtre Contemporain en France et à l'étranger depuis 1800 jusqu' à 1875.”

The first volume begins with the origin of the theatre, and hastily sketches its history among the Greeks, Romans, Hindus, Chinese, and Persians; then it considers the mysteries and moralities of the early English stage, the farces and *sottises* of the French, and the rude beginnings of the stage in Spain, Italy, and Germany. All this earlier portion is done in a purely perfunctory way; it is mere bookmaking, but bookmaking of good quality by a writer of self-respect. After the author gets into his second volume and the sixteenth century, he begins to feel more at home and to write from fuller knowledge. M. Royer obviously had linguistic attainments unusual among the lighter French writers: in addition to Italian and Spanish, he evidently had a fair knowledge of English, and his account of Shakspeare and especially of Ben Jonson shows much study at first hand. The third volume is perhaps the best; it covers the seventeenth century, and in it we find criticism of Calderon, Corneille, Molière, and Racine, besides an account of the origin of the opera and of the ballet. The chapter on Molière is, of course, the crucial part of any history of dramatic literature written by a Frenchman; just as that on Shakspeare would be, were the work English. M. Royer's account of the great, sad humorist is barely sufficient: evidently he had not taken in all the minor discoveries which for a score of years have been day by day augmenting our knowledge of the wise and witty poet. In the fourth volume we have the eighteenth century, which was not brilliant in dramatic poets in spite of the names of Goethe and Schiller, Voltaire and Beaumarchais, Gozzi and Goldoni: perhaps the best chapter in this volume is the long one on the opera, with the tale of the struggle between the Piccinnists and the Glückists. Of the two posthumous volumes which have but recently been published, and which are devoted to the drama of the nineteenth century, the whole of one and a third of the second are given up to the French stage. This is wise; for the final two-thirds of the sixth volume make it at once

evident that M. Royer did not know much about the modern drama of England or Germany, and that what little he did know was wrong. About the Italian and Spanish drama, — neither of them of much importance now, — his information is fuller and more accurate. The real value of these two volumes is in the history of the Romantic revival on the modern French stage, started by Victor Hugo in the beginning of the second quarter of this century. Of all the struggles of this valiant fight M. Royer was a witness ; and he lived to see its results, at once barren and brilliant. Here M. Royer had a precious advantage over other historians of the drama, — he was himself a dramatist. He examined all plays from the vantage of technical training. He brought to dramatic criticism the eye of a practical playwright and the professional experience of a theatrical manager. This is the only history of the modern French drama of which we know, written by a dramatist. Only too often the historian of the drama praises a play for its literary as distinguished from its theatrical merits ; even Shakspeare, who was actor, hack playwright, and part manager of the theatre where his pieces were produced, is frequently criticised as though he had written solely to be read, and without the ever present thought of the footlights. M. Royer's work is wholly free from this fault. His consideration of the modern French dramatists is, in many respects, the best part of his book ; allowance always being made for the fact that M. Royer, although he wrote of them with the precision of the expert, was lacking in the penetrative glance of the genuine critic, — a creature almost as rare as a genuine poet. The chapters in which M. Royer considered the living dramatic authors of France, although lacking wholly in any philosophic depth or breadth, are yet the best connected and chronological account of the French drama of the last half century with which we are acquainted. In the final pair of volumes, as in their predecessors, undue space seems to be given to the opera ; but this was to be expected from a writer of M. Royer's personal experience, — an experience which qualified him for writing about the opera to great advantage.

THE KING'S SECRET<sup>1</sup> is the rather dramatic title of a very interesting and important book. The Duc de Broglie has not simply edited a valuable set of papers, but he has shown himself able to write history very well ; and he displays moreover, in a high degree, the rarer gift of dramatic perception. "The King's Secret" does not in any way deal with events which led to great historical results ; nor does it trace the development of social and political forces, which overturned kingdoms and altered the destiny of nations. On the contrary, every plan and every thought of the men concerned in the "King's Secret" was abortive, and all alike came to nothing.

<sup>1</sup> The King's Secret. By the Duc de Broglie. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin : London, Paris, and New York. 1879. 2 vols.



Even as failures and in a negative way they were barren of results. It is as a picture of a past and little understood period that the Duc de Broglie's work becomes an important contribution to history; and an extremely vivid and instructive picture it is.

The "King" was Louis XV.; the "Secret," an extensive and underhand diplomacy carefully concealed from the ministry of France. The principal agent of this secret diplomacy was the Count de Broglie, who was in fact a secret prime minister. The others intrusted with this precious confidence range from the Prince de Conti down to the Chevalier d'Eon, and to simple secretaries, clerks, and police agents. The list of those concerned is a long one, and includes such famous names as Vergennes, De Breteuil, and Dumouriez. This diplomacy was carried on for nearly twenty-five years. It began with an effort to revive the French party in Poland, and place the Prince de Conti upon that unenviable throne. The Count de Broglie went to Poland as minister, and nearly succeeded at first in his scheme of restoring that wretched country to a place in the politics of Europe. From that time the policy dragged on with less and less prospect of success, until the death of the king. The principal interest to the last was the fate of Poland and the Northern powers; but there was a striking and, thanks to that miserable mountebank D'Eon, a nearly ruinous episode connected with a plan for invading England, devised by Count de Broglie. To follow the labyrinthine intrigues which the Duc de Broglie unravels with a skill rivaling that of Wilkie Collins, would be impossible within the limits of a notice. It is as a picture of the times that the book makes its deepest impression; and on that alone we propose to dwell.

Here was an absolute king, with a policy which he wished to carry out, and a set of able men ready to help him to the utmost. This policy he kept a profound secret, while he permitted his real and ostensible cabinet to carry on one directly opposite. From the responsible ministers the true wishes of the king were concealed; this seems to be the only object which Louis attained, — and in the end even this failed. Meantime the ministry suspected the existence of the secret cabinet, and forced its representatives into disgrace and exile, wherein they still continued to receive the most direct and intimate confidence of the very monarch who banished them.

To this contemptible being who occupied the throne of France the Count de Broglie and his associates unfalteringly devoted their lives, fortunes, and honor. There is something very pathetic in the splendid loyalty of these men. To serve their worthless king, whether he returned them good or evil, was their only thought. With manly frankness the Count de Broglie told the king the truth, strove to bring back the old traditions, to give France her old place; and his policy was always manly, spirited, and bold. His policy was neglected, his advice was spurned, he was set aside in deference to the wishes of courtesans and by the intrigues of courtiers; but he

never harbored a disloyal thought. Here was a man — and there were others like him — who might have saved the throne in the next reign ; yet he and such as he were pushed to the wall with every mark of disfavor, to make room for a Pompadour, a Du Barry, an Abbé de Bernis.

The task of the Count de Broglie was a hopeless one from the beginning, yet he fought on with an aggressive courage and gallant persistence which never failed. But what could be done with Louis XV., against two such men as Frederick of Prussia and William Pitt ; at a time, too, when Catherine and Maria Theresa wielded the Russian and Austrian sceptres ? The king was the State in those days, and France fell to the lowest point of degradation. She needed Henri Quatre, she had Louis Quinze. And gallant, patriotic gentlemen were sacrificed that the king might play with a policy which he dared not adopt.

Another striking fact brought home by the "King's Secret" is the ignorance and lack of foresight displayed by all, good and bad alike, as to the condition of domestic affairs. France was driving into the Revolution. Terrific forces were gathering, and every one looked abroad, and sought to raise by diplomatic intrigue the once great and now degraded country. No one seems to have thought that, to make France great and respected abroad, she must first be great and respectable at home. As the net-work of intrigue loosens, and the secret diplomacy draws to an end, we can hear even in this court circle the hoarse murmurs of the coming tempest. It is a frightful picture. On the one side the court and government, harlots, adventurers, worthless nobles, and a base king ; on the other an oppressed people, slowly awakening to a knowledge of their awful wrongs and their terrible strength. High-minded men are cast aside ; low creatures, vicious and brainless, are advanced. No one sees the danger. A gay court, a brilliant society, wit, philosophy, poetry, every thing that can make life pleasant to the fortunate few, — and behind it all the Terror and the guillotine : yet no one stirs ! If any one wishes to feel fully the inevitable character of the French Revolution, and of its deeds of blood and anarchy, there are few books which can bring it home so forcibly as this. Here we can see, in a powerful side-light, what a sorry and tyrannical thing the French monarchy was. Here, too, is displayed the insane destruction and neglect of the best, strongest, and wisest part of the aristocracy, leaving only a *noblesse* which, in the hour of danger, could find nothing to do but to run away. Every check was destroyed ; corruption had poisoned court and nation : there was nothing left but revolution in its most ghastly form.

There is a more cheerful side in the various characters which are sketched by the Duc de Broglie with the skill of a novelist. The two brothers, the Marshal and Count de Broglie, sombre, brave, energetic, and capable, and their admirable uncle the Abbé, supple, witty, and up to the eyes in court intrigue, — these form as fine and well drawn a contrast artistically as could



be desired. Then all the various and strange people who were caught in the toils of the secret diplomacy pass before us, and are described and made to live in the same graphic way as the hero himself. Nothing could be better or more amusing in their way than the freaks of D'Eon in London and the examination of Dumouriez in the Bastile.

The author is singularly moderate and just in all his opinions, and therefore very convincing. There is one perfectly natural exception. Although forced to admit the genius of Frederick of Prussia, the Duc de Broglie cannot resist painting the great king in the blackest colors; and the allusions to Germany, now apparently inseparable from any French book, are as bitter as the hate of proud and vanquished people alone can be.

The translation is good and spirited, and the style is eminently readable and attractive. We remarked very few Gallicisms, the most noticeable being the repeated use of "suspect" for suspicious or suspected. The large, clear type adds not a little to the reader's pleasure.

AT A HIGH PRICE<sup>1</sup> bears a close resemblance in its plot and character to many other German stories which, like this, have been translated into English. These tales usually include a youthful and very beautiful heroine, a young lover, and, most important of all, a man of high rank, middle age, and "imposing appearance," who never has known the power of love until he meets the young heroine, to whom he usually plays the part of guardian. In this book all these details are faithfully attended to, and the plot of the story presents nothing new to the reader.

The heroine, Gabrielle, returns the affection of her guardian the baron, and gives up her former lover George. The baron not wishing to survive the disgrace of his political and social ruin engages in a duel, which proves fatal; and, after a suitable illness, Gabrielle recovers, and concludes to atone for the suffering she has caused George by marrying him. Although the hackneyed character of the story prevents any great surprise at the result, yet the characters are well drawn and interesting. The translation is good on the whole, although in some places the meaning is a trifle obscure or awkwardly expressed.

It seems a pity that time should have been spent in translating "The Barque Future,"<sup>2</sup> as it is impossible to read it with either interest or attention. Perhaps in the original it is more entertaining, but in its English dress it could only be recommended as a species of opiate. The story recalls the hero of the "Bab" ballad, of whom it is recorded, "No characteristic trait had he of any distinctive kind!"

<sup>1</sup> At a High Price. From the German of E. Werner. Translated by Mary Stuart Smith. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

<sup>2</sup> The Barque Future; or Life in the Far North. By Jonas Lee. Translated by Mrs. Ole Bull. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

FIREBRANDS<sup>1</sup> is a horrid tale directed against breweries rather than intoxication, and certainly presents a sad picture of that branch of industry. The book sets forth a striking contrast between the village where the scene of the story is laid in the first chapter and in the last. We meet the small circle of its inhabitants leading quiet and respectable lives, when suddenly the crisis is reached, the brewery established, and the inhabitants multiplied with alarming rapidity, only to be killed off with corresponding zeal. At the end there is hardly one of the original characters alive, and the owner of the brewery is left in the alms-house, an insane pauper, in order to "point the moral." At first we are rather astonished at the work of slaughter wrought in short sentences, in successive chapters; but finally we become almost blood-thirsty, and are quite disappointed at leaving Jean Clerc and Hugh Richardson alive in the last chapter,—especially as they are the only ones who ought to have died of old age, if of nothing else, for they must have been in their dotage long before the story closes!

However, we realize that "that is *not* the idea the author intended to convey!" It is needless to say that a story of this sort has no artistic merit whatever,—which must be a fault even in old tracts.

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#### RECENT ENGLISH BOOKS.

GEORGE ELIOT'S new work, "Impressions of Theophrastus Such," just published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, is full of touches of her extraordinary genius, though as a narrative it may not achieve equal popularity with her best novels. There is less of spontaneity in it, and more of philosophy. The writing, however, is probably beyond the reach of any of our authors, save Mr. Carlyle. The hero of the book is made to relate his own impressions, and these are given with a singular freshness of illustration, not unmingled with real wisdom and humor. Indeed, no living writer exhibits the felicity of George Eliot in the blending of profound philosophy, noble truths, and broad and yet minute observation. Mrs. Poyser, in "Adam Bede," is a character that for shrewd mother-wit is worthy of Shakspeare; and there are sayings in this latest work from her delineator's hand not unworthy of that caustic lady herself. Theophrastus Such, in giving us his impressions of men and things, adopts the medium of an imaginary observer,—a medium

<sup>1</sup> Firebrands: A Temperance Tale. By Julia McNair Wright. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House, No. 58 Reade St.



used with such effect by Sir Richard Steele and other of our great essayists. It detracts almost from the subtlety and originality of this book to give such brief extracts from its pages as would alone come within the limits of our space ; but at the risk of such charge we must give some taste of its quality. It would be as well if many persons whom we constantly meet would contract with Mr. Such "an especial scorn for that scorn of mankind which is a transmuted disappointment of preposterous claims." Here is a comparison between male and female vanity, which reads somewhat like a sop thrown out to the author's own sex : "A man cannot show his vanity in a tight skirt which forces him to walk sideways down the staircase ; but let the match be between the respective vanities of largest beard and tightest skirt, and here too the battle would be to the strong." There is a happier reference to the vanity of authors in the description of Thomas, who had written his one book, "Here and There ; or a trip from Truro to Transylvania ;" and who "not only carried it in his portmanteau when he went on visits, but took the earliest opportunity of depositing it in the drawing-room, and afterwards would enter to look for it under pressure of a need for reference, begging the lady of the house to tell him whether she had seen 'a small volume bound in red.' Our hostess at last ordered it to be carried into his bedroom to save his time ; but it presently reappeared in his hands, and was again left with inserted slips of paper on the drawing-room table." Mr. Such says : "I never felt myself sufficiently meritorious to like being hated as a proof of my superiority, or so thirsty for improvement as to desire that all my acquaintances should give me their candid opinion of me. I really do not want to learn from my enemies : I prefer having none to learn from. Instead of being glad when men use me spitefully I wish they would behave better, and find a more amiable occupation for their intervals of business." Again : "A man who uses his balmoral boots to tread on your toes with much frequency and an unmistakable emphasis may prove a fast friend in adversity ; but meanwhile your adversity has not arrived, and your toes are tender." Here we have George Eliot's old and (shall we say ?) finer manner : "That a gratified sense of superiority is at the root of barbarous laughter may be at least half the truth. But there is a loving laughter in which the only recognized superiority is that of the ideal self, the God within, holding the mirror and the scourge for our own pettiness as well as our neighbors'." There is a tinge of bitterness in some of the philosophy of this book which perhaps comes from a thorough acquaintance with human nature, though we prefer that pathetic and humorous glance into the human heart which is so characteristic of Shakspeare and all our great masters in the philosophy of humanity, and indeed of George Eliot herself in her highest moods. Human nature is made better by laughing and weeping with it, rarely by sneering at it. Unquestionably, the readers of the wisdom of Theophrastus Such will be interested, and, let us hope, improved as regards

some of their weaknesses. As we have intimated, the book is full of good things.

Mr. J. Addington Symonds enjoys a recognized position as a critic, and any volume of sketches from his hand is consequently welcome. The work he now issues, "Sketches and Studies in Italy" (Smith, Elder, & Co.), is varied in character, touched with enthusiasm, and impregnated with the Italian spirit. "Florence and the Medici" is a study of the period of the Italian Renaissance, in connection with whose development and influence Mr. Symonds has already published three large volumes. "Canossa," among the historical papers, is by far the most striking; but then here the author has a subject which could scarcely fail to bring inspiration in its train. The Middle Ages record few transactions or events so important as that which resulted in the humiliation of Germany, and which has furnished such a theme for impassioned verse. English readers, however, will thank Mr. Symonds most for his article entitled "The Debt of English to Italian Literature." Few persons could imagine how deep this indebtedness is unless they have gone beneath the surface and thoroughly investigated the matter. From the days of Chaucer downwards, English writers have been impressed by Italian genius, though whether the Father of English poetry owed so much to this influence as Mr. Symonds claims is a fair subject for controversy. One of the most masterly essays in point of literary style and appreciation is that on "Lucretius." The volume would be worth having if for this study of the Latin poet alone.

A noticeable work—though one conveying strong reminiscences of Victor Hugo—is "The Mystery of Killard," by Richard Dowling (Tinsley Brothers). It has already attracted considerable attention, and is well worthy of it. Professedly a story of Irish life,—and the scenery is evidently described by one familiar with it,—its great claim upon the reader is its powerful delineation of character. There is a study of a deaf mute so graphic that it must be a life-portrait. The author is clearly one from whom much good work may be expected. He writes with combined ease and power.

A good deal has at various times been written upon the British working-man, but few works of so practical a nature have been published as that by Miss Ellice Hopkins, author of the "Life and Letters of James Hinton." It is entitled "Life among Working-men," and is issued by Strahan & Co. An immense amount of nonsense has been talked about the working-man, socially, politically, and religiously. Miss Hopkins has not only studied him theoretically, but in his own home and in his workshop. She is not ashamed to believe in religion—religion, that is, with some backbone in it—as a great means for the elevation of the working classes. She has carried this belief into action, and tells the story of her efforts in behalf of working-men in the suburbs of one of the University towns. She began a weekly



religious service for working-men, when quite a young girl. In a few weeks the project had grown to such dimensions that she took a large school-room capable of holding upwards of six hundred persons, and this was shortly crowded with interested listeners, "wild, rough men, some of them desperate characters enough, men who had never been known to come together in large numbers without some row taking place." The good she accomplished is sufficient answer to those who are sceptical as to the improvement of the lower orders. Miss Hopkins's little work is calculated to help on the cause which practical philanthropists have at heart.

Two or three works of fiction have just been published of quite exceptional merit. First comes General Hamley's "House of Lys" (Blackwood & Sons), which certainly deserves more than the passing favor accorded to novels generally. Its style is remarkably clear and good, and its thought excellent. There are sketches of military life in the Crimea and elsewhere which have rarely if ever been surpassed. One of the characters is strongly in the manner of Thackeray, and it is a delineation which that great master himself would probably not have disdained to own. This is a Colonel Warner, a very objectionable type of military man, — a hard, vicious Bohemian, — but as to the power with which he is drawn there can be no question. There are several very dramatic scenes in General Hamley's novel, which undoubtedly takes a high rank in current fiction. An equal meed of praise may be awarded to "The Sherlocks," by John Saunders (Strahan & Co.). American as well as English readers will remember the powerful story by this author entitled "Abel Drake's Wife." Though not charged with exactly the same elements as that work, the present story comes recommended by decided claims of its own. We shall not reveal its plot, of which by the way it has very little. Mr. Saunders devotes himself rather to psychological study, and more than one character in his novel is quite remarkably developed from this point of view. A young poet Walter appears in the book, and the verse scattered through its pages as his handiwork attains to the level of true poetry. The story is interesting in itself, but its great claim upon readers is that higher one of presenting carefully worked out transcripts of human nature. "Basildon," by Mrs. A. W. Hunt (Smith, Elder, & Co.), is not so strong from a literary point of view as either of the preceding, but it is a very entertaining narrative of life and love in an English county. There are many true and natural touches in it, and one rises from a perusal of it with satisfaction. There is nothing whatever in it to offend, and much to interest and please. A superior work to the one last named is "A Woman of Mind," by Mrs. Adolphe Smith (Sampson Low & Co.). Some persons would perhaps gather from the title that the novel is devoted to depicting the life of a "blue-stockings." Nothing of the kind. The heroine is a most charming girl, all the more bewitching because her affections are as strong as her mind. She readily sacrifices an immense

fortune rather than accept a marriage which has been arranged for her, and her life and struggles in London bring out the true heroism of her nature. Silvia Clevedon is a specimen of a rare type of womanhood. The author is to be congratulated on having produced a very good story, and one which will induce readers to look eagerly for her next appearance.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- MAN'S MORAL NATURE. By R. M. Bucke, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.
- NATIONAL EDUCATION IN ITALY, FRANCE, GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND WALES. By C. W. Bennett, D.D. Syracuse, N. Y.: Davis, Barden, & Co.
- BRIEF ENGLISH-FRENCH COMPEND OF THE GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. By John W. Mears. Syracuse, N. Y.: Davis, Barden, & Co.
- THE ART OF QUESTIONING. By Joshua G. Fitch, M.A. Syracuse, N. Y.: Davis, Barden, & Co.
- ROMAN DAYS. From the Swedish of Viktor Rydberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.
- THE ROUND TRIP. By John Codman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.
- GEIER-WALLY: A TALE OF THE TYROL. By Wilhelmine Von Hillern. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.
- A BUNDLE OF PAPERS. By Paul Siegvolk. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.
- SIXTEEN SAVIOURS OR ONE? By John T. Perry. Conn.: Peter G. Thompson. 1879.
- ORGANON OF SCIENCE. By John Harrison Stimson, Eureka, Cal. 1879.
- APPLETON'S GENERAL GUIDE TO THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. D. Appleton & Co. 1879.



# THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

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SEPTEMBER, 1879.

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## RUBENS.

### I.

THE degree of freedom which has in all times been one of the privileges of the artistic profession permits a variety in the lives of artists which is possible only in very few human pursuits. This variety is quite as striking in the most eminent artists as it is in those who are little known. Men of the highest legal or ecclesiastical rank live very much in the same manner; one bishop has the same outward style and state as another bishop, or something very like it; one lord chancellor lives very like another lord chancellor; but one eminent painter may live in the utmost magnificence and in the full glare of publicity, as Rubens did, while another may follow a simple and even sordid way of life, and hide himself, like an evil-doer, out of sheer indifference to the pleasures and vanities of society. There is something, as it seems to me, more artistic in either of these extremes than in the modest order of modern middle-class existence. The splendid life of Rubens, who saw what was grandest in the visible world, and the retirement of Rembrandt, who dwelt apart with his own imagination, both seem less dangerous to the high artistic faculties than that dull contentment with the commonplace in which neither eye nor imagination has much chance of any splendid spectacle or magnificent activity. Rubens was of the world, worldly; Rembrandt disdained the world and dwelt alone, absorbed in his own thought and production. Rembrandt fell into poverty, and the change made surprisingly little difference in the essentials of his way of living; but poverty would have been as fatal

to Rubens as to some splendid merchant-prince, and he grasped at money with a tradesman's sense of its importance.

The position of Rubens in the history of art is so considerable that it may make us lose sight of his true character, which was not primarily that of an artist, but of a man of the world, who supported his style of living by keeping a manufactory of pictures. He was himself the best workman in the shop, and a model of industry when not otherwise engaged ; but he managed his business far more upon commercial than artistic principles. The general system of the establishment was briefly this: He sketched his compositions on a small scale, after which his pupils or workmen painted them on canvas up to a certain point,—that is, until the pictures were very much advanced,—and then Rubens passed over the work with his own hand. There were differences in the amount of work bestowed by the master himself on this or that composition. Many pictures bear his name which have been but slightly touched upon by him, if indeed his hand really worked upon them at all, whereas others are entirely autographic. In the year 1620 he produced a hunting scene, called by the Italian word “Caccia” (chase) in the Rubens correspondence, and Tobie Matthew wrote of it: “Rubens confesseth in confidence y<sup>t</sup> this is not all of his owne doing, and I have thanked him for this confession, for a man who hath but half an eye may easily discerne it ; but he protests that he hath touched it over all, in all y<sup>e</sup> partes of it. I must confess a truth to y<sup>r</sup> Lo: (though I know he will be angry at it, if he knows it), y<sup>t</sup> it scarce doth looke like a thinge y<sup>t</sup> is finished, and y<sup>e</sup> colorito of it doth little please me.” The opinion of Lord Danvers about this picture was still more decided: “But now for Ruben: in every paynter's opinion he hath sent hether *a pecce scarce touched by his own hand*, and the postures so forced as the Prince will not admitt the picture into his galerye. I could wishe, thearfore, that the famus man would doe soum on thinge to register or redeem his reputation in this howse.” This is the inconvenience of commercial production. If the picture is not liked, the buyer, when he knows that the painter avails himself of the industry of inferior workmen, immediately concludes that such workmen have done the whole of it. Rubens replied, with regard to the Caccia painting, as follows: “If the picture had been painted entirely by my own hand, it would be well worth twice as much. It has not been gone over lightly by me, but touched and retouched everywhere alike by my own hand.” Waagen observes that “without the co-



operation of his pupils it would have been impossible for him to finish his large altar-pieces in the incredibly short space of time required. Thus he painted the celebrated altar-piece for the church of St. Roch, in Alost, in eight days, representing that saint healing the sick of the plague. On such occasions it was often arranged that for every day employed upon a picture he should receive a hundred florins." The series of twenty-one large pictures illustrating the life of Marie de Medicis, intended for the grand gallery of the Luxembourg, and now in the Louvre, occupied less than two years in the designing and execution, though they are twenty-one in number, and crowded with figures and details of costume, architecture, &c. Nineteen of these pictures were executed in the painter's own studios at Antwerp, and the two largest in Paris on his return to that city. The wonder of this is considerably increased, when we learn that the master did not confine his attention to these pictures while they were in progress, but occupied himself with other works at the same time, like a man in the possession of leisure. His productiveness was such that, with the aid of his pupils and workmen, he enriched the world with fifteen hundred pictures, all of which, though not equally satisfactory in execution, bear the stamp of a master mind. Not only his love of money, but his extreme fertility of invention, urged him to do much and quickly. He liked to realize his ideas while they were fresh in his mind, and he had so many ideas to realize that there was an unfailing succession of them.

He was an excellent man of business, who did not keep his customers waiting long; and on his part he expected to be paid the price he asked, and was very obstinate about prices. "I did with all discretion I had deale with him about y<sup>e</sup> price," writes Tobie Matthew to Sir Dudley Carleton; "but his demands are like y<sup>e</sup> lawes of Medes and Persians w<sup>ch</sup> may not be altered." Rubens calculated the value of his productions according to a settled mercantile tariff, his own time (as we have seen) being reckoned at a hundred florins a day. This has been said to amount to about ten pounds sterling; but if the difference in the value of money were taken into account it would no doubt be found to represent a far larger sum, though it is difficult to say precisely how much. Besides these personal daily wages, the master had his gains as an employer of labor, like any other manufacturer. All the important concerns of his life were regulated with the same strict regard to worldly

prudence. Like Rembrandt, he was a collector of works of art; but (unlike Rembrandt) he managed to make his collecting profitable, first to himself, and afterwards to his heirs. His first collection was sold by himself to the Duke of Buckingham for £10,000, and his second collection, dispersed after his death, brought a very much larger sum.<sup>1</sup> According to Walpole, Rubens realized 900 per cent profit by the sale of his first collection, and the second was an excellent investment for his family.

I have begun by directing the reader's attention to the commercial side of the character of Rubens, because, without considering this we should be liable to misunderstand his art. Our modern ideal of the noblest artist-life is far removed from the practical life of Rubens, and is certainly in some respects very much more elevated, though the results we have to show are seldom so magnificent as his. An artist, in our view, ought to be so devoted to the perfection of his work as to accept no inferior assistance; and he ought not, we think, to refuse any quantity of personal toil and thought which may possibly improve the quality of his production. The ideal modern artist gives his best and utmost endeavor to make each of his works as good as he possibly can, without reference to the price; he simply does well for the sake of doing well, and then gets whatever price the state of the market allows him. Rubens turned works out from his picture factory which were confessedly of very different qualities, and priced accordingly. This being so, it is a misapplication of labor to criticise Rubens as you would criticise a modern. In the first place, is it really a Rubens that you are criticising, or a piece of journeymen's work touched up by him? Again, if a real Rubens, is it a picture in which he chose to put forth his full strength; or is it merely one of those numerous compositions which he threw off in the exuberance of his inexhaustible invention?

It is remarkable, that, while Rubens was a painter of exceptionally extensive literary acquirement, his pictorial works should manifest so little profundity of thought. The explanation may be that

<sup>1</sup> "The number and value of these works of art are strikingly illustrative of the character and position of the man. They equally show his attachment to his profession and the extent of his pecuniary resources. They are said to have produced the sum of £25,000." This quotation is from Mr. Noël Sainsbury's "Papers relating to Rubens" (p. 235); but M. Alphonse Wauters (Archivist of the city of Brussels, and Member of the Royal Academy of Belgium) said in an article in "L'Art" for September, 1877, that the second collection formed by Rubens brought one million ten thousand florins, which would be about £101,000. This is probably the total result of a general sale, and so M. Gachet puts it; but there were reservations, — for example, his own drawings were reserved.



he acquired and used languages more for social than intellectual purposes; and yet we are told that while he painted he had a reader to read to him, and that the books chosen were classics of high character. There cannot be any real contradiction in the nature of a man, for it is sure in every case to possess a real if not an apparent unity; but certainly no ordinary student of human nature would ever have imagined a human being with the learning of Rubens employing most of his great practical energy in such productions as his.<sup>1</sup>

As the practical art-work of Rubens always tended directly to the accumulation of wealth, so his learning was all of immediate use for his advancement in the world. Even his Latin served him in this way; for Latin was not, in his time, nearly so much of a dead language as it is now, and besides its utility as a means of communication with the learned, it gained for Rubens a degree of consideration in cultivated society which all his genius could not have obtained for him without it. When he was in the service of Duke Vincenzo, quite early in life, it is narrated that the Duke found him at work on a picture from Virgil, and on quoting the poet was much surprised to find that the painter was not only familiar with the original poem, but could converse in what was accepted for elegant Latin in those days.<sup>2</sup> Again, Rubens was not only an artist, but an archæologist; and for this pursuit, which brought him into fellowship with many distinguished men who took an interest in the same study, his knowledge of Latin was a positive necessity. His reader would select for his entertainment such classic authors as Livy, Cicero, and Seneca, which may be taken as evidence that the painter's erudition must have been a robust reality, and not a mere gentlemanlike affectation. Few men in our own days could follow those authors by the ear while engaged in another occupation. The knowledge of modern languages possessed by Rubens was at least equally substantial and practical. M. Wauters says that he possessed seven languages, and includes English in the list; but it is probable that the painter's acquaintance with our language was

<sup>1</sup> I know that his pictures abound in the classical allusions so common at the time of the Renaissance, but they are not intellectual art.

<sup>2</sup> I have expressed this with some reserve, because I believe that in all cases where Latin has been brought into familiar use as a modern language it has lost the pure classic forms. We know what Latin Rubens habitually wrote, for we have some of his Latin letters, and it is not probable that he spoke more elegantly; but it appears certain that his knowledge of the language was of the kind then accepted by the learned.

limited, as he only visited England once, and employed other languages in his correspondence with his English acquaintances and customers.<sup>1</sup> The other modern languages on the list given by M. Wauters are Flemish, Italian, French, Spanish, and German, all of which Rubens could use; but Italian and Flemish were his favorites. I need hardly observe that from the business point of view these acquirements were of the utmost value to Rubens, whose art-commerce was carried on in several different nations, and who was his own commercial traveller and clerk. At the same time, his powers as a linguist were a great help to his social position in different countries. They were expressly recognized by the King of Spain in the letters-patent by which he conferred nobility upon the artist, "in consideration of the great celebrity which he had acquired in the art of painting, of his knowledge of history *and languages*, and his other fine qualities." Without his remarkable knowledge of languages, it is more than probable that he would not have been employed upon those diplomatic missions which afforded him such excellent opportunities for pushing himself in the world, with increase of rank and wealth. When the degree of M. A. was conferred upon him at Cambridge, in September, 1629, his varied scholarship justified the distinction in a University where letters have always been preferred to the fine arts. It is not easy for a modern critic to judge quite accurately of the precise degree of skill attained by Rubens in foreign tongues, because at the time when he used them their orthography and construction were not settled as they are now; but it is abundantly evident that he had at least attained an almost perfect sympathy with the *genius* of the languages which he used, that he had got well inside them, and had taken possession with a sense of ownership only inferior to that of highly cultivated natives.

Rubens was not the greatest of painters, but he was in the very largest sense one of the most opulent of men. It is possible to be poor and have a great heap of gold, — true poverty consisting in whatever debars us from the enjoyment of the world; while on the other hand true riches (with reference to worldly things) consists in whatever opens the world for us and places it at our disposal. In this sense, it is evident that the life of Rubens was more opulent than

<sup>1</sup> This single visit to England extended over about nine months, from the latter part of May, 1629, to the latter part of February, 1630. He would have been then above fifty-two years old, — a time of life when a language is not easily acquired.



that of the wealthiest merchant in Flanders. He had money enough to live splendidly ; but his money, though essential, was only one of many keys that opened the world for him. Nature had given him that best of passports, — an agreeable person, which culture had adorned with all the graces of a gentleman. His body was active and well-proportioned, his stature above the middle height, his features “regular and finely formed,” his complexion “clear and ruddy, contrasted by curling hair of an auburn color.” We are told that “his carriage was easy and noble, his introduction and manners exceedingly graceful and attractive, his conversation facile and engaging ; and when animated in discourse, his eloquence, delivered with full and clear intonation of voice, was at all times powerful and persuasive.” His courtesy was not reserved for his relations with the rich and powerful ; he dealt pleasantly and kindly with his inferiors, and was accessible to every one. “His doors were open at all hours,” says Dr. Waagen, “even when he was at work, to every artist desirous of profiting by his aid or advice ; and although he seldom paid visits, yet he was ever ready to inspect the works of any artist who wished it. . . . It seemed to afford him real pleasure to acknowledge the merits of a brother artist, and to set them forth on every opportunity. Upon being told that Van Dyck, after his return from Italy, complained that the profits of his works were not sufficient for his maintenance, he went the very next day to him, and purchased all the pictures which he found completed in his atelier.” He quarrelled with nobody, treated the attacks of the envious with good-humored indifference, and replied to them with quiet wit when he thought it worth while to reply to them at all, but more commonly he answered them with his brush. “The insinuations of the painter Rombouts, who did all in his power to detract from his merits, he refuted by his famous work, the ‘Descent from the Cross,’ in the cathedral of Antwerp. When his enemies had spread the report abroad that he employed Snyders, Van Uden, and Wildens, because he was himself incompetent to paint animals and landscapes, he replied to the imputation by executing with his own hand four landscapes and two lion hunts in such a manner as to silence the most envious. To Abraham Jansens, who challenged him, for a wager, to paint a picture with him, and submit their rival pretensions to the decision of the public, he replied that this was quite unnecessary, as he had long submitted his works to the judgment of the whole world, and he advised him to follow his example.” Dr.

Waagen also mentions the detractions of Cornelius Schut, which Rubens requited by a friendly visit to his studio, where he purchased some pictures; and as Schut had, in past times, been a pupil of his, Rubens offered to push him in his profession.

These and similar anecdotes show how admirably Rubens was fitted for living in the world. His constant intercourse with all classes of society, from royalty downwards, kept his mind clear from the narrowness of any single class. His quality of living well with others extended itself to his domestic relations. He was not one of those persons, too often to be met with, who can be at the same time perfectly charming with what is called society, and unendurably disagreeable in their own households. Rubens had a devoted affection for his mother, and though separated from her for eight years by professional engagements in Italy, he set off at once for Antwerp on hearing of her dangerous illness. Finding that she had died before his arrival, Rubens fell into such deep grief that he passed four months in the abbey of St. Michael, where she lay buried, living there in the deepest seclusion. He loved and valued his first wife, and praised her even sweetness of temper, saying that she was "an excellent companion, who might be loved out of pure reason, for she had none of the failings of her sex." Rubens was also a good father, who thought affectionately of his children when away from them, and provided carefully for their education and future establishment in life. In a word, it would be difficult to find among celebrated men an example of one in whom the social qualities were more perfectly developed or more regular and unfailing in their activity. He had also great negative merits, which are often quite as important as positive ones. Though he lived much among the temptations of courts, and had all that prestige of celebrity which dazzles the eyes of women, there is no record of any scandalous connection in which his name is implicated.

In many respects the private life of Rubens might be taken as a model. His habits were regular and good; he rose early, in summer at four o'clock, and, after hearing mass, set to work immediately at his painting. As we have already seen, he took care of his intellectual culture by employing the services of a reader. Though he lived in an age and country addicted to the pleasures of the table, Rubens limited himself strictly in eating and drinking, that he might keep his faculties in all their clearness. He rode out on horseback every day, generally towards evening, and received his friends at



supper, at which meal he continued to observe his golden rule of moderation. His natural prudence had, in some respects, anticipated the teachings of modern physiology. For example, physicians tell us that we ought, whenever possible, to allow the brain some rest or recreation for a short time before a repast as well as after it; and we learn that Rubens always devoted the hour preceding dinner to recreation, either by letting his thoughts wander freely, or by looking at his collection of pictures and antiquities. The wonder is, how a man who attended to so many things outside of practical art could find the time for painting; but the secret is in his early rising, which enabled him to do something effectual every morning, whatever interruptions might occur in the course of the day. The only characteristic in the daily life of Rubens which we cannot all imitate without imprudence is the splendor of his style of living, which was that of a rich gentleman; but we ought to remember that, if he lived with some state and style, his expenses were always perfectly within his means. Even his ostentation was regulated by the steadiest prudence.

This magnificent specimen of humanity had been well aided and developed on all sides by education, and instead of stupidly rebelling against his educators, in the narrow temper of a specialist, he had from the first availed himself of all the teaching he received with the ready cheerfulness of a wide and open intelligence. His father was a well-educated man, who, after a training at the universities of Louvain and Padua, went to complete his studies at the Roman university, where he took the degree of doctor in civil and canonical law. It used to be believed that Rubens was born at Cologne, but it is now considered almost certain that his real birthplace was at Siegen in Westphalia. Like most children, whose earliest years are passed away from the country of their fathers, he acquired from the first a sort of cosmopolitanism, and the perception that there were different languages in the world. The early youth of many painters has been without any glimpse of polite society, but Rubens was placed by his mother as a page in the family of a noble lady of Antwerp, — the widow of the Count de Lalain, — and there he would acquire something of that social ease which was so useful to him in after life. This early acquaintance with high life may also have implanted ineradicable first impressions in the boy's mind, and laid the foundation of those aristocratic tastes and habits which ever afterwards distinguished him, and made him quite as decidedly the

fine gentleman as the illustrious artist. His classical studies were begun at the Jesuits' college in Cologne; and however well justified may be the popular hatred of Jesuits, there cannot be a doubt that they have always taught the Latin language with a thoroughness equalled by no other body of instructors in the world. It was to the training received from them that Rubens owed the familiarity with Latin which remained to him through life. His technical education as a painter was begun by Tobias van Haeght, a landscape painter, and continued by Adam van Noort, with whom he studied four years; after which, instead of considering his technical education finished, as most moderns would after a like apprenticeship, he went into the studio of Otto Venius for three years more. Otto Venius, or Otho van Veen, was exactly the kind of master to suit the many-sided nature of Rubens. He was aristocratic by birth and habits, and a learned man by education; besides which, though not a painter of any powerful originality, he thoroughly understood the technical craft of painting, and would no doubt, as an educated gentleman, be well able to explain it to his pupil.<sup>1</sup> Van Veen's classical scholarship was likely to increase in his pupil what may be called the Renaissance tendencies of his mind. The distance from Van Eyck to Rubens is not merely chronological. In the interval between them the great spirit of the Renaissance had dawned like a new Aurora upon the northern mind,—a spirit which has excited the bitter hostility of the modern mediævalists, but which brought more of intellectual light and culture into the communities of Europe than they could ever by any possibility have derived from the learning of the Middle Ages. Van Veen had the learning of the Renaissance, with some of its more shallow and vain conceits; but he had himself studied at Rome in his youth, and encouraged Rubens in his desire to visit Italy. Van Veen's official position, as painter to the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella, afforded him easy access to their court; so he begged their protection for his pupil, which he obtained, with letters of recommendation, and Rubens went to

<sup>1</sup> The greatest evil in modern art education has, until quite recently, been the indolence or incapacity of masters with regard to verbal communication. The technical qualities of painting are perfectly explicable in words, especially with all the facilities afforded by a studio where the actual materials of the art are always at hand to help an explanation; and yet, in spite of these facilities, the pupils are too often left to find every thing out by their own wits. "Abroad they don't tell you," says Mr. William Hunt, in his excellent "Talks about Art,"—"they neither show you nor tell you. Couture would say, 'That's horrid! If you can't do better than that, you'd better stop!'"



Venice where he studied, and even copied, the great Venetian masters.

Rubens was not one of those men who can live for years in a foreign country and remain in perfect ignorance of its language. Living in Italy, he learned Italian as a matter of course; and that not merely for colloquial purposes, but with the thoroughness of a scholar. He spent eight years in Italy, and so identified himself with the language that it belonged to him through life in quite a special sense, and to the day of his death he signed his name in the Italian form, — Pietro Paolo Rubens. His first journey to Spain was made from Italy in 1605, he being then twenty-eight years old, on a mission from the Duke of Mantua to Philip III. It is not known that he studied Spanish before this mission, but the connection of the Netherlands with Spain makes it very probable that so highly educated a young gentleman would already have familiarized himself with the language, at least to some extent, and that this may have been one of the reasons why the Duke of Mantua sent him to the court of Madrid. However this may be, it is certain that Spanish became one of the many instruments which the painter had at his disposal for his advancement in the world.

It will be seen from the foregoing outline of his education that Rubens was thrown, by his birth and circumstances, into the very broadest intellectual currents which were running in Europe at his time. Surrounded by men of learning from his infancy, introduced very early in life into the most elegant society, accustomed to hear and to read several different languages, and gifted by nature with a very strong faculty for acquiring them, he was soon emancipated from that narrowness of national feeling which, though often dignified by the title of patriotism, is really nothing but provincialism on rather a larger scale. Surely, if ever man received a liberal and liberalizing education, it was this brilliant and accomplished gentleman.<sup>1</sup>

There are, then, three distinct characters in Rubens, each of them in remarkable strength and perfection. He was at the same time a

<sup>1</sup> The "Academy" (April 19, 1879) says that "the Oxford B.A. degree necessarily implies a knowledge of Greek, and without that knowledge there can be no liberal education." This doctrine appears very narrow, very like the mere trade-prejudice of some school-master. Surely the education of Rubens was liberal in a very large sense, and Rubens was ignorant of Greek. Without at all undervaluing Greek scholarship, which, *when real*, is a splendid intellectual possession, we may still maintain that it is not indispensable, — that a man may be highly cultivated without it.

perfect gentleman, a most acute man of business, and a powerful and productive artist. These characters were blended in him so perfectly, that his nature was serene and harmonious beyond the common serenity of mortals. Nothing is more remarkable in his letters than the uniform self-possession of the writer, and his quiet satisfaction with his own talents and the results of his own labors. His self-confidence is prodigious. "Every one according to his gifts," he writes to W. Trumbull. "My endowments are of such a nature that I have never wanted courage to undertake any design, however vast in size or diversified in subject."<sup>1</sup>

It appears from this that Rubens had no conception of any limitations to his genius, that he considered himself equal to any thing; yet there *were* limitations, and the mental as well as the technical qualities of his art were more showy than profound. The superficial criticism of his time, the criticism of princes and courtiers, seems to have accepted him without any other reserve than a dislike to paying for the work of craftsmen and pupils when they wanted the work of the master; but in our own time the most intelligent men see more clearly the distinction between surface and depth,—which is that between Rubens and Rembrandt. A Frenchman who is much better known in politics than in art, yet who is himself a great artist in eloquence, and who understands painting by that sympathy which often makes painters excellent judges of music,—I mean M. Gambetta,—happened to be at Amsterdam with my friend Léopold Flameng, and when they stood together before the famous "Night Watch" of Rembrandt, Gambetta said:—

"There are three men of genius who go hand in hand, and are brothers. These are Shakspeare, Rembrandt, and Beethoven. As for Rubens, he is skin-deep; he never reaches the heart. All the riches of his palette exhibit themselves on his canvases like flowers in a garden; he can dazzle and charm the eye; he can intoxicate the senses, but without giving any sweet or passionate emotion, such as that which comes from a deep experience."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The reader may like to see the original of this remarkable passage. Here it is:—

"Je confesse d'estre, par un instinct naturel, plus propre à faire des ouvrages bien grandes que des petites curiositéz. *Chacun a sa grace; mon talent est tel, que jamais entreprise encore quelle fust desmesurée en quantité et diversité de suggets a surmonté mon courage.*"

*Talent*, in French, implies more than a natural gift; it means a natural gift made fully available by training.

<sup>2</sup> The original French is better:—

"Il y a trois génies qui se tiennent la main; ils sont frères, — Shakspeare, Rembrandt, et Beethoven. Rubens est à fleur de peau, ne frappe jamais au cœur, toutes les richesses de sa palette s'étalent en ses toiles comme les fleurs en notre jardin, il éblouit, charme les



All men and women who have deep feeling of their own find Rubens unsatisfactory from the want of it. Byron could not endure him ; but I will not quote Byron, because (unlike M. Gambetta) he was unable to appreciate painting of any kind whatever. Thackeray thought him swaggering and showy ; poor Charlotte Brontë's delicate temperament rebelled against his tremendous animalism.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ruskin calls him "a healthy, worthy, kind-hearted, courtly-phrased Animal, without any clearly perceptible traces of a soul, except when he paints his children. Few descriptions of pictures could be more ludicrous in their pure animalism than those which he gives of his own."

It is evident that Rubens cannot stand any thing so exacting as modern spiritual criticism, which looks for I know not what mystic idealism in every work of art, and is offended with every painter who is not a combination of saint and poet. Rubens was but little of a poet ; and though he respected the decencies of life, and was a good Roman Catholic who went to mass every morning and lived soberly, he was not a saint either, but exceedingly earthly in all his ways of looking at people and things, notwithstanding the gods and goddesses in his pictures. So strong in him is this characteristic of worldliness, that I have sometimes thought Emerson might have put him among "Representative Men" as the man of the world, instead of the Emperor Napoleon ; for Napoleon did not sacrifice his art, which was warfare, in any degree whatever to worldly success ; whereas Rubens really did in some measure sacrifice the excellence of his work to his commerce, by employing inferior hands. See how completely Rubens answers to Emerson's description of the qualities and aims of the middle class. He says of the middle-class spirit or tendency : "That tendency is material, pointing at a sensual success, and employing the richest and most various means to that end ; conversant with mechanical powers, highly intellectual, widely and accurately learned and skilful, but subordinating all intellectual and

*yeux ; il enivre sans vous donner les douces émotions des choses vécues, passionnées, ressenties."*

This quotation is given, by permission, from a letter.

<sup>1</sup> The reader may remember the description of the "Cleopatra" in "Villette" (chap. xix.) : "I calculated that this lady, put into a scale of magnitude suitable for the reception of a commodity of bulk, would infallibly turn from fourteen to sixteen stone. She was, indeed, extremely well fed : very much butcher's meat — to say nothing of bread, vegetables, and liquids — must she have consumed to attain that breadth and height, that wealth of muscle, that affluence of flesh."

spiritual forces into means to a material success." Again, Emerson goes on to describe those tastes of the common man which the clever middle-class man finds means to gratify: "He finds him [Napoleon] like himself, — by birth a citizen, who, by very intelligible merits, arrived at such a commanding position that he could indulge in all those tastes which the common man possesses, but is obliged to conceal and deny: good society, good books, fast travelling, dress, dinners, servants without number, personal weight, the execution of his ideas, the standing in the attitude of a benefactor to all persons about him, the refined enjoyments of pictures, statues, music, palaces, and conventional honors, — precisely what is agreeable to the heart of every man in the nineteenth century, this powerful man possessed." All these things Rubens got for himself in full sufficiency;<sup>1</sup> and what was more, he had the middle-class prudence to keep them, whereas Napoleon flung them away, a sacrifice to his passion for the art of war. Beyond a certain limit the mere scale of the success matters very little, the steady enjoyment of it is of more importance; and it seems to me, all things duly considered, that Rubens was about the most successful man of the world of whom we have authentic record. We have cotton manufacturers in Lancashire who have amassed more considerable fortunes, but they have not those opportunities of seeing the world in which the life of Rubens was so rich; which he enjoyed and by which he profited to the utmost. Then again we have travellers and diplomatists who see the world, but who have not the intense satisfaction of pursuing a favorite art with the most striking and brilliant success. Or we have here and there a painter who follows his art successfully, but has little else in life to gratify him. The existence of Turner, for example, outside of his art was no better than a miserable failure. Surrounded by society which he was too bearish to enjoy, and burdened with wealth which he was too uneducated to use, he passed through life without tasting its full pleasantness. I should say that Rubens presents an almost unexampled instance of the best worldly success, not merely because he had the means of gratifying fine tastes, but because he had fine tastes to gratify. In the matter of art, excellent tradesman as he was, he did not think of pictures simply as a salable commodity; he not only sold them but bought them, not only produced work of his own but enjoyed and appreci-

<sup>1</sup> He had not "servants without number," but he had a sufficient establishment of servants for the needs of a man of rank.



ated the work of others. Again, his enjoyment of art was broader even than his practice ; he could take delight in many forms of art, — in architecture, sculpture, engraving. In architecture, being a child of the Renaissance, he greatly preferred classic to Gothic forms ; indeed, he considered Gothic to be simply barbarous, and pleased himself with the belief that it was dying out. This, however, need not greatly surprise us. It is most difficult to have a passionate liking for any form of art without feeling at the same time a strong aversion for its opposite. Only see with what bitter, unmitigated scorn Mr. Ruskin, who is a partisan of Gothic, has always treated the Renaissance, in the “*Stones of Venice*” and elsewhere ! Well, Rubens was a child of the Renaissance, and so he hated Gothic. “*The taste for barbarous and Gothic architecture,*” he wrote, “*diminishes daily in this country, and seems to be drawing near its end, while architecture of a just proportion in conformity with the rules of the ancient Greeks and Romans is prevailing more and more, to the honor and embellishment of our country, as may be seen by the churches newly erected by the venerable Society of Jesus in the towns of Antwerp and Brussels.*” This dislike to Gothic is far preferable to the indifference of simple ignorance, — it is the result of classical culture ; and even at the present day, when Gothic has been so splendidly extolled by highly imaginative modern writers, there are still among us some architects who, after a thorough study of the subject, have come precisely to the conclusions of Rubens. His preferences in architecture, as in most things, were opinions founded upon hard work. When a young man, he gave himself infinite trouble at Genoa to draw churches and palaces there, making a hundred and thirty-nine elaborate designs of plans, sections, and elevations, which were afterwards engraved and published at Antwerp.<sup>1</sup> After these studies, Rubens was more competent to design his own house than most amateurs who have made that dangerous experiment. This was his town-house in Antwerp, for which he chose, of course, the Italian style, which had become his own architectural language.<sup>2</sup> His museum of works of art and antiquities was a rotunda between the court and the garden. This rotunda was

<sup>1</sup> Under the title “*Palazzi antichi di Genova, raccolti e designati da Pietro Paolo Rubens,*” 1 vol. in folio, 1622.

<sup>2</sup> The house still exists at Antwerp, and is now divided into two, numbers seven and nine Rubens Street. “*Il orna sa demeure,*” says M. Wauters, “*d’une vaste galerie ou l’architecture romaine étalait ses formes imposantes et qui s’ouvrait sur un jardin planté d’arbres et de plantes de toute espèce.*”

lighted from a cupola above. The front of the house is said to have been painted in fresco by Rubens himself, which is quite an Italian idea. The house had a splendid staircase, and besides the works of art in the museum there were others in the different rooms.

Besides this splendid town residence, Rubens possessed, in later life, a country-house, the château of Steen, between Vilvorde and Malines, in his time a very retired situation. He complains, in a letter, that as this house is at a distance from the high road it is very difficult for him to get his letters and answer them, postal communication not being very well organized in those days. It is interesting to know that, when at Steen, Rubens sketched landscapes in the surrounding country. Steen was a large house, with battlements and towers, and a very varied and picturesque outline. It was on an island, surrounded by a broad moat, and adorned with a few trees. The country immediately surrounding it, though flat, was sufficiently well wooded, and a fine avenue of trees led to the bridge which crossed the moat. A little stream, which was crossed by a foot-bridge, supplied the moat with water. In short, the place became the pretensions of Rubens; but he did not purchase it in the days of his health and activity, he bought it as a place of retreat from the world when afflicted by the enemy which finally conquered him, — the gout. The price which Rubens paid for Steen was 93,000 "florins carolus," but this represents only a part of the money he ultimately spent there, in the purchase of surrounding properties which he is said to have annexed extensively. When we reflect that he had lived splendidly from his early manhood; that he had built a magnificent town-house and filled it with works of art; that he had met all the expenses of a family, and was still able, in the autumn of life, to make large investments in land, — we must admit that his was a life of success even according to the ideas of our modern middle-class.<sup>1</sup> What Sir Walter Scott sacrificed health and peace in attempting to become, Rubens became without paying any heavier price for it than that of steady industry, which was only a satisfaction the more to a mind so well-disciplined as his. The closing years of his life were embittered by physical pain; but the gout, which caused it, was unaccompanied by any mental bitterness, for he had not to reproach himself with any past intemperance. His nephew, Philip Rubens, has told us how much he disliked the sottish habits of his time and country: "He never amused himself in company where drinking

<sup>1</sup> His purchases about Steen included a small lordship called Attevoorde.



and gambling went on, having always a great aversion for it; but he took his recreation in riding some beautiful Spanish horse, or in reading some interesting book, or in examining his medals and admiring the precious gems and agates which he possessed in abundance." Rubens was so much himself, mentally, until the last, that he retained both his old cheerfulness and his habitual love of money. In April, 1640, a month before he died, he wrote a pleasant letter to Sir B. Gerbier, giving an account of the picture of "St. Laurens in Escorial," with a lively description of his ascent of the mountain called the "Sierra de St. Juan in Malagon," made in days before the gout had put a stop to his activity. The Abbé de Scaglia went to see Rubens the very month he died, and had some talk with him about a set of pictures for Charles I., on which occasion the great painter was as firm and decided about pecuniary details as he had ever been, asking twice as much for the intended work as Jordaens asked, and holding out for the last farthing. He had always expected to be paid well, and quickly too, very soon complaining if there was any negligence or delay; and the easier his circumstances became, the more closely he seems to have attended to matters of business.<sup>1</sup>

Here, for the present, this talk about Rubens must come to a close; but I hope, on a future occasion, to examine some points in his career more thoroughly, especially in what concerns his theory and practice as an artist.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

<sup>1</sup> This is only one of many instances which prove the absurdity of the very prevalent prejudice that artistic talent is not compatible with pecuniary prudence. How many famous artists have bequeathed considerable fortunes, and how many artists of less renown have managed their affairs as prudently as was possible in their circumstances!

## ALBERT GALLATIN.<sup>1</sup>

PRIOR to the year 1860, four men, and only four, had acquired as Secretaries of the Treasury a great reputation. Not one of these four was a native of the country whose finances he administered. Robert Morris was an Englishman; Alexander Hamilton, born in the West Indies, was half Scotch and half French; Albert Gallatin was a Swiss; and Alexander Dallas, a Scotchman. The first and the last owe their fame to the circumstances in which they were placed as much as to their own talents. Both Morris and Dallas were ministers of finance when the country was plunged in war and bankruptcy, and it was more by their patriotism, boldness, energy, and resource in desperate times than by purely financial ability that they gained deserved reputation and conspicuous places in our history. Hamilton and Gallatin, on the other hand, were not only great financiers, but they achieved high distinction in other fields, played a leading part in the administrations with which they were connected, and each for twelve years exercised a controlling influence upon his party, and made himself felt in every branch of national policy and in every department of the Government.

The life of Hamilton has been written and rewritten. Friends and foes have united to lay bare every word and every action of his career, and to subject the whole to the most minute criticism and discussion. He is one of the best known as he is one of the greatest figures of American history. His was the suggesting if not the directing mind at the foundation of the government, and he has left an indelible impress upon all our methods of administration. But Hamilton is fortunate in other ways. He stands forth before posterity as the embodiment of a great principle, as the representative of one of the two fundamental theories which fought for dominion in the American system of government.

With his great rival in the Treasury the case has been widely different. It is no exaggeration to say that, before the appearance of

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<sup>1</sup> The Life of Albert Gallatin, by Henry Adams, vol. i. The writings of Albert Gallatin, edited by Henry Adams, vols. ii., iii., iv. Philadelphia, T. B. Lippincott & Co., 1879.



Mr. Adams's volumes, Albert Gallatin was hardly more than a name to the present generation. Yet, with the exception of Hamilton, there has never been a member of any cabinet who as such did so much and exercised so much power as Albert Gallatin. To have his *Life and Letters*, the former well written and the latter carefully edited, is to have a great addition to our historical literature. Mr. Adams has confined himself strictly to the career of his hero; but the life of Gallatin from 1801 to 1815 is the cabinet history of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. This period is still but little known except from the Federalist stand-point, and the history of an opposition is never very conclusive as to that of the Government. There is no life of Mr. Madison covering these years, and of all the many lives of Jefferson there is not one which approaches the subject in a manner at once unprejudiced and thorough. Gallatin was the only other important member of their administrations, and his biography now throws a flood of light from the Democratic side over the history of the United States during the first fifteen years of the century.

Mr. Adams shows himself to be peculiarly fitted for his task. Patient investigation is everywhere apparent, and is supplemented by a firm historical grasp, and by vigor and originality of thought and opinion. The most conspicuous quality however is the author's marked impartiality. We do not agree with all Mr. Adams's conclusions, but no one can question the fairness of the process by which they have been reached. The cool, judicial tone of the book, free alike from excessive laudation or excessive censure, is very refreshing to the reader of American biography, and renders both praise and blame, when they are meted out, very effective.

It would be difficult to find a better subject politically, but from the dramatic side it is not equally strong. Gallatin's career would seem to contradict this last assertion, but it is unquestionably correct. The explanation is easily found in the character of the man. Gallatin was a great man and a strong character, but he was neither picturesque nor dramatic, and is never amusing. This does not affect the importance of the biography as a contribution to history, but it is a misfortune to author, hero, and reader. It tends inevitably to make the narrative too uniformly sober, — a defect which Mr. Adams does not always overcome.

The Gallatin genealogy carries us back to the Middle Ages, whence it descends unbroken to Mr. Jefferson's secretary. The Gallatins were an old and noble family. Settlement in Geneva deprived them

of showy titles, but did not impair their purity of blood or high social position. For nearly two centuries they had the lion's share of the offices and the power in the little republic of Calvin. In every position they seem to have shown faithful industry as well as a large measure of all the civic virtues. But great as their share was, Geneva offered opportunities of advancement to but a small part of the Gallatins, who were always more numerous than wealthy. With the national spirit of adventure they sought their fortune in other lands and under foreign princes. A Gallatin shed his blood or gave his life in almost every important battle during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and they also obtained renown in civil as well as in military employments. We find them in the middle of the eighteenth century the same republican nobles that they had been for two hundred years. They then numbered among their friends such diverse persons as Voltaire and the Landgrave of Hesse, and letters from the literary potentate and the petty German prince adorn the opening pages of Mr. Adams's memoir. Sprung from such a family, an orphan at an early age, with the prospect of a fair patrimony and surrounded by steadfast and influential friends, Albert Gallatin was one of the last men to whom emigration would seem to have been attractive or even possible. Yet before he was twenty he went forth from the city of his ancestors, leaving behind him position, career, and fortune, in order to tempt fate in the New World. Despite his subsequent success, Gallatin always regarded this early abandonment of home as unwise, and late in life affirmed that he never advised but one man — his faithful friend Badollet, who joined him in America — to emigrate. There is no adequate explanation of this important step. It was probably due to a variety of immature motives and opinions, for Gallatin's home was happy, and his relatives although disapproving of his departure never treated him with any thing but kindness. Love of adventure and political idealism imbibed from the writings of Rousseau are probably the most definite reasons which can now be assigned. But, however this may be, in 1780 he left his native city for the United States, and did not return to Europe until he came full of honors to conclude a peace between the country of his adoption and Great Britain.

He carried with him to America a fair education and a little money, and his first experiences were enough to have disheartened any man who did not possess in a high degree courage, endurance, and fortitude. He first tried his fortune in New England, but all his attempts



came to nothing. He failed in trade ; he passed an aimless and hard winter in the wilds of Maine ; and he strove to earn a living as a teacher of French in Harvard College. But the New England atmosphere was unfavorable to a poor and young adventurer, and especially so to one of French origin. So Gallatin drifted away from the compact, rigid, and rather repellent civilization of New England into the backwoods of Pennsylvania and Virginia. In a new country there seemed more chances for a new man ; and Gallatin engaged in land speculations, married, and began to think that life looked more promising. But his wife died after a few months of wedlock, and he was left with his misery in his rude and lonely home. He had already come forward in local politics, thanks to a training and education rare enough in the backwoods of America, and the loss of his wife drove him into the one absorbing occupation which seemed open to him. Land speculations and rough frontier farming were desolate enough at best, and to a man bowed with his first great sorrow they must have seemed intolerable. He took refuge in politics, and his long and eventful public career began.

He came upon the stage of American politics at a decisive moment in the history of the country. The Constitution was before the people, and national existence was trembling in the balance. The feeling in Pennsylvania ran strongly in favor of the new scheme ; but Gallatin, with the vague dislike of energetic government which had driven him to leave Europe still strong upon him, cast in his lot with the minority and helped to draft some proposed amendments to the Constitution. Thus he became an anti-Federalist and one of the founders of the Republican party, to whose service he devoted the best years of his life. Elections followed to the State convention and the State legislature. By sheer force of industry and a clear comprehensive mind, this young Swiss, unable to speak English fluently and a stranger in the land, at once raised himself to the position of a leader in Pennsylvania, and made himself respected and admired by men of all shades of politics. In the State legislature he acquired with marvellous rapidity the same extraordinary influence which he soon afterwards wielded in Congress. There is nothing more striking in his career than the confidence in his ability and capacity which he seems to have impressed at once upon all with whom he had to deal.

But while Gallatin was thus rising to be the foremost Republican in Pennsylvania, that portion of the State which he represented was drawn into a momentous contest with the national government. The

excise laid by Hamilton was the cause of the trouble. Mr. Adams appears to think that this measure was too strong, and that the Government ought not to have endangered its existence by introducing it. Hamilton's theory was simple. The Government needed money. Nothing was so proper for taxation as spirits. If a suitable and necessary tax could not be laid and collected, the sooner the Government went to pieces the better, for it would have failed of its main purpose. Hamilton did not shrink from applying this test of stability at once, and events proved that he was right. Sooner or later the Government must lay an unpopular tax, and its existence depended on its success in doing so. There was nothing which would place the Government on a firm footing so quickly as a display of ability to carry out the laws. Hamilton forced the issue, it must be admitted; but the result justified the attempt, and did more than any thing else for many years to give permanency and vigor to the new scheme and remove the doubts which any sign of weakness would have converted into hostility.

Gallatin came forward at once as a leader in opposition to the excise. He limited his opposition to legal means of resistance, and thus marked out for himself a dangerous and narrow path. He was sure to meet with reproach from all who supported the Government, and the rough population which he led was ready to do any thing except confine themselves to strictly lawful resistance. In the midst of the conflict about the excise, Gallatin was chosen United States Senator from Pennsylvania by the votes of both political parties. A higher compliment to character and ability has seldom been paid to any man in this country. But his new honors were short-lived. Party lines were now drawn very tightly. The stanch Federalists of the Senate regarded with extreme disfavor this young Frenchman, whom they set down as a man of levelling principles and a leader of insurrection against the Government. They took advantage of a technical doubt as to his citizenship, annulled his election, and sent him back to private life with all the prestige of political martyrdom.

Meantime the resistance to the excise was rapidly coming to a crisis. Now was the time for Gallatin to confine that resistance within legal limits. He failed of course. He had sown the wind, and for a few weeks he had the pleasure of reaping the usual harvest. Mr. Adams has made very clear the law-abiding nature of Gallatin's opposition, and there is no more exciting passage in his career than when with splendid courage he faced an armed and excited crowd



of wild frontiers-men at Redstone Old-Fort, and at the risk of his life denounced the cherished plans of his hearers. He failed to prevent insurrection and riot, but he succeeded in breaking their force in time to avoid bloodshed. But he was only just in time. Hamilton and Washington had at last determined to move, and stake the success of their experiment upon the result. When they did act, it was with such energy and vigor that the issue was certain. Hamilton's bold policy prevailed, and the Pennsylvania rebellion faded helplessly away before an overwhelming force. The courage, manliness, and upright intentions of Gallatin in this rather sorry business of the Whiskey revolt have been made perfectly clear by Mr. Adams; but his mistakes at this time come out very distinctly in the biography. When one encourages legal resistance to Government, some account should be taken of the character of the population. This Gallatin either did not do, or else he failed to understand his constituents. When he found what he had let loose he threw himself into opposition, and contributed largely to make the Whiskey rebellion abortive and rather ludicrous instead of extremely tragic as it might well have been. Gallatin has paid the penalty for his mistake, by appearing to posterity as a leader in the first revolt against our national government. Mr. Adams has relieved him from all shadow of wrong intention; yet it is to be feared that the popular conception of Gallatin as the leader and fomentor of rebellion will never be wholly dispelled.

But however much Gallatin may now suffer from his connection with the Western insurrection, it is certain that he profited greatly from it at the moment. He was almost the only Western man who had come out of the troubles with any reputation, and the popular sense of this was soon shown by his election to the House of Representatives.

In this new sphere Gallatin met with the same success which had attended him in the legislature of Pennsylvania. He was pre-eminently endowed with a faculty of seeing things exactly as they were. To this very fine quality of mental strength much of his success in life was due, and it told with great effect as soon as he entered the field of national politics. It has also enabled him to give accounts of himself which are simply wonderful in their exactness. As to his career in Congress, he says:—

“It is certainly a subject of self-gratulation that I should have been allowed to take the lead with such coadjutors as Madison, Giles, Livingston, and Nicholas, and that when deprived of the powerful assistance of the first two, who had both withdrawn in 1798, I was able to contend on equal terms with the host of talents

collected in the Federal party, — Griswold, Bayard, Harper, Goodrich, Otis, Smith, Sitgreaves, Dana, and even J. Marshall. Yet I was destitute of eloquence, and had to surmount the great obstacle of speaking in a foreign language and with a very bad pronunciation. My advantages consisted in laborious investigation, habits of analysis, thorough knowledge of the subjects under discussion, and more extensive general information due to an excellent early education, to which I think I may add quickness of apprehension and a sound judgment."

And we may add unflinching courage, perfect command of temper, great intellectual force, and moderation in speech toward all men. Gallatin at once took the leadership of the Republican party, and retained it during his six years in the House. That he should have wrested it from the other Republican chiefs does not seem to us so striking as it does to Mr. Adams. Madison was a great man, the greatest in Congress when Gallatin entered; but he was not a strong parliamentary leader. The rest of the Republican talent, with the exception of Edward Livingston, was trifling when compared to the force of such a man as Gallatin. His greatest triumphs were won over his adversaries, who were then an able and numerous body. As we now gather here and there Gallatin's veritable opinions, it is not easy to see wherein he differed essentially from the Federalists. In 1793, for example, he speaks of the French revolution as the cause of mankind against tyrants, but led by men greedy of power and not likely to result in good government. Although he supported Monroe and defended his conduct in Paris, Gallatin was very far from sharing the violent French prejudices of his party. At the same period, in regard to Genet, he expresses the hope that all parties will unite against the arrogance of any foreign power and be ready to fight. These were undoubtedly the views of the bulk of the Federalist party at that time. It was the same in regard to other vital principles. Gallatin was in the opposition because he dreaded strong government and thought the Federalists leaned too much in that direction, and not at all from any radical differences such as divided Jefferson from Washington and Hamilton. "Though not quite as orthodox as my Virginia friends," he says, "(witness the United States bank and internal improvements) I was opposed to any usurpation of powers by the general government." By the very fact of birth, Gallatin could not be any thing but a nationalist. He and Hamilton stood on the same ground, their opinions differing only in degree. Neither ever thought, as their contemporaries all did, what Virginia or Massachusetts or New York would say or do, but simply what the general policy ought



to be. Gallatin was divided from the members of his party by the impassable barrier of State-rights as well as by their impracticable opposition to all the necessary machinery of successful government of which the Federalists were the champions. In a man so constituted mentally, and perfectly fearless morally, the Federalists found an adversary differing little in reality from one of themselves and a foeman worthy of their steel. As a rule they had been used to make short work of Mr. Jefferson's followers in debate, but the appearance of Gallatin made a decided change.

His first act as a member of Congress was to assume the vacant position of financier to the opposition, whence he preached forcibly and clearly his cardinal doctrines of economy and simplicity. The only point of real difference in this matter between him and his opponents, as he himself says, was connected with French hostilities and the policy of establishing a navy. But Gallatin did great and effective service in modifying and improving the financial schemes of the Government, and incidentally built up his own financial reputation. Space forbids that we should follow him through his congressional career. In every important question it was Gallatin who made the great speech of the opposition, and bore the brunt of the enemy's attacks. He was not eloquent, but he was eminently forcible and effective. Every quality, however, sinks into insignificance beside his perfect command of temper. In a bitterly personal age and in the most heated personal debates he never indulged in personalities. The Federalist party had many virtues, but gentle forbearance toward opponents was not among them. Gallatin was peculiarly obnoxious on every account, and they treated him accordingly. The Federalists had a fine command of language, especially of the language of invective, and Gallatin drew it forth freely. His birth, his French blood, his unlucky accent, and his supposed foreign sympathies were all used to lash him into fury, to discredit him with the people, and make him despised. At rare intervals Gallatin would fire up with an indignant retort full of keen and vigorous sarcasm, but he usually passed over in silence all assaults whether made with the rapier or the broadsword, and stuck close to his argument and to the subject in hand. In his imperturbable self-control the Federalists found the most dangerous resistance. Such a man was seldom carried away by the heat of battle to put himself at a disadvantage, or to engage with an antagonist who clearly had the best ground. When John Marshall sat down after his great speech on the Jonathan Robbins' case, the Republicans flocked around Gallatin and begged him to reply. Gal-

latin said to them with his treacherous accent: "Gentlemen, answer it yourselves; for my part I think it *unanswerable*." The same shrewd sense and clear appreciation of facts were shown in all that related to Gallatin's action as a party leader. It was in questions of policy that he usually erred. His most extreme followers sometimes thought him a trimmer, but it is curious to see that it was his party loyalty which induced all his mistakes. When he was acting solely in accordance with his own views he was generally right; when he was contending for party principles he was very apt to go wrong. The Jay treaty was an instance of the first; the navy, commercial treaties, and diplomatic relations were examples of the second. He defended the constitutional right of the House to consider a treaty, but he did not urge the rejection of the one actually in hand. In the case of the navy he fell in with the ideas of his party. Mr. Adams makes a plausible and ingenious defence of Gallatin's course upon this question, which seems to us perfectly unsound. Mr. Adams's argument is that perfect protection of our commerce everywhere is impossible, that this was Gallatin's theory, and is the one which has ultimately prevailed. The flaw is in the assumption that the Federalists aimed at complete protection, and that they were opposed by the Republicans on the ground of impracticability. The Federalists simply wished a naval force sufficient to protect us from insult, and to act as a police on the seas and in our own and foreign harbors. This is the precise theory which is accepted to-day; and if our navy had been properly administered this is what it would now be. The Republican party on the other hand did not advocate a small and efficient force for police purposes, but resisted the creation of any navy whatever. Gallatin never committed a greater blunder than in his opposition on this question, and he subsequently changed his views after a good deal of bitter experience. In the same way he altered his opinions as to commercial treaties and diplomatic relations; but the process of conversion was severe, and came only after long years of power.

The most creditable part of Gallatin's career in Congress was when his party was at its lowest point overwhelmed by the "X. Y. Z." letters and by their own advocacy of France. Most of the Republican leaders left Philadelphia, or went over to the war party. Gallatin alone remained and fought the fight wisely, temperately, and single-handed. The Federalists bore down upon him unmercifully, and sought to crush him at all hazards. They even tried to exclude him from office by amending the Constitution. But Gallatin never swerved. Alone and deserted he struggled on through the dark days of his party, deter-



mined to make a national fight in the national legislature, and relying very little upon resolutions by Kentucky and Virginia. But when every thing seemed most hopeless the tide had turned. Fierce quarrels broke out in the dominant party. Negotiations were opened with France. The war party was crushed. The alien and sedition laws shocked the country, and the next election carried the Republicans into power.

Then came the election in the House. At last we know who it was that steered the Republican party through the perils that beset the country when the Federalists strove madly to elevate Burr over Jefferson. It was not Thomas Jefferson himself, to whom the credit has hitherto been given, but Albert Gallatin; and we find in these volumes the careful arrangements for every emergency, and the temperance, patience, and moderation which saved the Republicans from losing not merely their rights but the sympathy of the country. There is a great debt of gratitude due to Gallatin for his wise leadership in the winter of 1801.

When Jefferson came into power, borne on the full tide of success, there were two men who had an unquestioned right to the chief places in his cabinet, — James Madison and Albert Gallatin. Both, by habit of mind, by character and modes of thought, were really Federalists driven by circumstances into the ranks of Democracy. They formed with the President a triumvirate which ruled the country for the next twelve years. The other members of the cabinet during that period were merely ciphers in the great account. Jefferson brought the best ability of his party into his cabinet, and nearly all there was; but it was concentrated in two men. Upon Gallatin as Secretary of the Treasury the heaviest burden fell, especially during the first term. Economy and payment of the debt were the main objects of both Jefferson and Gallatin. Hamilton's system was not susceptible of much improvement, and the alterations made were insignificant. Gallatin was essentially a conservative, with no desire to change existing arrangements for the sake of change merely; but aided by a rapidly increasing revenue he was able to carry out his schemes and pay the debt in a way impossible to his predecessors. His management was skilful in the highest degree. The one problem was to get rid of internal taxes, and this could be done only by reducing expenditure in the navy. With this difficulty Gallatin wrestled in vain. The efficiency of the navy was reduced, but not its expense; and Gallatin chafed continually at the lax management of the department. Jefferson's precious gunboat scheme at last rendered hopeless all efforts in

this direction, and the Mediterranean fund was invented to effect the old purposes under a new name. Freedom from debt was Gallatin's north star, and all his views for six years conformed to this object. Fighting or paying the Barbary States was a mere question of cost. Any action leading to war was bad. It was cheaper to make concessions. Restrictive commercial measures were fatally expensive. It was good economy to seize Louisiana promptly, rather than await the settlement of doubtful points. With infinite toil he persevered, and at the end of six years the promised land seemed in sight. The debt had been paid as far as possible; a large surplus was on hand, and Gallatin had a comprehensive scheme of internal improvements ready for execution. It was at this moment that the storm of foreign war burst upon us, and the frail fabric so painfully reared came toppling to the ground.

With no unmanly regrets Gallatin set himself to make the best of what remained. He dreaded even the appearance of any sympathy with Bonaparte; he wished every proper concession in order to gain peace with England; and in season and out of season he urged the old Federalist policy of making preparations to fight effectively as soon as it was probable that we must fight. He seems to have had little sympathy with the embargo, but he strained every nerve to carry it out loyally and effectually. With this purpose he demanded stronger laws and sharper weapons. If the embargo was to have any result it must be complete, and he had no sympathy with Jefferson's favoritism for this or that Republican governor. Congress gave him the necessary legislation. Armed with powers compared to which the alien and sedition laws seemed trivial, Gallatin—the foe of strong government, the instigator of resistance to the excise, and the friend of humanity—set himself to enforce some of the most oppressive acts ever passed by any American legislature. The conclusion was failure and defeat. Gallatin and Madison, on the accession of the latter to the Presidency, could only try to extricate the country by negotiation from the snarl created by Jefferson. The Erskine affair gave a momentary breathing space, and then the clouds gathered more thickly than before.

Gallatin's position in the new Administration was worse than under Jefferson. He had lost his influence in Congress and his hold upon Pennsylvania, and a powerful faction bent upon his destruction had grown up in the Senate under the control of General Sam Smith, of Maryland, and of the attractive Giles, who snapped and barked at every first-rate man in our early history. This faction had a representative



in the cabinet in the person of Robert Smith, brother and tool of the senator. They thwarted Gallatin, who was now the ruling spirit of the Administration, at every turn. They defeated the Bank; they threw over the commercial measures and the foreign policy; they weakened the country to the last point when war was actually impending, and they reduced the Government and its legislation to utter inanity. One of their blundering measures however hit the mark in France and turned the Emperor from open outrage to underhand plots. Bonaparte hoodwinked our unlucky Administration and tricked us into war with England. That Mr. Madison should have so easily become his dupe was due to the almost insuperable difficulties of the situation, and to the old and miserable traditions of French friendship. It was a capital error, and was expiated by three years of disastrous war. France, as is well known, acted in bad faith throughout, and never intended to repeal the decrees whose revocation she announced; but the conclusive proof has been reserved for this biography. Mr. Gallatin, when minister to France, came across a decree issued from the Trianon at the very moment when pledges were being made and accepted that the old policy towards us should be abandoned. In this Trianon decree the lie was given to the ostensible action and loud protestations of the Emperor; and Mr. Gallatin comments upon it with a bitterness so unusual that it shows only too clearly how sharply he felt the treachery of which he had been the victim, and which had led to such lamentable results. But Napoleon attained his object. England refused to put faith in his unsupported promises, and we rushed into the war of 1812.

In the mean time the fight with the Smith faction came to a head. Gallatin told Madison that he must leave the cabinet. Madison was not a strong man, but he was both loyal and honorable; he accepted the alternative and dismissed Robert Smith from the Secretaryship of State. Gallatin was left master of the cabinet; but his victory was dearly bought. The false measures of the Administration in regard to France gave the Smiths a good ground to stand upon. They cried loudly and pertinaciously that Robert Smith had been sacrificed out of subserviency to France. The Federalists eagerly took up the cry, and, although the feeble ex-secretary sank into his native insignificance, the faction became more dangerous than ever. Thus fettered in the legislature, and thanks to the rejection of all Gallatin's measures, totally unprepared the Administration was hurried into war.

This brings us to the one act of Gallatin's life which all who admire him must wish effaced. In November, 1811, he sent in a report to

Congress in which he stated that the peace revenue then necessary would be sufficient with the aid of loans in war ; he also failed to state the fact that to make provision for the interest of these loans additional taxes would be necessary, and he accepted the current estimates of war expenditure. The first statement was false ; the omission in regard to the loans was vital , and the common war estimates Gallatin knew to be erroneous. Mr. Adams refers to all this as important omissions due to "inadvertence." That Gallatin, with his clear mind and long experience, should have made such statements and omissions "by inadvertence" seems to us simply incredible. They went to the very root of the matter, and the financial report was able either to check or encourage the war party. Mr. Adams also says that Gallatin wished to present as favorable a showing as was consistent with truth, and bring about harmony and co-operation between Congress and the Executive. That this was Gallatin's object cannot be doubted. The whole matter may be susceptible of explanation ; but as it stands it wears an ugly look and admits of but one conclusion, — that Gallatin, to gain a temporary advantage, sent to Congress a grossly deceptive report. The result was that the war party was encouraged to the point of making war and dragging the helpless Administration after them, while the hostile feelings of the various factions were not in the least allayed. In the spring Gallatin tried to stay the war fever by true accounts of our finances ; but the honesty came too late. Not only was war declared, but no adequate financial provisions were made ; and the result in the beginning was defeat, and in the end a narrow escape from bankruptcy.

Once involved in war, Gallatin set his financial house in order and bent all his energy toward obtaining peace. He grasped at the Russian mediation, and went as commissioner to Europe without relinquishing the Treasury. When his appointment was rejected by the Senate, he laid down the Treasury and took the lead in the new commission. With coolness, tact, and firmness he confronted the English negotiators, who were all second-rate as well as obstinate and ignorant men, and by a still greater exercise of the same qualities he managed and held together his fellow commissioners, who had strong wills and jarring characters. We do not think with Mr. Adams that Gallatin equalled Franklin in diplomacy, but no one except Franklin can be ranked above him. Peace rewarded Gallatin's skill and persistence, and he soon after accepted the post of minister to France, — a position which he held for seven years.

In the congenial atmosphere of Paris Gallatin enjoyed all that was



best in European society. He also worked hard at the business of his office, and strove with his usual perseverance and good judgment to settle the commercial relations of his adopted country with the nations of Europe. His meed of success was small, but he obtained all that was possible. He returned to America, in 1823, to find himself caught in the net-work of intrigue which had been woven about the succession to the Presidency. The heir of the old triumvirate and the friend and favorite candidate of Gallatin was William H. Crawford. Gallatin was forced to accept the second place on the Crawford ticket, from which however he was soon removed in deference to the arrangements of Mr. Van Buren, and on account of the unpopularity caused by his foreign origin. Mr. J. Q. Adams, who was finally elected to the Presidency, sent him once more to England, where he conducted another difficult and not very fruitful negotiation, and whence he returned to bid farewell for ever to public life.

Accepting a position in New York, which gave him a sufficient income, Gallatin turned to the scientific pursuits for which he had great talent, and made in this new field a lasting renown as the founder of Indian ethnology. He continued to exert a powerful influence upon public questions, especially upon those connected with finance; and his last efforts were the composition and distribution of pamphlets against the Mexican war. There is a certain dramatic fitness in one of the closing scenes of his life. His first great act was when he faced the Western insurgents at Redstone Old-Fort; and it was with the same undaunted spirit that he spoke, when more than eighty years old, against the annexation of Texas in defiance of the clamors and uproar of a violent and dangerous New York mob. In 1849 his long and eventful life came quietly to a close.

We have confined ourselves to the occurrences most immediately connected with Gallatin's personal career, but his biography throws a strong light on other lives and characters besides his own. This is particularly the case with Thomas Jefferson, as well as with the party and the ideas of which he was the great leader and apostle. Not only are many letters from Jefferson given which have not been published before, but all his relations with Gallatin and the inmost secrets of his policy are disclosed. Mr. Adams never assails Jefferson, but he pitilessly lays bare his conduct and actions as revealed in this new material. Nothing except his own letters and the famous "Ana" have done so much as this biography to lower Jefferson's position in history.

One of the chief questions of Jefferson's first term was in regard to

the civil service. In this important matter Gallatin was what would now be called a "theorist." He wished officers of the Government to have a permanent tenure and to be rigidly excluded from all political action. As soon as the new Administration came in, the Pennsylvania Democrats, headed by McKean, Duane, and Leib — who was described by Gallatin as "not respectable" — raised a cry for "proscription" and "spoils." They wished to expel all the actual incumbents, and divide the plunder among themselves and their followers. They sought to reward men who in the spirit of revenge had betrayed, during the previous Administration, official secrets in a garbled form to the "Aurora." Against all this Gallatin set his face, and thereby raised an enemy in Duane who harassed him for years, and was a principal member of the Smith faction. In this honorable contest one would have supposed that Gallatin might have relied upon the support of his chief. The reverse was the case. Jefferson persisted in gratifying his lowest partisans and his own party feelings so far as he could without actually revolting the public sense of decency. In 1803 it was Jefferson who wrote to Duane in a conciliatory vein that every possible removal had been made, and that of three hundred and sixteen offices only one hundred and thirty remained in Federalist hands. In direct opposition to the wishes of his ablest adviser, Jefferson founded the "spoils" system. He differed from Jackson only in preserving some regard for appearance.

Again, in the matter of the navy. Good management was necessary in that department in order to promote the economy and relief from taxation which lay so near Gallatin's heart, and which had been the chief weapons used against the Federalists. Jefferson not only did not enforce such management, but he saddled the navy with his preposterous gunboats, and hopelessly fettered Gallatin's movements in this direction. He wrecked John Adams's admirable naval policy without saving a dollar. In the same way he forced through his disastrous policy of commercial warfare. Gallatin carried it out to the bitter end; and, when it failed, Jefferson deliberately abdicated his official duties and his sworn responsibility in order to throw the burden he had created upon the shoulders of his successor and his faithful minister of finance. After the defeat of the embargo, and for the remainder of his term, Jefferson ceased to be President in aught but name, and absolutely made Madison and Gallatin conduct the government.

Worse than all, in a merely personal point of view, was his treatment of Gallatin himself. Duane and Lieb and the rest in Pennsylv-



vania attacked the Secretary at an early day, and waged unceasing war upon him. Yet Jefferson never showed any thing but kindness to these political jackals who were yelping at the heels of his confidential adviser and the leading spirit of his administration. The poor excuse of party harmony will not serve here. Jefferson was the greatest party leader whom history can show, and no man was more ready or more able to enforce discipline. Aaron Burr was the principal party chief when Jefferson, contrary to the wishes of his advisers, first marked him out for destruction. He forced a quarrel with Burr, and broke him down with a dexterity which excites profound admiration. He dealt as easily with John Randolph. Yet he spared and cherished Duane. Burr was a dangerous rival, Randolph a formidable leader, Duane a useful partisan. So Jefferson deliberately sacrificed Gallatin's comfort and exposed him to all the attacks of faction, rather than displease or part with a set of low and unscrupulous allies. It would have been well for Jefferson's reputation if the life of Gallatin had remained unwritten.

The most interesting thought suggested by the book is in regard to the theory which Gallatin brought with him into the Treasury, and which he strove so manfully to establish. The victory of the democratic principle of government was assured by the election of Jefferson. It was his theory of administration which was put on trial. According to this doctrine, which was Gallatin's as well, government could be carried on upon an *a priori* theory based on the perfectness of untrammelled human nature, in contradistinction to the Federalist theory of a government according to circumstances, with a large allowance for the action of human passion and error. If government was reduced to the utmost simplicity, debts paid and taxes abolished, and every man left perfectly free, there could hardly fail to be a political millenium, and every one would give hearty support to men who aimed with purity of motives and singleness of purpose at such a consummation. For six years all this seemed possible. Then came the stress of war and outbreaks of feeling and passion, and the whole theory was swept away. Gallatin, the enemy of strong government according to circumstances, found himself the principal supporter of this dreaded system and the chief actor in it. He performed his part extremely well; but his fine theory was gone. Circumstances and humanity were too much for his theory though not for him; and they completely crushed Jefferson. Federalist methods triumphed after their aristocratic theory had failed. Nothing that has been written goes farther in showing that the Federalists, from 1789 to

1801, were the greatest party this country has ever seen than the Life of Albert Gallatin.

Of Gallatin personally much might be said. He had a strong character. He curiously resembles the sons of the Puritans whom he so much opposed. The great religion of Calvin seems to have produced a type in Geneva very similar to that of Massachusetts. There is no trace of French vivacity in Gallatin's correspondence. His letters might have been written by the gravest of the Federalists. There is a marked austerity in his morals, and in his reverence for domestic life, and in his tender love of wife and children. There is throughout the same unbending courage and tenacity of purpose which distinguished the people of New England. But here the resemblance ends. The reckless audacity, the concentrated bitterness of hate, the narrowness of mind, so common in the English Puritans and their descendants, are not found in Gallatin. He was self-contained, cool, and reticent to an extraordinary degree; and he never gave way to bursts of passion, or raged with savage invective against his enemies. In these respects he was conspicuous, and they are among his most admirable traits. His place in the scale of ability may be easily assigned. He was not so great a man as Hamilton, with whom he must inevitably be compared. He lacked the fire and brilliancy as well as the dashing energy and impassioned temperament of the great Federalist. He made fewer mistakes than Hamilton, yet he did not achieve a like success; but he seems to have been, on the whole, the ablest man in his own party. He had not the suppleness and skill of Jefferson, nor the keen legal mind of Madison. He lacked, too, the strong human sympathies of the former and the gentle, winning nature of the latter, while his cold reserve repelled to such a degree that he never aroused the affection of the people or of those about him. But he had a stern courage which was wanting in Jefferson, and the strength so much needed by Madison. In mere intellectual vigor he far surpassed the first, and he was quite the equal of the second. This, united with his other qualities, raises him above them both.

Just, temperate, wise, and of great intellectual power, Albert Gallatin may be fitly ranked as one of the great men of American history. The proof lies in his long and honorable public life, and in his eminent and manifold services to the country of his adoption.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.



## BIBLIOMANIA IN FRANCE.

THE love of books for their own sake, for their paper, print, binding, and for their associations, as distinct from the love of literature, is a stronger and more universal passion in France than elsewhere in Europe. In England publishers are men of business; in France they aspire to be artists. In England people borrow what they read from the libraries, and take what gaudy cloth-binding chance chooses to send them. In France people buy books, and bind them to their heart's desire with quaint and dainty devices on the morocco covers. Books are life-long friends in that country; in England they are the guests of a week or of a fortnight. The greatest French writers have been collectors of curious editions; they have devoted whole treatises to the love of books. The literature and history of France are full of anecdotes of the good and bad fortunes of bibliophiles, of their bargains, discoveries, disappointments. There lies before us at this moment a small library of books about books, — the “*Bibliophile Français*,” in seven large volumes, “*Les Sonnets d'un Bibliophile*,” “*La Bibliomanie en 1878*,” “*Un Bouquiniste Parisien*,” and a dozen other works of Janin, Nodier, Bennet, Pieters, Didot, great collectors who have written for the instruction of beginners and the pleasure of every one who takes delight in printed paper.

The passion for books, like other forms of desire, has its changes of fashion. It is not always easy to justify the caprices of taste. The presence or absence of half an inch of paper in the “uncut” margin of a book makes a difference of value that ranges from five shillings to a hundred pounds. Some books are run after, because they are beautifully bound; some are competed for with equal eagerness because they never have been bound at all. The uninitiated often make absurd mistakes about these distinctions. Some time ago the “*Daily Telegraph*” reproached a collector because his books were “uncut,” whence, argued the journalist, it was clear that he had never read them. “Uncut,” of course, only means that the margins have not been curtailed by the binders' tools. It is a point of sentiment to like

books just as they left the hands of the old printers, — of Estienne, Aldus, or Louis Elzevir.

It is because the passion for books is a sentimental passion that people who have not felt it always fail to understand it. Sentiment is not an easy thing to explain. Englishmen especially find it impossible to understand tastes and emotions that are not their own, — the wrongs of Ireland, the aspirations of Eastern Roumelia, the infatuated passion for a white flag of the Comte de Chambord. If we are to understand the book-hunter, we must never forget that to him books are, in the first place, *relics*. He likes to think that the great writers whom he admires handled just such pages and saw such an arrangement of type as he now beholds. Molière, for example, corrected the proofs for this edition of the “*Précieuses Ridicules*,” when he first discovered “what a labor it is to publish a book, and how *green* (*neuf*) an author is the first time they print him.” Or it may be that Campanella turned over, with hands unstrung, and still broken by the torture, these leaves that contain his passionate sonnets. Here again is the copy of Theocritus from which some page may have been read aloud to charm the pagan and pontifical leisure of Leo X. This Gargantua is the counterpart of that which the martyred Dolet printed for Maître François Rabelais. This woful *ballade*, with the woodcut of three thieves hanging from one gallows, came near being the “Last Dying Speech and Confession of François Villon.” This shabby copy of “The Eve of St. Agnes” is precisely like that which Shelley doubled up and thrust into his pocket when the prow of the piratical felucca crushed into the timbers of the “Don Juan.” Some rare books have these associations, and they bring you nearer to the authors than do the modern reprints. Bibliophiles will tell you that it is the early *readings* they care for, — the author’s first fancies, and those more hurried expressions which he afterwards corrected. These *readings* have their literary value, especially in the masterpieces of the great; but the sentiment after all is the main thing.

Other books come to be relics in another way. They are the copies which belonged to illustrious people, — to the famous collectors who make a kind of *catena* (a golden chain of bibliophiles) through the centuries since printing was invented. There are Grolier (1479–1565) — not a bookbinder as the English “Daily Telegraph” supposes, — De Thou (1553–1617), the great Colbert, the Duc de la Vallière (1708–1780), Charles Nodier a man of yesterday, M. Didot, and the rest, too numerous to name. Again, there are the books of kings, like



Francis I., Henri III., and Louis XIV. These princes had their favorite devices. Nicolas, Eve, Padeloup, Derome, and other artists arrayed their books in morocco, — tooled with skulls, cross-bones, and crucifixions for the voluptuous pietist Henri III., with the salamander for Francis I., and powdered with *fleurs de lys* for the monarch who “was the State.” There are relics also of noble beauties. The volumes of Marguerite d’Angoulême are covered with golden daisies. Diane de Poitiers has her crescents and her bow, and the fanciful and gracious contrivances that link her initial with that of her royal lover. The cipher of Marie Antoinette adorns too many books that Madame du Barry might have welcomed to her hastily improvised library. The three daughters of Louis XV. had their favorite colors of morocco, citron, red, and olive, and their books are valued as much as if they bore the bees of De Thou, or the intertwined *C’s* of the illustrious and ridiculous Abbé Cotin, the *Trissotin* of the comedy. Surely in all these things there is a human interest, and our fingers are faintly thrilled, as we touch these books, with the far-off contact of the hands of kings and cardinals, scholars and *coquettes*, pedants, poets, and *précieuses*, the people who are unforgotten in the mob that inhabited dead centuries.

So universal and ardent has the love of magnificent books been in France, that it would be possible to write a kind of bibliomaniac history of that country. All her rulers, kings, cardinals, and women have had time to spare for collecting. Without going too far back, to the time when Bertha span and Charlemagne was an amateur, we may give a few specimens of an anecdotal history of French bibliolatry, beginning, as is courteous, with a lady. “Can a woman be a bibliophile?” is a question which was once discussed at the weekly breakfast party of Guilbert de Pixérécourt, the famous book-lover and playwright, the “Corneille of the Boulevards.” The controversy glided into a discussion as to “how many books a man can love at a time;” but historical examples prove that French women (and Italian, witness the Princess d’Este) may be bibliophiles of the true strain. Diane de Poitiers was their illustrious patroness. The mistress of Henri II. possessed, in the Château d’Anet, a library of the first triumphs of typography. Her taste was wide in range, including songs, plays, romances, divinity; her copies of the Fathers were bound in citron morocco, stamped with her arms and devices, and closed with clasps of silver. In the love of books, as in every thing else, Diane and Henri II. were inseparable. The interlaced *H* and *D* are scattered

over the covers of their volumes, the lily of France is twined round the crescents of Diane, or round the quiver, the arrows, and the bow which she adopted as her cognizance, in honor of the maiden goddess. The books of Henri and of Diane remained in the Château d'Anet till the death of the Princesse Condé in 1723, when they were dispersed. The son of the famous Madame de Guyon bought the greater part of the library, which has since been scattered again and again. M. Léopold Druhle, a well-known bibliophile, possessed several examples.

Henri III. scarcely deserves perhaps the name of a book-lover, for he probably never read the works which were bound for him in the most elaborate way. In spite of his carelessness of their contents, his books are among the most singular relics of a character which excites even morbid curiosity. No more debauched and worthless wretch ever filled a throne; but, like the bad man in Aristotle, Henri III. was "full of repentance." When he was not dancing in an unseemly revel, he was on his knees in his chapel. The board of one of his books, of which an engraving lies before me, bears his cipher and crown in the corners; but the centre is occupied in front with a picture of the Annunciation, while on the back is the crucifixion and the bleeding heart through which the swords have pierced. His favorite device was the death's-head, with the motto *Memento Mori*, or *Spes mea Deus*. While he was still only Duc d'Anjou, Henri loved Marie de Clèves, Princesse de Condé. On her sudden death he expressed his grief, as he had done his piety, by aid of the *petits fers* of the book-binder. Marie's initials were stamped on his book-covers in a chaplet of laurels. In one corner a skull and cross-bones were figured; in the other the motto *Mort m'est vie*, while two large objects, which did duty for tears, filled up the lower corners. The books of Henri III., even when they are absolutely worthless as literature, sell for high prices; and an inane treatise on theology, decorated with his sacred emblems, lately brought about £120 in a London sale.

Francis I., as a patron of all the arts, was naturally an amateur of bindings. The fates of books were curiously illustrated by the story of the copy of Homer, on large paper, which Aldus, the great Venetian printer, presented to Francis I. After the death of the late Marquis of Hastings, better known as an owner of horses than of books, his possessions were brought to the hammer. With the instinct, the *flair*, as the French say, of the bibliophile, M. Ambroise Firmin Didot, the biographer of Aldus, guessed that the Marquis might have owned something in his line. He sent his agent over to England, to the



country town where the sale was to be held. M. Didot had his reward. Among the books which were dragged out of some mouldy store-room was the very Aldine Homer of Francis I., with part of the original binding still clinging to the leaves. M. Didot purchased the precious relic, and sent it to what M. Fertault (who has written a century of sonnets on bibliomania) calls the hospital for books.

“ Le dos humide, je l'éponge ;  
Où manque un coin, vite une allonge,  
Pour tous j'ai maison de santé.”

M. Didot, of course, did not practise this amateur surgery himself, but had the arms and devices of Francis I. restored by one of those famous binders who only work for dukes, millionaires, and Rothschilds.

During the religious wars and the troubles of the Fronde, it is probable that few people gave much time to the collection of books. The illustrious exceptions are Richelieu and Cardinal Mazarin, who possessed a “snuffy Davy” of his own, an indefatigable prowler among book-stalls and dingy purlieus, in Gabriel Naudé. In 1664 Naudé, who was a learned and ingenious writer, the apologist for “great men accused of magic,” published the second edition of his “Avis pour dresser une Bibliothèque,” and proved himself to be a true lover of the chase, a mighty hunter (of books) before the Lord. Naudé's advice to the collector is rather amusing. He pretends not to care much for bindings, and quotes Seneca's rebuke of the Roman bibliomaniacs, *Quos voluminum suorum frontes maxime placent titulique*, — who chiefly care for the backs and lettering of their volumes. The fact is that Naudé had the wealth of Mazarin at his back, and we know very well, from the remains of the Cardinal's library which exist, that he liked as well as any man to see his cardinal's hat glittering on red or olive morocco in the midst of the beautiful tooling of the early seventeenth century. When once he got a book, he would not spare to give it a worthy jacket. Naudé's ideas about buying were peculiar. Perhaps he sailed rather nearer the wind than even Monk-barns would have cared to do. His favorite plan was to buy up whole libraries in the gross, “speculative lots” as the dealers call them. In the second place he advised the book-lover to haunt the retreats of *Libraires fripiers, et les vieux fonds et magasins*. Here he truly observes that you may find rare books, *brochés*, — that is unbound and uncut, — just as Mr. Symonds bought two uncut copies of “Laon and

Cythna" in a Bristol stall for half a crown. "You may get things for four or five crowns that would cost you forty or fifty elsewhere," says Naudé. Thus a few years ago M. Paul Lacroix bought for two francs, in a Paris shop, the very copy of "Tartuffe" which had belonged to Louis XIV. The example may now be worth perhaps £200. But we are digressing into the pleasures of the modern sportsman.

It was not only in second-hand bookshops that Naudé hunted, but among the dealers in waste paper. "Thus did Poggio find Quintillian on the counter of a wood-merchant, and Masson picked up 'Agobardus' at the shop of a binder, who was going to use the MS. to patch his books withal." Rossi, who may have seen Naudé at work, tells us how he would enter a shop with a yard-measure in his hand, buying books, we are sorry to say, by the ell. "The stalls where he had passed were like the towns through which Attila or the Tartars had swept, with ruin in their train, — *ut non hominis unius sedulitas, sed calamitas quaedam per omnes bibliopolarum tabernas pervasisse videtur!*" Naudé had sorrows of his own. In 1652 the Parliament decreed the confiscation of the splendid library of Mazarin, which was perhaps the first free library in Europe, — the first that was open to all who were worthy of right of entrance. There is a painful description of the sale, from which the book-lover will avert his eyes. On Mazarin's return to power he managed to collect again and enrich his stores, which form the germ of the existing *Bibliothèque Mazarine*.

Naudé is thought not to have been more scrupulous than other collectors, but it is not on record that he ever stole a book. A contemporary of his — a Pope, melancholy to relate — is accused of having "conveyed" a book on the Council of Trent. The witness for the prosecution is only Tallemant des Réaux, who had a bad word for every one; and it is fair to say that when he annexed the volume Innocent X. was still plain Monseigneur Pamphilio in the suite of the Legate. The victim was Du Monstier the painter, who himself frankly avowed that he had stolen a book from a stall on the Pont Neuf. He was the more likely to be suspicious of others. Innocent X. (then Pamphilio) once attended the Legate Cardinal Barberini on a visit to the studio of Du Monstier. On the table lay "L'Histoire du Concile de Trente," — "the London edition, the good one." "What a shame that such a man should have such a book!" said Pamphilio to himself, and proceeded to make the frontier more scientific by slipping the history under his *soutane*. Du Monstier observed him, seized the spoil, and drove Monseigneur Pamphilio out of the studio. According



to Amelot de la Houssaré, the priest when he became pope bore resentment, and during the ten years of his pontificate was the inveterate enemy of France. He did not however, as some expected he would, excommunicate Du Monstier.

Among princes and popes it is pleasant to meet one man of letters, and he the greatest of the great age, who was a bibliophile. The enemies and rivals of Molière — De Vise, De Villiers, and the rest — are always reproaching him with his love of *bouquins*. There is some difference of opinion among philologists about the derivation of *bouquin*, but all book-hunters know the meaning of the word. The *bouquin* is the "small, rare volume, dark with tarnished gold," which lies among the wares of the stall-keeper, patient in rain and dust, till the hunter comes who can appreciate the quarry. We like to think of Molière lounging through the narrow streets in the evening, returning perhaps from some noble house where he has been reading the proscribed "Tartuffe," or giving an imitation of the rival actors at the Hôtel Bourgogne. Absent as the *contemplateur* is, a dingy book-stall wakens him from his reverie. His lace ruffles are soiled in a moment with the learned dust of ancient volumes. Perhaps he picks up the only work out of all his library that is known to exist, — *un ravissant petit Elzevir*, "De Imperio Magni Mogolis" (Lugd. Bat. 1651.) On the title-page of this tiny volume, one of the minute series of "Republics" which the Elzevirs published, the poet has written his rare signature, "J. B. P. Molière," with the price the book cost him, "1 livre, 10 sols." "Il n'est pas de bouquin qui s'échappe de ses mains," says the author of "La Guerre Comique," the last of the pamphlets which flew about during the 'great literary quarrel about "L'École des Femmes." Thanks to M. Soulié the catalogue of Molière's library has been found, though the books themselves have passed out of view. There are about three hundred and fifty volumes in the inventory, but Molière's widow may have omitted as valueless (it is the foible of her sex) many rusty *bouquins*, now worth far more than their weight in gold. Molière owned no fewer than two hundred and forty volumes of French and Italian comedies. From these he took what suited him wherever he found it. He had plenty of classics, histories, philosophical treatises, the essays of Montaigne, a Plutarch, and a Bible.

We know nothing, to the regret of bibliophiles, of Molière's taste in bindings. Did he have a comic mask stamped on the leather (that device was chased on his plate), or did he display his cognizance and arms, — the two apes that support a shield charged with three mirrors

of Truth? It is certain, La Bruyère tells us as much, that the sillier sort of book-lover in the seventeenth century was much the same sort of person as his successor in our own time. "A man tells me he has a library," says La Bruyère (*De la Mode*); "I ask permission to see it. I go to visit my friend, and he receives me in a house where, even on the stairs, the smell of the black morocco with which his books are covered is so strong that I nearly faint. He does his best to revive me; shouts in my ear that the volumes 'have gilt edges,' that they are 'elegantly tooled,' that they are 'of the good edition,' . . . and informs me that 'he never reads,' that 'he never sets foot in this part of his house,' that he 'will come to oblige me!' I thank him for all his kindness, and have no more desire than himself to see the tanner's shop that he calls his library."

Colbert, the great minister of Louis XIV., was a bibliophile at whom perhaps La Bruyère would have sneered. He was a collector who did not read, but who amassed beautiful books, and looked forward, as business men do, to the day when he would have time to study them. After Grollier, De Thou, and Mazarin, Colbert possessed probably the richest private library in Europe. The ambassadors of France were charged to procure him rare books and manuscripts, and it is said that in a commercial treaty with the Porte he inserted a clause demanding a certain quantity of Levant morocco for the use of the royal book-binders. England, in those days, had no literature with which France deigned to be acquainted. Even into England, however, valuable books had been imported; and we find Colbert pressing the French ambassador at St. James's to bid for him at a certain sale of rare heretical writings. People who wanted to gain his favor approached him with presents of books, and the city of Metz gave him two real curiosities, — the famous "Metz Bible" and the Missal of Charles the Bald. The Elzevirs sent him their best examples, and though Colbert probably saw more of the gilt covers of his books than of their contents, at least he preserved and handed down many valuable works. As much may be said for the reprobate Cardinal Dubois, who, with all his faults, was a collector. Bossuet, on the other hand, left little or nothing of interest except a copy of the 1682 edition of Molière, whom he detested and condemned to "the punishment of those who laugh." Even this book, which has a curious interest, has slipped out of sight, and may have ceased to exist.

If Colbert and Dubois preserved books from destruction, there are collectors enough whom books have rescued from oblivion. The



diplomacy of D'Hoym is forgotten ; the plays of Longepierre, and his quarrels with J. B. Rousseau are known only to the literary historian. These great amateurs have secured an eternity of gilt edges, an immortality of morocco. Absurd prices are given for any trash that belonged to them, and the writer of this notice has bought for four shillings an Elzevir classic, which, when it bears the golden fleece of Longepierre, is worth about £100. Longepierre, D'Hoym, McCarthy, and the Duc de la Vallière, with all their treasures, are less interesting to us than Mrs. Graille and Coche and the neglected daughters of Louis XV. They found some pale consolation in their little cabinets of books, in their various liveries of olive, citron, and red morocco.

A still more interesting bibliophile of the eighteenth century is Madame du Barry. In 1771, this notorious beauty could scarcely read or write. She had rooms, however, in the Château de Versailles, thanks to the kindness of a monarch who admired those native qualities which education may polish, but which it can never confer. At Versailles, Madame Du Barry heard of the literary genius of Madame de Pompadour. The Pompadour was a person of taste. Her large library of some four thousand works of the lightest sort of light literature was bound by Biziaux. Madame herself had published etchings engraved by her own fair hands, and to hear of these things excited the emulation of Madame Du Barry. She might not be *clever*, but she could have a library like another, if libraries were in fashion. One day Madame Du Barry astonished the court by announcing that her collection of books would presently arrive at Versailles. Meantime she took counsel with a book-seller, who bought up examples of all the cheap "remainders," as they are called in the trade, that he could lay his hands upon. The whole assortment, about one thousand volumes in all, was hastily bound in rose morocco, elegantly gilt, and stamped with the arms of the noble house of Du Barry. The bill which Madame Du Barry owed her enterprising agent is still in existence. The thousand volumes cost about three francs each ; the binding (extremely cheap) came to nearly as much. The amusing thing is that the book-seller, in the catalogue which he sent with the improvised library, marked the books which Madame Du Barry possessed *before* her large order was so punctually executed. There were two "Mémoires de Du Barry," an old newspaper, two or three plays, and "L'Histoire Amoureuse de Pierre le Long." Louis XV. observed with joy that, though Madame Pompadour had possessed a

larger library, that of Madame Du Barry was the better selected. Thanks to her new collection, the lady learned to read with fluency, but she never overcame the difficulties of spelling.

A lady collector who loved books not very well perhaps, but certainly not wisely, was the unhappy Marie Antoinette. The controversy in France about the private character of the Queen has been as acrimonious as the Scotch discussion about Mary Stuart. Evidence good and bad, letters as apocryphal as the letters of the famous "casket," have been produced on both sides. A few years ago, under the empire, M. Louis Lacour found a manuscript catalogue of the books in the Queen's *boudoir*. They were all novels of the flimsiest sort, — "L'Amitié Dangereuse," "Les Suites d'un Moment d'Erreur," and even the stories of Louvet and of the abominable Rétif de la Bretonne. These volumes all bore the letters "C. T." (Château de Trianon), and during the Revolution they were scattered among the various public libraries of Paris. The Queen's more important library was at the Tuileries, but at Versailles she had only three books, as the commissioners of the Convention found, when they made an inventory of the property of *la femme Capet*. Among the three was the "Gerusalemme Liberata," printed, with eighty exquisite designs, by Cochin, at the expense of "Monsieur," afterwards Louis XVIII. Books with the arms of Marie Antoinette are very rare in private collections; in sales they are as much sought after as those of Madame Du Barry.

During the Revolution, to like well-bound books was as much as to proclaim oneself an aristocrat. Condorcet might have escaped the scaffold if he had only thrown away the neat little "Horace" from the royal press, which betrayed him for no true Republican, but an educated man. The great libraries from the châteaux of the nobles were scattered among all the book-stalls. True sons of freedom tore off the bindings, with their gilded crests and scutcheons. One revolutionary writer declared, and perhaps he was not far wrong, that the art of binding was the worst enemy of reading. He always began his studies by breaking the backs of the volumes he was about to attack. The art of book-binding in these sad years took flight to England, and was kept alive by artists robust rather than refined, like Thompson and Roger Payne.

When Napoleon became Emperor, he strove in vain to make the troubled and feverish years of his power produce a literature. He himself was one of the most voracious readers of novels that ever



lived. He was always asking for the newest of the new, and unfortunately even the new romances of his period were hopelessly bad. Barbier, his librarian, had orders to send parcels of fresh fiction to his Majesty wherever he might happen to be, and great loads of novels followed Napoleon to Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia. The conqueror was very hard to please. He read in his travelling carriage, and after skimming a few pages would throw a volume that bored him out of the window into the highway. He might have been tracked by his trail of romances, as was Hop-o'-My-Thumb, in the fairy tale, by the white stones he dropped behind him. Poor Barbier, who ministered to a passion for novels that demanded twenty volumes a day, was at his wit's end. He tried to foist on the Emperor the romances of the year before last; but these Napoleon had generally read, and he refused, with imperial scorn, to look at them again. He ordered a travelling library of three thousand volumes to be made for him, but it was proved that the task could not be accomplished in less than six years. The expense, if only fifty copies of each example had been printed, would have amounted to more than six million francs. A Roman Emperor would not have allowed these considerations to stand in his way; but Napoleon, after all, was a modern. He contented himself with a selection of books conveniently small in shape, and packed in sumptuous cases. The classical writers of France could never content Napoleon, and even from Moscow, in 1812, he wrote to Barbier clamorous for new books, and good ones. Long before they could have reached Moscow, Napoleon was flying homeward before Kotousoff and Benningsen.

Napoleon was the last of the book-lovers who governed France. The Duc d'Aumale, a famous bibliophile, has never "come to his own," and of M. Gambetta it is only known that his devotional library, at least, has found its way into the market. The writer of this essay was fortunate enough to purchase "*La Journée Chrétienne*," with *Léon Gambetta* on the fly-leaf, at a London book-stall. We have reached the era of private book-fanciers, — of Nodier, who had three libraries in his time, but never a Virgil; and of Pixérécourt, the dramatist, who founded the *Société des Bibliophiles Français*. The "romantic" movement in French literature brought in some new fashions in book-hunting. The original editions of Ronsard, Des Portes, Belleau, and Du Bellay became invaluable; while the writings of Gautier, Alvy, Bernard, Petrus Borel, and others excited the passion of collectors. Pixérécourt was a believer in the works of the

Elzevirs. On one occasion, when he was outbid by a friend at an auction, he cried passionately, "I shall have that book at your sale!" and, the other poor bibliophile soon falling into a decline and dying, Pixérécourt got the volume which he so much desired. The superstitious might have been excused for crediting him with the gift of *jettatura*, — of the evil eye. On Pixérécourt himself the evil eye fell at last; his theatre, La Gaiété, was burned down in 1835, and his creditors intended to impound his beloved books. The bibliophile hastily packed them in boxes, and conveyed them in two cabs and under cover of night to the house of M. Paul Lacroix. There they languished in exile till the affairs of the manager were settled.

Pixérécourt and Nodier, the most reckless of men, were the leaders of the older school of bibliomaniacs. The former was not a rich man, the second was poor; but he never hesitated in face of a price that he could not afford. He would literally ruin himself, in the accumulation of a library, and then would recover his fortunes by selling his books. Nodier passed through life without a Virgil, because he never succeeded in finding the ideal Virgil of his dreams, — a clean, uncut copy of the old Elzevir edition, with the misprint and the two pages in red letters. Perhaps this failure was a judgment on him for the trick by which he beguiled a certain collector of Bibles. He *invented* an edition, and put the collector on the scent, which he followed vainly, till he died of the sickness of hope deferred.

One has more sympathy with the eccentricities of Nodier than with the mere extravagance of the new *haute école* of bibliomaniacs, the school of millionaires, royal dukes, and Rothschilds. These amateurs are reckless of prices, and by their competition have made it almost impossible for a poor man to buy a precious book. The dukes, the Americans, the public libraries snap them all up in the auctions. A glance at M. Gustave Brunet's little volume, "La Bibliomanie en 1878," will prove the excesses which these people commit. The funeral oration of Bossuet over Henriette Marie of France (1669), and Henriette Anne of England (1670), quarto the original binding, are sold for £200. It is true that this copy had possibly belonged to Bossuet himself, and certainly to his nephew. There is an example of the 1682 edition of Molière, — of Molière whom Bossuet detested, — which may also have belonged to the eagle of Meaux. The manuscript notes of the divine on the work of the poor player must be edifying, and in the interests of science it is to be hoped that this book may soon come into the market. While pamphlets of Bossuet



are sold so dear, the first edition of Homer, — the beautiful edition of 1488, which the three young Florentine gentlemen published, — may be had for £100. Yet even that seems dear, when we remember that the copy in the library of George III. cost only seven shillings. This exquisite Homer, sacred to the memory of learned friendships, the chief offering of early printing at the altar of ancient poetry, is really one of the most interesting books in the world. Yet this Homer is less valued than the tiny octavo which contains the *ballades* and *huitains* of the scamp François Villon (1533.) “The History of the Holy Grail” (*L'Hystoire du Saint Gréaal*: Paris, 1523), in a binding stamped with the four crowns of Louis XIV., is valued at about £500. A chivalric romance of the old days, which was treasured even in the time of the *grand monarque*, when old French literature was so much despised, is certainly a curiosity. The “Rabelais” of Madame de Pompadour seems comparatively cheap at £60. There is something piquant in the idea of inheriting from that famous beauty the work of the colossal genius of Rabelais.

The natural sympathy of collectors “to middle fortune born” is not with the rich men whose sport in book-hunting resembles the *battue*. We side with the poor hunters of the wild game, who hang over the four-penny stalls on the *quais*, and dive into the dusty boxes after literary pearls. These devoted men rise betimes, and hurry to the stalls before the common tide of passengers goes by. Early morning is the best moment in this, as in other sports. At half-past seven, in summer, the *bouquiniste*, the dealer in cheap volumes at second-hand, arrays the books which he purchased over night, the stray possessions of ruined families, the outcasts of libraries. The old-fashioned bookseller knew little of the value of his wares; it was his object to turn a small certain profit on his expenditure. Thus a charming old fellow in a London street (long may he live!) actually sold a play of Molière's, a presentation copy with the poet's autograph, for half a crown! The purchaser in this case was generous, and sent the stall-keeper an adequate cheque. It is generally held, however, that booksellers are fair game. The amateurs surround their boxes on summer mornings, “as thick as bees on the flowers in spring,” and watch each other as you may have seen boys do, when they are angling three or four in the same river-pool. Sometimes the best fish escape them, and M. de Fontaine de Resbecq (author of a charming little book “*Voyage Littéraire sur les Quais de Paris*”) landed a first edition of Rochefoucauld after two keen fishers had just gone over the same

water. It is reckoned that an energetic, business-like old book-seller will turn over 150,000 volumes in a year. In this vast number there must be pickings for the humble collector who cannot afford to encounter the children of Israel at Christie's, or at the Hôtel Drouot.

Let the enthusiast, in conclusion, throw a handful of lilies on the grave of the martyr of the love of books, — the poet Albert Glatigny. Poor Glatigny was the son of a *garde champêtre*; his education was accidental, and his poetic taste and skill extraordinarily fine and delicate. In his life of literal starvation (he had often to sleep in omnibuses and railway stations), he frequently spent the price of a dinner on a new book. He lived to read and to dream, and if he bought books he had not the wherewithal to live. Still, he bought them, — and he died! His own poems were beautifully printed by Lemerre, and it may be a joy to him (*si mentem mortalia tangunt*) that they are now so highly valued that the price of a copy would have kept the author alive and happy for a month.

A rambling paper on books and book-lovers may end with a *ballade*, on a text of "Jules Janin."

#### BALLADE OF TRUE WISDOM.

While others are asking for riches or fame,  
 Or praying to know that for which they should pray,  
 Or courting Queen Venus, that affable dame,  
 Or chasing the Muses, the weary and gray,  
 The sage has found out a more excellent way :  
 To Pan and to Pallas his incense he showers,  
 And his humble petition puts up while he may,  
 For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers !

Inventors may bow to the God that is lame,  
 And crave from the light of his stithy a ray ;  
 The Philosophers seek to the God without name,  
 Like the people of Athens, — agnostics are they ;  
 The hunter, a fawn to Diana will slay ;  
 The maiden, wild roses will cast to the Hours, —  
 But the wise man will ask, ere oblations he pay,  
 For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers !

Oh, grant me a life without pleasure or blame,  
 As mortals count pleasure who rush through their day,  
 With a force to which that of the hurricane's tame, —  
 Oh, grant me a house by the beach of a bay,



Where the waves can be surly in winter, and play  
With the seaweed in summer, ye bountiful Powers !  
And I 'd leave all the hubbub, the heat, and the fray,  
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

## ENVOI.

Gods, give or withhold it ! Your "yea " and your " nay "  
Are implacable, scornful of murmurs of ours.  
What is life ? 'tis not here you can bribe me to stay  
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

ANDREW LANG.

## RECENT CRITICISM OF BYRON.

THE vicissitudes of Lord Byron's fame form a curious chapter of literary history. His glory came suddenly into being, it was intense so long as it lasted, and that it was wide-spread is shown by the fact that there is hardly a country on the continent which has not brought forth some poet or poets who show Byron's influence. German commentators have made what may be called the bibliography of his imitators : such as the Spaniard, José de Espronceda ; the Italian, Giovanni Berchet ; many Poles and Hungarians ; the Russian, Pushkin, whose " Onegin " — it may be read in a German translation — breathes Byronism in every stanza. When we come to better known names we find quite as noteworthy examples of Byron's influence. In France he has been more admired than any other English poet, and Alfred de Musset was often inspired by the more famous bard. Indeed, Mr. Swinburne has gone so far as to call Musset's poems " decoctions of watered Byronism ; " but that remark is more valuable for the light it throws on Mr. Swinburne than as a precise statement about the French poet. Lamartine and Victor Hugo bear many traces of their adoration of their English rival, as does Delavigne, to mention only the most prominent. In Germany the Romantic school that had poured forth its sighs over the Middle Ages, the *blaue Blume*, and much artificial paraphernalia, suddenly found itself outstripped by this modern poet who sang of the East, and thereby brought to light rich stores of fresh material for the poets who had worn their scanty homespun nearly threadbare. Goethe's enthusiasm for Byron was almost unbounded ; besides bringing him into the second part of " Faust " as Euphorion, he was never tired of praising the English poet, in conversation, as Von Müller and the faithful Eckermann have recorded. Heine, too, like all of Byron's contemporaries, fell under the charm, and, in his youthful days, he too used to curl his upper-lip in scorn of the world. But there were deeper points of resemblance, as he himself said on hearing of Byron's death : " He was the only man with whom I have ever felt any kinship, and we must have been a good deal alike,



absurd as it may sound. For some years I have read him very little: one prefers the conversation of those whose character is unlike one's own. But I have always felt at my ease with Byron, as if we were companions and equals."

From the letters written, say about 1820, it would be very easy to make a full collection of references to Byron's poetry, some of which would not be unamusing in the light of later days. Thus, in the "Correspondance de J. J. Ampère" is to be found an epistle in which the young Ampère, in describing his own sufferings, draws a picture of the general turmoil. Under date of May 20, 1820, he writes:—

"Last week, *le sentiment de malédiction* was upon me, about me, within me. I owe that to Lord Byron; I read through his 'Manfred,' in English, twice. Never, never shall I be so upset by any thing I read as I was by that. It has fairly made me ill. On Sunday I went out to see the sun set; it was as threatening as the fires of hell. I went into the church where the faithful were peacefully chanting the Hallelujah; I leaned against a pillar, and gazed at them with envy and scorn. I understood why Byron's Incantation ended thus:—

'O'er thy heart and brain together  
Hath the word been passed, — now wither !'

"In the evening I dined with Edmond; I had to talk with Mrs. Morel about rooms and wall-papers. At nine o'clock I could stand it no longer; I was overcome by bitter, violent despair; my eyes were closed; my head tipped back, and I was consuming my own heart. To the gentle Lydia's consolations I dropped a few words of grief and irony. Adieu."

Moreover, what this letter makes plain in an individual case is clearly proved to have been wide-spread, by the cooler pages of all histories of the outburst of the Romantic school in France. In England there was, properly speaking, no Romantic school, and the general movement of intellectual life ran in many diverse channels; alongside of Byron there were other poets who have had greater influence on their successors, although at the time they had no such fame as fell to Byron's lot. What we have suffered from is this: our grandfathers eat sour grapes, and our teeth are set on edge. He was unduly praised, and we have been accustomed to detest him unduly; for now there are almost as few who admire his poetry as there are who approve his taste in shirt-collars.

In spite of this, there are signs of a reaction against the prejudice which has had much to do with the indifference to what is best in Byron's poetry. The causes of this somewhat wilful indifference it would not be hard to find. Of almost no poet can it be said so truly

as of him, that he wrote only about himself. "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Lara," the "Giaour," "Cain," — what are they all but Lord Byron in different dress? His first poems are but feeble imitations of familiar models. Leaving out of the question the "English bards and Scotch reviewers," it was only when he began to write about himself that his poems first attracted attention. Consequently, it is impossible to discuss his writings without bringing him in person before the court. This is the usual modern process with regard to all authors, and it is to be feared that it is not at all times satisfactory. In order to avoid all faintest shadow of doubt, the great man's grandfathers and grandmothers are dug out of their natural obscurity, and are brought forward to throw some dim reflected light on their illustrious descendant. The classic writers are out of the reach of this all-devouring curiosity, and doubtless their fame is all the safer on this account. We all take such pleasure in finding the touch of humanity, the trace of original sin and of petty weakness in those men we admire, that, instead of accurately discerning the man as he is, we are prone to be like the valets of heroes, — in our desire not to lose sight of their faults, we come to think of them as wholly faulty. In painting their portraits, we try so hard not to forget the defects that we give them undue prominence.

The great error that is made in applying this test is that there is forgotten the one essential quality of genius, — that it has no necessary connection with character. Genius is a thing apart, separate; it is a gift, — something not inherited nor earned. If we have to make up our mind about a painter, the matter is very simple. Andrea del Sarto's unhappiness with his wife does not affect our judgment of his pictures; nor when we are looking at a Raphael are we disturbed by that artist's lack of the domestic virtues. Those matters are as remote as wonder whether Phidias was generous or miserly. One practical result of this misinterpretation in Byron's case was that the young men who were his contemporaries fancied that when they sneered they were hardly to be distinguished from the great poet. More seriously, there is no doubt that the English opinion of Byron's life has seriously affected the opinion of his poetry. Yet a poem is just as much a work of art as a painting. The creative geniuses are those who have a yearning and the power to express something; and it makes but little difference whether for that purpose they make use of a pen or a brush.

Most of us Philistines, if we are in great grief, do not think of put-



ting our feelings into rhymed verse for the world to read ; and many, doubtless, have wondered that almost every poet has done just this thing. Some private citizens, of course, do it because it is a fashion, or because they have a command of metre and language of which they are proud or vain ; but, generally, silence is the refuge of those who are in misery. Yet the very essential quality of a poet, of a true poet, is this burning desire to express himself without our shivering hesitations, — to say for us what we cannot say for ourselves ; and it is but a hasty judgment to assert that this comes from coldness. It would be coldness in us, because it would be a deliberate performance of something contrary to our nature, while they are only obeying their own impulses. They put our feelings into words, — just as a philosopher interprets the working of our mind, or a painter preserves what we see through a mist, and cannot set down.

If reading a poet's biography does not explain his genius, it is yet of service in showing the use he made of his gifts ; and of hardly any one is this statement truer than it is of Byron. Almost every line he wrote was the expression of himself, or what he took to be himself. That he should have been mistaken in regard to what he really was is neither unprecedented nor surprising. Many another young man has fancied himself an object of interesting gloom, and has grown first into and then out of misanthropy, misogyny, and contempt of the world. The circumstances of Byron's life are too familiar to need repetition here ; every one will remember how much more noticeable than any thing else was his lack of training. His mother's influence, his poverty, his high position, his beauty, cleverness, and lameness, all combined to make him discontented with himself and every one else. His mode of life was not such as to bring him into accord with the average sentiments of mankind, or to a complete comprehension of what the world really is. He was conscious of his own great power, and of course he seldom forgot his unhappiness. In the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" he poured out his woes about his own melancholy. In the preface he disclaimed all relationship with his hero, but it is not strange that his contemporaries should have preferred their own judgment to his assertion. That Childe Harold was the real Byron we, who have so much more testimony before us than even he had at the time, may well doubt. Yet all will agree that the hero of the poem bears a close resemblance to what Byron wanted to be, and to be thought, and to what he imagined that he was.

Byron's letters, which he wrote from the East at the very time that

he was composing "Childe Harold," are full of boyishness, while his hero is a *blasé* sinner who found nothing but gloom everywhere; and it is just this gloom that forms the artificial part of the poem. There was, of course, melancholy in Byron's nature, but at that time it was without direction, — it was, so to speak, but crude material; for melancholy, like any other quality, — like generosity, an affectionate disposition, or ambition, — is liable to be misdirected, and to affect unfairly its owner's judgment of things that would under other circumstances be estimated at their right value.

The same quality is shown in the tales which followed in time, as they did in manner, Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," &c. They can never be to us what they were to those who read them when they were new, for we know the East too well. There are certain poetical traits in these tales, but they are so unimportant in comparison with Byron's other work that we need not linger over them longer than to notice the charm they helped throw over Byron himself. The position of a handsome unmarried nobleman has of itself certain attractions; but when this nobleman is at the same time Childe Harold, Lara, the Corsair, &c., is prematurely melancholy, and has a long list of crimes on his conscience, is it any wonder that society, which so often makes lions of lambs, should have been wild over him?

The shipwreck that he soon afterwards made of his life by his unfortunate marriage was of the utmost importance so far as his poetry is concerned. When the massive British public was offended, the noble bard became what the French, when they pride themselves on their English, spell and call *schocking*. He fled from his country, never to see it again. What influence this sudden change had upon him is nowhere proved more clearly than by the great difference between the first two and the last two cantos of "Childe Harold." At length Byron had reason for real melancholy. Before this he had been playing with life; so long as he was able at any time to return home he enjoyed absence from his native land. Now he had to taste the bitterness of exile. He had done his best to build up the notion that he was a monster of hideous vice, when suddenly he found out what it was to be considered one in real earnest. He had played the outlaw, and now he was one in reality.

He was by no means the man to be overcome by circumstances, however, and although (with the usual success) he sought relief in dissipation, he also wrote verses that were full of genuine melancholy. To us of a later day it may be that the melancholy he ex-



hibited is a trifle monotonous, and, judged by its poetical value and not as an expression of personal feeling, somewhat exaggerated ; yet it is impossible to deny the beauty, even if it be of a morbid kind, of much of his verse in the last half of "Childe Harold." Here he threw off all attempt at concealment, and there is no doubt of his identity with the hero. Formerly, as a German critic says, he had spoken from behind a mask, and now the mask had become his own face. It is a face, however, with but one expression. Wherever he goes, he drops the tear that is exceedingly like the tear shed at his last stopping-place, and there is no break in his misery. This is not entirely Byron's fault ; what we know under the somewhat vague name of *Byronism* was in the air at the time he himself was writing, just as a certain sort of pessimism is current coin nowadays. We all know how the irritating novel with the sad conclusion has been so successful, that we call a story that ends with a prosperous marriage old-fashioned. And besides this, in deference to the spirit of the age, science, — to say nothing of its straying from its beat to form the groundwork of novels, where it is as much out of place as is a policeman creeping into a bar-room, — has been lugged into the service of those who are unhappy unless they are proving that every thing is for the worst in this worst of worlds. As Julian Schmidt points out in an article on Byron,<sup>1</sup> Eduard von Hartman, — the man on whose shoulders fell Schopenhauer's mantle, which he has cut over into the newest fashion, — has shown in his last book how not contented but jovial the thorough-going modern pessimist is, by drawing the picture of his own domestic and intellectual bliss, with wife and children, and an acknowledged position as arch-pessimist of the century. This he has done in bland unconsciousness of the way he has cut the ground from beneath his own feet, and disproved his whole philosophy, which aims only at proving every one utterly unhappy. After all, even if these men are right, their indecent exultation cannot be too severely condemned.

What is now a matter of scientific proof was fifty and more years ago a matter of keen feeling. Volney's "Ruines," a book seldom read now, shows this. The reaction after the French Revolution disappointed many ; others accepted the order of things, and either, like Keats, went back to antiquity, or, like Wordsworth, to what they took to be Nature. But Byron found no such consolation. Not that he did not have a strong feeling for Nature. He said, —

<sup>1</sup> Portraits aus dem xix. Jahrhundert, p. 28.

“High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of mighty cities torture.”

And as for his songs about the ocean, what schoolboy does not know them by heart? In general, however, he was either simply sad, or, as his “Don Juan” proves, wilfully heartless. The gloom of those days was easily nourished. This sentence from “The Bachelor of the Albany” — “It is so romantic and Byronish to talk familiarly of thunder and affect a friendship with tornadoes” — is by no means inexact. The profession of intimacy with a water-fall was alone needed for the stock-in-trade of a representative poet.

Yet it is manifestly unfair to judge Byron by the exaggerations of either himself or his followers. In “Childe Harold” he expresses his love of freedom, of Nature, and poetry in a way that puts a stop to all rude jesting. Take, for instance, the sixth stanza of Canto III. : —

“’Tis to create, and in creating live  
A being more intense, that we endow  
With form our fancy, gaining as we give  
The life we image, even as I do know.  
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,  
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,  
Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
Mix’d with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,  
And feeling still with thee in my crush’d feelings’ dearth.”

Here, and in the following stanzas, is to be noticed what Mr. Pargrave has pointed out in a note to one of Byron’s poems in the “Golden Treasury,” that author’s command of strong thought and close reasoning in verse. It was in this quality — intellectual force — that Byron bears the resemblance to Dryden that Mr. Stopford Brooke mentions.<sup>1</sup> His range was narrow, yet within its limits there is but little English poetry that is more impressive. When Byron strayed away from himself he was hopelessly lost. As Goethe said of him: in his poetry he was fine, but when he began to reflect he was as a child. He had in short the faults and the virtues of his eloquence. He is not the man who has expressed eternal truths, but he has sung moods, which were common in his own day though now a little out of fashion, with wonderful lyric charm; yet that is the boundary he never passed. He saw certain things clearly, — his own misery; the discontent of those who throw away their chances; his own difficulties in accepting revealed religion, — but he never reached that calmer ether

<sup>1</sup> English Literature, p. 160.



where the greatest poets subordinate their own feelings to the universal feelings of humanity. He pleaded his own cause eloquently, but it was his own eloquence that limited him, — that kept him concerned with himself. Who ever heard of an eloquent judge?

His "Don Juan" is, to a certain extent, a confession of his own weakness; he has here, if the expression may be allowed, fouled his own nest. In the very year that he wrote the last canto of "Childe Harold" he began his "Don Juan," and it was probably in the later poem that he found the needed relief from the exalted tension of the other. Doubtless, in thus turning himself to ridicule, he was moved by a great many causes, such as boyish recklessness, bravado, and other more serious reasons; but a perception of the part he was playing must have had much to do with it. In fact, Byron's affectations are really much the most noticeable things in Moore's biography. His diaries have the forced naturalness of a man who is posing to himself and to the world at large. There is no need of quoting instances; it is hardly possible to open the book without coming across some remarks about himself which seem to show that he had in mind the day of their publication. Surely, this unguineness of his has had more than its due share in forming the popular verdict about him. So far as the critical judgment of his writings is concerned, this is very nearly, if not quite, inadmissible evidence. We read Pope's satires without much care for that poet's ill-nature; and the contrast between Rousseau's professions and practice does not make us insensible to his eloquence. It should be the same with Byron. He should not be written down by his prose, or have his poetry condemned on account of the errors of his life. There are very many better men who have written poorer poetry.

In "Don Juan," however, he makes the most serious attack on the excellence of his verse. His whole method of turning every thing to ridicule is the exact opposite of the enthusiasm which must be present to make the highest poetry. In Heine we often find the same contradiction; with all of his lyric tenderness, his charm of language, his ready feeling, the frequent reappearance of his jarring cynicism does not make up by its cleverness for the way it disturbs the harmony of his writings. With all his generous outfit, Heine never reaches the high land that was Goethe's demesne; he never satisfies us, fine as many of his poems are, in the same way that the older German poet does. He seems to be playing on a faulty instrument; to be sure he brings forth lovely music, but he too often mars the effect by some wilful discord.

But in "Don Juan" Byron was aiming rather at turning the whole world to ridicule. He strove to denounce hypocrisy and sentimentality, to write the modern epic of society, and expose all conventional shams, by taking his hero through the different countries of Europe, and giving him in each one an experience characteristic of the social forms of the country and Juan's traditional fame. Fortunately the poem was never concluded; and, even as it is, it is too long. The Russian episode, for instance, has nothing to justify its existence; it is but an anecdote, which is not new, enlarged. And when Don Juan gets to England the satire is by no means wonderful. Of cleverness there is no lack anywhere, and in the first cantos there are not only single stanzas but passages of real beauty; yet the impression the whole poem leaves is one of disappointment. Here was Byron devoting all his force to reconstructing English society, which he detested for its hollowness; and a great part of what he had to say was that war was a terrible thing. Where he is at his best is possibly in his digressions; as, for an example of the amusing kind, at the end of the third canto when he attacks his contemporary poets. Certainly few writers have had the movement that he had. As an effort to remodel the English world the poem is a complete failure. No one was ever better fitted for a combatant than Byron, with his wonderful mastery of expression, his persistent force of argument; but he had nothing very definite to say. He did not like this or that, and he knew how to express his hates; he had no great message to deliver. He felt acutely enough the detestation of things as they were, but he had nothing better to suggest. Although he sighed for a democracy, it was with the petulance of an aristocrat. He was like the reddest republican in this, that he wanted the levelling process applied to others; even when he went to Greece, what he wanted was to be sent in the future as minister to Washington. The statement that he and Shelley were alike in the love of freedom is of the kind that must be more doubted as time goes on. Shelley loved freedom as a saint loves virtue; but Byron, it would almost seem, looked on it as a means of tormenting his foes.

In proportion as Byron's dexterity in the management of verse is most striking, his failure in his grandest designs is only the more to be lamented. What he has done is to show us what we must ask for in the execution of great designs. His was a great natural force, but it spent itself on what may almost be called whims. We can admire his fervor, but we cannot help regretting the objects on which it was so often squandered. He was a great poet in manner, but at times



what he had to say was of no more value than the exercise of a rhetorician. This is expressed more clearly by an anonymous writer in a review of Elze's "Life of Lord Byron," in speaking of a comparison between Byron and Milton: "The magnificent Milton, with all of the pride of spirit that possessed Byron and set him at war with heaven, earth, and himself, making his life a chaos, was further gifted with an intellectual power and a commanding force of will which compelled and subjugated his passions and feelings, methodizing, controlling, and ordering his own life, both outward and inward; and, as his last gift, the result of mental, moral, and physical grace and strength in happy union, he was endowed with a perception of the beautiful, which enabled him to work with an artist's hand to the production of complete results. What fine lines and tens of lines are in comparison with finished poems; what Lara is to Satan, and Manfred to Samson,

"Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,"

and yet hero and demigod; what the tossing of the wave is to the movement of the tidal stream,—is what Byron is when weighed in the balance against Milton." And what is true of him in comparison with Milton is equally true of him in comparison with other great poets. The lyric passages are what time will prove most lasting. The *Ave Maria* at the end of the third canto of "Don Juan," with its stanza taken from an exquisite fragment of Sappho's verse, —

"O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things" —

is a good example. Yet the sustained beauty of this passage is marred by these lines: —

"Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,  
In nameless print, that I have no devotion;  
But set those persons down with me to pray,  
And you shall see who has the properest notion  
Of getting into heaven the shortest way," —

lines which remind the reader of Heine's frequent interruption of himself by some irrelevant remark.

In Byron's plays there is no such interruption; they are for the most part monotonous to a tiresome degree. It is with surprise, too, that the reader finds how rugged is Byron's versification in them, especially in comparison with his unequalled fluency elsewhere. How deficient they are in dramatic action, in even conventional naturalness, it is not necessary to show here. Byron has not so many readers

nowadays that warnings need be uttered against any part of his writings. That our grandfathers' blood should have run cold on reading "Manfred" is but one of those facts that perhaps only our grandchildren will understand, in case the pendulum of taste swings back again to the place it once occupied. Taine, to be sure, calls Manfred the twin-brother of Faust; but it is often the case that of twins one is weak and short-lived. When we take up "Manfred" we do not find the poem in any way a revelation to us; even the most powerful lines fall on nearly indifferent ears. These are not the days of romantic sadness; our gloom ponders, not over mysterious, thrilling crimes, but over wasted effort, aimless lives, controlled by petty circumstances. In time, what we have read with the warmest feeling will seem unreadable to our descendants; and, as it is, how many people, when they want to take up an old novel, choose "The Mill on the Floss," for instance? The tragedy it contains is too bitter for many readers, who are almost as loath to follow Maggie's sad and vain struggle against every-day fate as they would be to live over again yet unforgotten griefs in their own lives. Doubtless, the very grimness of our realism is but the effect of a natural reaction, and the exact truth is as far from us as from those we smile at with gentle contempt.

Yet while Byron is responsible for a good deal of playing with melancholy, just as he put on a cynical expression when he sat to Thorwaldsen for his bust, there is enough that is genuine in his lyrical outbursts to keep his name prominent even now when he is lamentably out of fashion. In spite of all that was foolish and theatrical about him, his genuine love of certain sides of Nature and certain qualities of freedom should never be forgotten. After all, he is his own best defender, as he was his own worst foe; and, although it is no harder to find bombast in his poetry than it is to find affectation in his life, it is also easy to find much in his writing to admire. At any rate he cannot justly be ignored, as he has been for many years.

Goethe said of him that some passages in his poetry sounded like suppressed parliament speeches; and certainly it is the rhetorical side of his poetry which is one of its most striking traits. Byron had strong, though narrow, feeling, command of language, a logical intellect, and wit; but, as Scherer points out, these are more truly the qualifications of an orator than of a poet. Byron has "less imagination than rhetoric. . . . We must be careful not to confound eloquence with poetry. Eloquence is speech serving for the expression of personal emotion; poetry, which is infinitely more varied and more dis-



interested, is making clear, by means of language, that element of beauty which is in every thing, and which must be felt and set forth." Byron was always singing, with wonderful spirit it is true, his own sufferings, his unhappy life with his mother and wife ; but beyond this he seldom went. When he did, it was in lyric verse that cannot leave all readers cold. But whether he calls his subject "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Lara," "Cain," or whatever it may be, he never reaches the impersonal side of poetry, — the poetry which is eternally true, beyond and above the accidental fate of any one man.

It is true that all the greatest poets have mourned the sadness of man's fate ; that Homer spoke of man as the most miserable of beings that live and move on earth ; that Sophocles said, "Never to be at all, excels all fame ;" that Euripides, and Lucretius, and the Psalmist, and Job, and Solomon, and Dante, and Shakspeare, have all said the same thing in their own way, — yet how different is their voice from Byron's personal discontent and ready satire ! Compare him, too, with Shelley, whom he so nearly overawed, and so quickly outstripped in contemporary popularity. Byron saw the moods of society ; Shelley was a leader of humanity.

Still, Parnassus is not yet uncomfortably crowded, and Byron has his own place there ; to which, although it has been somewhat neglected of late years, pilgrims are pretty sure to pay attention. They will be, for the most part, young and enthusiastic, and in time they will have a new devotion for some other poet, or possibly they will lose all interest in poetry ; but their places will be taken by fresh crowds, and the number will probably remain about the same. Byron's ardor will never want admirers ; but his wasted force can hardly be sufficiently regretted.

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY.

## A MURDERED NATION.

PHILOSOPHERS have long considered it as probable that in a state of nature death and individual annihilation were no evils in the sense in which pain, degeneration, and uncompensated loss deserve that name; and if such an important factor as the agency of man could be omitted from our calculations, we could still arrive at a similar conclusion, even without any compromise with the doctrine of metempsychosis. Death from old age is a late sunset, which even after a happy day is generally welcome, while a premature end is commonly the close of evils which have begun to outweigh the joys of life. As a consequence of disease, — if disease itself be not something abnormal and artificially produced, — death is not always a euthanasia, though its physical sufferings are probably trifling compared with those that have preceded it; and most beasts of prey kill their victims so quickly and unexpectedly that their death is simply the end of life, — rarely of a very valuable life. For all carnivorous animals which leave their prey the least chance of escape or successful resistance confer an indirect benefit on the species by eliminating its weak and decrepit individuals, — just as epidemic diseases benefit an overpopulated country by hastening the non-survival of the least fit. When Vishnu resigns his power to Siva, we may generally conclude that life has ceased to be a blessing.

But Pindar's aphorism — ἡ φύσις δαιμονία, ἀλλ' οὐ θεία ἐστὶ (*natura dæmonia est, non divina*) — would be fully justified if we hold our All-mother responsible for the doings of the eccentric biped whose power has almost wrenched the earthly sceptre from her hands, unless rather the preternatural origin of the human mind should be inferred from the fact that here, as elsewhere, its agency is a discord in the cosmic harmony, — for better or worse a disturbing element in the order of Nature. Only the victims of man suffer *vivisection*, a lingering death whose tortures outweigh the relief from any conceivable evils of life; and man alone selects as his prey the strongest and most perfect individuals of every kind, and whose removal, therefore, cannot be



supposed to further the ultimate interests of their species. It is doubtful if all the hostile powers of Nature combined have contributed so much toward the frightful sum of misery and the degeneration of the human race as the misdirected energy of our fellow-men ; for during whole centuries that energy has been devoted to the elimination of the nobility of mankind, if the enlightened, the truthful, the manly, the enemies of slavery and superstition, have a prior claim to that title. The superstition of the mediæval priests and stupidity such as that of their dupes were surely a kind of mental disease, so that the social tendency of the Middle Ages actually favored the survival of the imbecile, by making common-sense a capital crime. The victims of the Inquisition and of many Oriental despots were generally men whose death was in every sense of the word a misfortune to themselves and to their age ; and not individuals only, but whole families and tribes have thus been butchered alive : the Barmecides, the Colonnas, and Abencerrages owed a premature and exceptionally horrible death to the very qualities which in a state of nature would have secured them an exceptionally long and happy life. Under the auspices of Solyman III. and Muhammed Baber Khan, the art of extirpating whole families with all their retainers and sympathizers was elaborated to the perfection of an exact science ; but it has been reserved for our own century to transfer that science to the larger field of international politics, and to achieve the murder of an entire nation in the prime of its manhood and strength.

About three months ago (May, 1879), some German and English papers quoted a dispatch to the St. Petersburg *Golos*, reporting the surrender and expulsion *en masse* of the Mingrelian insurgents, — the last tribe of the Mahometan population of Transcaucasia, — and thus complacently announced the last act of an historical tragedy whose horrors reduce all the pathos of modern and ancient fiction to trivial insignificance.

History abounds with the records of unsuccessful attempts upon the national life of small republics, whose valor and patriotism enabled them to defy despots and despotic coalitions ; also of the conquest and obliteration of moribund empires, which were superseded by a more vigorous race as decaying plants and animals are absorbed by other organisms ; but the now accomplished fate of Circassia is the first indubitable instance of a successful attempt at *political vivisection*, — the dismemberment and actual annihilation of a living and powerfully resisting nation of athletes and heroes.

The Circassian exodus which has now been concluded by the expatriation of the highlanders of Mingrelia (a sort of Caucasian Montenegro) began in the winter of 1864, when 200,000 Lesghian families were expelled from their mountain homes by order of the Czar, and driven forth, starving and almost naked, to implore the hospitality of the Turkish government. Of more than half a million human beings who left Tiflis on the last of November, 1864, about one third reached the province of Adrianople, some twenty thousand were cared for in the hospitals of Smyrna and Stamboul, and the rest either died outright from hunger and exposure or were abandoned on the roadside to perish at their leisure.

Their crime was to have been conquered, to have been overcome by sheer brute force, after a resistance which in heroic valor and self-denying fortitude has never been equalled since the dawn of authentic history. Neither the followers of Ziska nor the grenadiers of the great Frederic achieved by religious enthusiasm or the power of discipline what patriotism taught those poor mountaineers to dare and endure; "but they had to learn," as Count Lermontoff, the historian of the Conquest of Caucasus, pleases to remark, "that the days are past when stubbornness could enlist the aid of the immortals."

In 1781, when the Empress Catharine stopped at Azov on a visit to the southern part of her dominions, she was struck by the majestic aspect of the Daghestan Mountains which interpose their snow-capped ramparts between the Russian steppes and the garden-lands of Tiflis and Georgia; and on that day the conquest was first resolved upon which has since been accomplished at a cost of three million human lives. As early as 1783, General Lazareff made a raid into the valley of the Terek, but was driven back with the loss of 6,000 men, and had to recruit his forces in the Ukraine till the spring of the following year, when he landed at Anapa and attempted the same region from the south side. He was again repulsed, but fortified the village of Redout Kaleh on the sea-coast; and thus established a base of operations for all future expeditions, which year after year were sent forth, and as often vanquished, though with greater and greater difficulty, by that heroic resistance which mere butcher's arithmetic could foresee must cease at last. Lazareff and his successor, General Godolitsch, gratified the Czarina by a monthly bulletin of raids and massacres; and there is something inexpressibly revolting in their cynic admission of the superior strategy and valor of an enemy whom they hoped to subdue by starvation and *ruse*, — that is, treachery, and the massacre of hostages and non-combatants.



The passes of Western Caucasus were defended by the Lesghians and Ossetes, who in 1795 could still muster a force of 60,000 warriors in the Spartan sense of the word ; but with the return of every spring, a fresh swarm of Cossacks, Calmucks, and Muscovite serfs fell upon that devoted band standing at bay like a wild animal against a pack of butcher dogs. The valleys were devastated, domestic animals were slain, the *auls*, or mountain villages of Western Lesghia, were burned, and their defenceless inhabitants butchered ; and in innumerable encounters the passes were strewn with the bones, and the mountain streams of Circassia dyed with the blood, of her native sons, who, though almost always victorious, found no time to repair their losses before an imperial ukase sent a new horde of bloodhounds against them. Yet in 1824, more than forty years after the commencement of the hostilities which had already cost the lives of nearly half a million of his subjects, the Czar could not yet call a square yard of the Caucasus his own, unless he kept within cannon range of his forts.

But his successor, Nicholas I., made the subjugation of Circassia his life problem, to solve which he shrank neither from expenses nor from the most barbarous inhumanities. So soon as he had bullied the Turks into the peace of Adrianople, and crushed Poland by the campaign of 1831, he turned the whole power of his enormous empire against the highlands of Lesghia, and for the first time forced the pass of Dariel, which had been kept by a single tribe of less than twenty thousand fighting men for more than half a century. But General Ivelitch, the Russian commander-in-chief, soon discovered his mistake if he had anticipated an easy conquest. Common danger united all the highland tribes of Western and Central Caucasus under the command of Kassi Mullah, and when the Muscovite hordes poured through the defiles of the Kurdagh Range a carnage commenced to which only the invasion of France by the Huns furnishes a parallel. Fifteen battles were fought in as many weeks, and though the Russians made their way to the plateau of Elbassan, their loss was too serious to attempt the reduction of Kassi Mullah's stronghold, the rock-fortress of Aul Himri, which was in sight on the opposite mountains. But when a reinforcement of 14,000 men under General Grabbe appeared on the plateau, Ivelitch ordered an assault, and Aul Himri was taken, after a defence which makes Kassi Mullah the peer of Wallace and Leonidas. No prisoners were taken, but of a garrison of 2,000 heroes only seven escaped, among them Shamyl Ben Haddin, the companion and successor of the brave Mullah, who, crippled by the fragment

of a shell, had risen to his knees and cheered his men till four bayonets passed through his breast and a last shout of "Allah Akbar!" from his lips.

While charging up the mountain and during the escalade the Russians had lost three men out of every ten of their entire force, and did not dare to advance any further till joined by a strong body of artillery which had been delayed near Dariel for several weeks. By a laborious march of sixteen days, enlivened by several skirmishes, they advanced then to the basin of the upper Terek, and began to fortify a camp on the site of the present military colony of St. Michael.

But Shamyl had not been idle, and on Sept. 2, 1837, he surprised Ivelitch with 11,000 men, whom he had picked from the iron-fisted highlanders of Northern Lesghia. A little before sunrise, the camp was attacked with such fury that the outworks were carried almost at the first onset. The artillery-men were overpowered, their guns turned against the centre of the camp, and before noon the troops of Ivelitch began their retreat, which soon degenerated into a chaotic flight. Out of an army of 60,000 men only 22,000 reached the fortified village of Kasra, fourteen miles beyond Dariel.

Ivelitch was recalled, and the command entrusted to Count Yermoloff, who made Kasra the centre of a vast winter camp, to provide accommodations for the armed multitudes that arrived by regiments every day. When the snow began to thaw, Yermoloff put his host in marching order, and so soon as the mountain streams had subsided sufficiently to allow the transport of artillery, 155,000 men passed through the mountain-gate of Dariel and began the ascent of the eastern highlands. Then began that war of extermination in which the conquest of every square mile of ground was paid for with the lives of a thousand Russians and sealed with the destruction of every living thing, till the fertile woodlands from Terek to Tiflis were converted into a naked waste and the mountain-creeks dried up into arid gorges. The patriots had to retreat to the barren summit regions of the Leila Range, and in the winter of 1856 the Russian advance reached the eastern slope, where they intrenched themselves at Derbend, the ancient Pylae Caucasiae; so that their chain of forts now extended from the Caspian to the Euxine, and from Mount Kasbek to the mouth of the Araxes.

Yet even in this desperate situation the Circassian chiefs uniformly rejected the proposals of the invader, refusing the offers of a truce



and general amnesty, and dismissing Yermoloff's emissaries unheard, as if resolved to accept no compromise between independence and extermination. But they certainly left nothing untried which diplomatic prudence on the one hand and the courage of desperation on the other could suggest; for at the very time when Shamyl devoted the first-born of his clan to lead the forlorn hope against Fort Michael, his envoys pleaded the cause of their country at all the courts of Western and Southern Europe, and even attempted to subsidize the liberal French press with the scanty means at their disposal.

The companions of Shamyl had to live on beechnuts and water; and, to increase their distress, the winter of 1857 was so exceptionally severe that cattle and horses perished in the lower valleys, while the mountain ridges became almost uninhabitable. In the following spring, Yermoloff, reinforced by two divisions under Prince Baryatinski, resumed his operations and drove the guerillas from mountain to mountain till the campaign became a mere man-hunt, in which the pursuers had to fear an ambush in every thicket and a man-trap at every ford, while the roving Cossacks patrolled the villages after dark, to intercept the refugees who might return from their hiding-places in the jungles. The long, horrible struggle ended by the capture of Shamyl on the Plateau of Ghunib, Sept. 6, 1859.

Shamyl Ben Haddin, a man whose name is almost unknown to America and Western Europe, has left a record in the memory of his countrymen about which coming generations may kindle into worship. Unless ultimate success alone be a criterion of merit, the exploits of Hannibal, of Cromwell, of Kosciusko and Garibaldi appear trifling in comparison with the feats of the Lesghian prophet-chieftain. There is a somewhat doubtful tradition about a Gothic knight, named Pelagius or Pelayo, whose father had been slain with King Roderic in the battle of Xeres de la Frontera, and who, when Spain was overrun by the Saracens, enlisted a corps of volunteers from the Christian fugitives and with their aid defended himself year after year in the mountain fastnesses of the Pyrenees, till the power of the Moors was broken in the seven days' fight of Tours, and the little band of patriots received succors from their brethren in Southern France. If the story of Pelayo should be authentic, the achievements of Shamyl Ben Haddin are hardly equalled; otherwise they stand altogether unapproached by any thing the history of the world could adduce from the records of the last four thousand years. The Pass of Thermopylæ, though defended against greater odds, was only defended for twenty-four

hours, while the followers of Shamyl maintained their ground for more than twenty-four years. Mithridates, king of Pontus and Assyria, resisted the power of Rome for even a longer period ; but his resources were almost as vast as those of the *Orbis Romanus*, while the Circassian patriot, with never more than 20,000 fighting men, defied the legions of the Russian Empire, which were increased under Prince Baryatinski to ninety-five regiments of infantry, forty of artillery, and 1,600 *polks* of mounted Cossacks, — together almost one third of a million. Frédéric the Great, in the Seven Years' War, showed the same manful self-reliance, fortitude, and heroic scorn of compromise : but would he not have surrendered Brandenburg and Berlin as well as Silesia, if the four-fold numerical superiority of his enemies had been increased forty-fold, the seven years protracted to twenty-seven, and his regimen restricted to a diet of beechnuts and water ? Or, to take an illustration from the history of our own country, would the resistance of General Lee have been prolonged for, we will not say twenty-seven *years* but that number of *weeks*, if Virginia had been attacked by a combination of the "solid South" with the solid North, East, and West ; if all the artillery, all the horses, all the cooking stoves, medicine chests, tents, shoes, blankets, flour, sugar, and coffee, as well as all the cash, had been monopolized by General Grant, and Lee's own commissary supplies reduced to the hickory-nuts and wild berries of the Blue Ridge ? How few of our hardy ancestors would have undertaken for any temporal or eternal reward what the Lesghian chieftain has done, and done in vain. His followers diminished from year to year and at last succumbed, — worn out, in the most brutal sense of the term, by an ungenerous enemy who increased the terror of his superior force by atrocities which make the conquest of Caucasus the blackest page in the history of the world.

There is no doubt that the preposterous tyranny of the first governor of Transcaucasia (Prince Baryatinski, who exacted a capitation tax of sixteen rubles and punished the relatives and neighbors of fugitive defaulters) had no other object but to goad the wretched natives into open resistance, with a view of getting a pretext for massacres which would only have ended with the life of the last Circassian, if the Governor had been continued in office for another term or two. But when the reports of Colonel D'Estaing and Sir Henry H. Bulwer<sup>1</sup> called the attention of Western Europe to these outrages,

<sup>1</sup> . . . "What have we done that we must fight night and day, that our cattle are carried off, that our houses are burnt, and that our young men have to die and our old ones and



the Russian government changed its tactics, and conceived the equally inhuman though somewhat less barbarous project of banishing the Caucasian Mahometans *en masse*. After a last raid, signalized by cruelties that must have reconciled the survivors to almost any exile, the natives of Daghestan, Lesghia, and Circassia proper were assembled at Fort St. Michael and dispatched to the frontier *via* Tiflis by detachments of 10,000 or 15,000, under the escort of large bodies of infantry and mounted lancers.

The Daghestan highlanders, who failed to appear at the rendezvous, defeated their aggressors in a pitched battle; but, upon learning the fate of their countrymen, retreated to the Kuban valley, where they stood at bay for a couple of weeks and then made their way to the frontier by a different route, while a single clan escaped to the Mingrelian highlands, where, favored by the ruggedness of their mountains and the neighborhood of the Turkish border, they maintained themselves till 1877, or nearly thirteen years after the expulsion of their countrymen.

Besides being the most warlike tribe of a country in which every man was a warrior, the natives of Daghestan were admitted to be the superiors of the Tyrolese Gensenjäger in stature and strength; and Colonel D'Estaing, who witnessed the execution of fifty insurgents of their clan at Vladikafkas, expresses his doubt if an equal number of classic profiles could be found in the largest city of modern Italy. "I do not know whether the age of chivalry could match such forms and faces," says he; "but I am afraid it will need many centuries of regeneration before Europe shall look upon their like again. Five bareheaded young desperadoes were standing together in the front-rank, the appearance of any one of whom in the nether world might have consoled Dejanira for the loss of her husband."

The Russians maintain a standing army of 80,000 men at Tiflis, and from 90,000 to 120,000 at Sebastopol and in the littoral of the

children and women to perish? Why do the Turks and the English not help us, why are they the friends of the Russians? . . . But if it is not possible to afford this help for the preservation of our country and race, then we pray to be afforded facilities for removing to a place of safety our helpless and miserable children and women that are perishing by the brutal attacks of the enemy, as well as by the effects of famine; and if neither of these two requests be taken into consideration, and if in our destitute condition we are utterly annihilated notwithstanding our appeals to the mercy and grace of the Governments, then we shall not cease to invoke our right in the presence of the Lord of the Universe, of Him who has confided to your Majesty sovereignty, strength, and power for the purpose of protecting the helpless." — *A Petition from the Circassians forwarded to Earl Russell by Sir H. H. Bulwer.*

Black Sea between Benda and Kertsch ; and it is certainly remarkable that the same troops of the power which had quelled the most desperate insurrection of the Poles in a single year, and compelled the surrender of the Hungarian patriots after a campaign of only ten weeks, — that the same troops, partly officered by the same generals, were defied for thirteen years by the defenders of a small mountain district whose entire population, variously estimated from 50,000 to 75,000, certainly never exceeded that of a Russian provincial town. The truth probably is that they could not trust their own Christian subjects in Armenia, nor the Crim Tartars who rose upon their Governor in 1821, and again in 1829 during the Turkish campaign under Sabalkanski Diebitsch. But two years ago, when the projected invasion of Asia Minor had concentrated three divisions of the regular army in Transcaucasia, the opportunity seemed favorable for trying conclusions with the stiff-necked mountaineers ; and the third army corps received orders to recruit its cavalry in the upper Kuban valley, and to make an example of the first *aúl* that should venture upon any hostile demonstration.

In the last week of June, 1877, forty regiments under General Tergusoff, with the guides and scouts of the Tiflis garrison, advanced to Aul Ramath and entered the mountains from the east, by ascending the valley of the Ingur, the principal tributary of the Kuban River. A pretext for violence was soon found ; their vanguard having been fired upon near the hamlet of Sidi Elgor, they put the inhabitants to the sword, and after some skirmishes with the neighboring settlers they advanced upon Aul Ingur, the principal stronghold of the tribe. The Mingrelian chiefs had assembled their men on a plateau near the last named village, and supposing some frontier post of the Turkish border to be the objective point of the invaders, awaited their passage in sullen inactivity. But at the rumor of the Elgor massacre they flew to arms, and when the Muscovite cavalry followed the Ingur valley instead of turning to the south, they could not mistake the purpose of the expedition, and resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

Their superior knowledge of the territory enabled them to circumvent the Russian line of march, and as soon as Tergusoff's division had entered the defile of Asmakán he was attacked in flank and rear with a suddenness and impetuosity which nearly demoralized the entire army corps. The Russian troopers dismounted and charged the hills again and again, but were as often driven back by the fire of



nine thousand Circassian rifles, handled by as many veteran sharpshooters, while the artillery-men had to serve their guns behind a rampart of their dead horses and comrades. The echo of the cannonade was heard in the Kuban valley, and large reinforcements were hurried up from Pätigorsk and Fort St. Nicholas; but before they reached the battle-field Tergusoff's division had sustained losses which disqualified it for the conquest of Asia Minor, and enabled Muktar Pasha to take the offensive with such signal success. On the second day the commander of Fort Nicholas arrived with seven regiments of cavalry, and while his lancers engaged the Circassians in the lower valley the infantry forced the pass from above, and Tergusoff then ordered a general advance. The nine thousand Mingrelians died almost to the last man; but the losses of the third army corps taught the Russians by an *argumentum ad hominem* that human beings have rights which even a Czar should respect, and that their despair cannot be provoked with impunity.

All the able-bodied men of the tribe had perished at Asmakán, and their sons and fathers were repeatedly decimated by cavalry raids from Fort Nicholas and different expeditions from Tiflis and Vladikafkas. The survivors, therefore, must have consisted chiefly or entirely of widows and invalids, and that these should really have been expelled *in toto* would imply an almost unimaginable degree of inhumanity. Incredible as it may appear, however, the report of the Russian governor leaves no doubt of the fact. The census of 1875 estimates the remaining native population of Daghestan and Circassia proper at 7,000, and that of Mingrelia at 65,000. The six thousand families or "tents" which encamped at Báyzid this spring, after crossing the Araxes, must have represented a total of at least 30,000 souls, or probably every living human being who, after the Turkish campaign and the subsequent raids, could be found in the above named three provinces; so that Mingrelia and Transcaucasia, comprising a territory of about 100,000 square miles, must have been entirely depopulated of their Mahometan inhabitants.

"The difficulty of apprehending the malcontents," says the *Golos*, "was aggravated by the circumstance that the Mingrelians had been warned by fugitives from the Mosálman settlements, and had removed their invalids and provisions to the mountain wilds of the Minghi-Dagh Range. The Usbeks [a tribe of western Daghestan] offered no resistance, but, having exhausted or wasted the supplies furnished them by the Imperial commissioner, tarried near the fron-

tier till they received a further viaticum of fifty copecks [30 cents] per family, to help them through as far as Erzeroum," — a distance of more than 90 English miles !

The Mingrelians were the last tribe of the Transcaucasian aborigenes, and from Anapa to Baku the highlands of the Caucasus are now abandoned to the wild beasts of the wilderness and the wilder outlaws of the Armenian borderland. Here and there along the banks of the Araxes some Russian cherry-distillers and lumbermen have permanent encampments, and the valley of Daghestan, the birthland of Kassi Mullah, has been converted into a penal colony for vagabonds and communists, with a fort where the convicts of the Russian infantry from the southern provinces expiate "military offences of the second degree," — theft, drunkenness, and neglect of duty. The rest is a wilderness ; only near the headwaters of the Rion (the Phasis of the Argonauts) a few Mingrelian refugees were overlooked during the last exodus, and, upon being discovered, appealed to the clemency of the Governor, hoping that their expulsion would be postponed till after the recovery of some of their sick and wounded ; but the fiat has gone forth, and before the end of next winter the last remnant of the ill-fated nation will have been consigned to exile and destitution. In other words, the manliest and most beautiful race of our century, and beyond all comparison the bravest of any age or country of our earth, has been exterminated to make room for the besotted dregs of a vicious despotism.

*Post festum hospites* ; future artists and ethnographers, coming to Daghestan to study the human form divine in its most perfect type, will have to content themselves with the skull-bones which the ticket-of-leave men of Fort Yaroslaw still exhume from the cairns and tumuli of the neighboring mountains.

But to the Circassians themselves their untimely grave has perhaps been a refuge from worse evils, since the doom of Poland would have been the penalty of submission ; and in thus far, at least, they have still been the arbiters of their own destiny. Five successive generations have been called upon to decide between death and a Muscovite citizenship, and they have deliberately chosen death as the less horrible alternative. By a hundred years' war and the sacrifice of a million human lives the Russians have thus become the undisputed master of a graveyard, but they will hardly find it a remunerative acquisition. The tendency of the cosmic regulations is adverse to cruelty, and we may trust that the same by-law of Nature which



prevents the hunter from digesting the flesh of a tortured animal will not permit the butchers of the Circassian patriots to utilize their victory. For alimentary purposes vivisection is an unprofitable business.

The fate of Shamyl, like that of John Huss, makes it evident that the utmost human efforts in the best possible cause are no guarantee of success; but if his heroic resistance has failed to save him, it has not therefore been wholly in vain. He has shown what valor may dare against desperate odds, even without the favor of fortune, and what greater numbers might accomplish under happier auspices. The Nemesis of History deals with nations, not with individuals, and the next general insurrection of southern Russia may prove what the Thirty Years' War proved before, — that tyrānny has reached the term of its power, if it has made deliverance more desirable than life itself.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

## ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

### II.

#### THE CONFERENCE AND THE WAR.

THE 1st of September, 1876, was marked by a new revolution at Constantinople. Sultan Murad V. had been unable to attend to the affairs of Government from the day when his reason had been affected by the assassination of his ministers, about two weeks after his accession to the throne. Although he was not supposed to be incurable, the Divan thought that the political crisis demanded a sultan who was capable of deciding pending questions. They deposed Murad V. and appointed his brother Abd-ul-Hamid in his place.

It was at this time that public opinion in England forced the Beaconsfield Government to change its policy towards Turkey. Lord Derby, in vigorous dispatches, condemned the Bulgarian massacres and demanded the punishment of the leading offenders. He also proposed to the Great Powers to assemble a Conference to settle the affairs of Turkey, and, while maintaining her territorial integrity, to secure good government to the European Provinces by the moral influence of united Europe. This proposition appears to have been first made by Lord Derby in dispatches to Constantinople and St. Petersburg, Oct. 5, 1876. The idea was favorably received at Rome, strongly opposed at Vienna and Constantinople, objected to at Berlin, doubted at Paris, and questioned, especially as to details, at St. Petersburg. This was certainly not a hopeful beginning; and by October 30 Lord Derby gave it up, attributing the failure of the effort of England to the differences which had arisen as to the armistice between Servia and Turkey. The question of the armistice having been settled by the ultimatum of Russia, Lord Derby returned to his plan of a Conference at once, and made a formal proposition to the Powers on November 4. He says:—

“Her Majesty’s Government have determined to renew the suggestion made by them on the 5th ult. and to take the initiative in proposing that a Conference should



be held forthwith *at Constantinople*, in which all the guaranteeing Powers and the Porte should take part; and each Government should be at liberty to appoint two plenipotentiaries to represent it.

"Her Majesty's Government also submit as the basis for the deliberations of the Conference, —

"1. The Independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

"2. A declaration that the Powers do not intend to seek for and will not seek for any territorial advantages, any exclusive influence, or any concession with regard to the commerce of their subjects, which those of any other nation may not equally obtain.

"3. The basis of pacification proposed (by England) to the Porte September 21; namely, (a) The *Status Quo*, speaking roughly, both as regards Servia and Montenegro; (b) That the Porte should simultaneously undertake, in a *protocol* to be signed at Constantinople with the representatives of the mediating Powers, to grant to Bosnia and Herzegovina a system of local or administrative autonomy; by which is to be understood a system of local institutions which shall give the populations some control over their own local affairs, and guarantees against the exercise of arbitrary authority.

"There is to be no question of the creation of a tributary State.

"Guarantees of a similar kind to be also provided against maladministration in Bulgaria. The reforms already agreed to by the Porte, in the note addressed to the representatives of the Powers February 13 last, to be included in the administration arrangements for Bosnia and Herzegovina and, so far as they may be applicable, for Bulgaria.

"If other Powers thought it advisable, Her Majesty's Government would not object to their plenipotentiaries joining in the preliminary discussions with the plenipotentiaries of the other five guaranteeing Powers before the opening of the Conference. These discussions to be on the same basis as those proposed for the Conference."

This note settled several points which had been debated before in various dispatches, — as to the place where the Conference was to be held; as to whether Turkey should take part in it; as to who should represent the Powers; and as to the grounds upon which the Conference should proceed. Russia accepted this proposal at once, and only objected to the word "territorial" before "integrity;" but this objection was soon withdrawn. France expressed her own willingness to accept at once, but would also agree to modifications if other Powers insisted. Italy accepted without hesitation, but doubted whether it was not a mistake to meet at Constantinople. Austria objected; was not quite sure about the idea of autonomy, and was unwilling to give full powers to her representatives: she finally, after a week of negotiations, accepted the Conference "in principle," but with the understanding that nothing was to be decided without refer-

ence to Vienna: Germany accepted with some coolness. Turkey refused at once to have any thing to do with a Conference, and telegraphed her reasons November 8. She objected to the basis proposed; she declared that any special arrangements for separate Provinces would interfere with the Constitution she was about to promulgate; and that she would not consent to any discussion of her internal affairs, as this was an attack upon her independence and opposed to the treaty of Paris. Lord Derby replied on Nov. 11, answering these objections, and insisting on the Conference. He had appointed the Marquis of Salisbury as the representative of England three days before this, and he instructed Sir Henry Elliot to insist on the acceptance by the Porte in the most peremptory manner. November 20, the Turkish ambassador informed Lord Derby that the Porte yielded, and accepted the Conference out of deference to the European Powers. The same day the Marquis of Salisbury left London. The Conference was thus fairly launched by England, and with the distinct understanding that it was to be preceded by preliminary meetings of the representatives, at which Turkey would not be represented.

It was also arranged that Lord Salisbury should visit Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome on his way, to consult fully with the different Governments and ascertain their views. His instructions from Lord Derby were very full; they fill nine pages of the Blue Book. It is only necessary here to call attention to those points which the result proved to be most important. He instructs Lord Salisbury to favor an extension of the territory of Montenegro; to insist upon the signature by the Porte of a formal protocol and upon special arrangements for Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria. He declares that other guarantees are necessary than the promises of the Porte; that the *Valis* and *Mutessarifs* of these Provinces should be appointed, with the approval of the Powers, for a specified term of say seven years. The army, the police, and the courts were to be organized in proportion to the Mussulman and non-Mussulman population. He would not consent to a foreign military occupation; but he afterwards did assent to a Belgian gendarmerie, or *quasi* police force of five thousand men, to sustain the European commissioners. He thus fully committed the English Government from the outset to exactly the demands which were afterwards agreed to by Russia and rejected by the Porte. Lord Salisbury did not adopt the plans of the preliminary Conference, not because he was outwitted by the cunning of Ignatieff, but because he was so instructed by Lord Derby.



We have no satisfactory official account of Lord Salisbury's interviews with the various courts of Europe on his way to Constantinople, but he spoke somewhat freely on the subject while in Turkey; and the general result of these consultations is pretty well known. Every one gave him good wishes, and hoped that the Conference might prove a success; but he found no statesman who had any faith in the possibility of regenerating the Ottoman Empire. He found no Power ready to make any sacrifices either to protect or to overthrow the Turkish power. All were anxious to avoid a general war, and were willing to accept the Conference as a means to that end; but there was a general feeling that if Russia was determined to knock the Ottoman Empire to pieces, it was not worth while to adopt any warlike measures to prevent it.

The Marquis of Salisbury arrived in Constantinople December 5 in great state, and was received with almost royal honors. He came with high hopes; but if he had known the Turks better he would have understood from the first that a single utterance of Lord Derby had already insured the failure of his mission. The English minister had been careful to assure the Turkish ambassador that England would, under no circumstances, resort to any coercive measures. If they rejected the proposals of the Conference, the most they had to fear was a war with Russia. There is reason to believe that this declaration was the work of Earl Beaconsfield, and that it was not approved by Lord Derby or the Marquis of Salisbury; but even these ministers were probably unaware of the fact that so far from fearing a war with Russia the majority of the Turks had long expected and desired this war, as the easiest way out of their difficulties, and most of them believed that they were quite able by themselves to cope with their great northern adversary. They also believed, as Mithad Pacha has since said in a public letter, that, once at war, England would be forced by her own interests to aid them.

The preliminary Conference began its sessions at once. The first formal meeting was held at the Russian embassy, December 11. The object of these preliminary meetings was to secure a perfect agreement and common understanding between the European representatives before the Turkish members were admitted. This was certainly a very essential preliminary; but the event proved the wisdom of the Italian Government, which had suggested that Constantinople was not the place for these meetings. The whole Turkish population was roused to a high pitch of indignant excitement by

these secret meetings at the Russian embassy, and very little information was gained by the representatives which could not have been secured as well at Vienna.

The newspapers, in all languages, published violent articles every day; gave currency to absurd rumors; represented Lord Salisbury and Lady Salisbury, also, as the unconscious tools of the cunning Ignatieff; magnified the too manifest coolness which existed between the special ambassador and Sir Henry Elliot; and expatiated on the gross insult involved in the idea of foreign representatives meeting secretly from day to day in the very capital of the Empire to settle its internal affairs. Not a few Englishmen, in sympathy with Sir Henry Elliot and in the pay of the Turks, entered with fury into this crusade against the Conference. Sir Henry himself protested vigorously against the scheme involved in Lord Derby's letter of instructions, and, perhaps unintentionally, encouraged the Turks to resist. The failure of the Conference was thus insured before its first meeting.

There were nine formal sessions of the preliminary Conference, the last of which was held December 22. It was found that there was no difficulty in arriving at a complete agreement between the representatives as to what should be demanded of the Turkish Government. Russia was anxious to embody these conclusions in a formal protocol; but Lord Derby seems to have refused this demand with unusual vigor, as though it might be used as an ultimatum, and thus compromise the English Government. So these decisions were called "minutes" and presented as such to the full Conference. The essential points in these propositions were the following:—

"1. The territory of Montenegro was to be considerably enlarged; the forts on the lake of Scutari disarmed, and the navigation of the Boyana made free to the sea.

"2. Peace was to be made with Servia on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*.

"3. Special administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina united into one Province, with local self-government, to be put in force by an International Commission.

"4. Special administration for Bulgaria, divided into two Provinces, with local self-government under International Commission.

"5. In both cases the International Commission was to be practically supreme for one year. It would establish a police force of the different nationalities, restore the damages done during the insurrection, control the appointment of officials, and in general carry out the elaborate scheme of self-government proposed by the Conference."



There was a plan of a Belgian gendarmerie to support the Commission, which was generally approved; and Lord Derby agreed to advance money to carry it out. It was rather an absurd project, but was intended to take the place of an armed occupation proposed by Russia. Probably no one seriously expected to see it carried out, but as Lord Salisbury said: "In diplomacy it is often necessary in pressing from one point to another to go deliberately over the intervening space. This was the half-way house between the occupation plan of Russia and the no-coercion plan of England."

During the meetings of the preliminary Conference, Lord Salisbury was very active in pressing upon the Porte and upon the Sultan personally the necessity of the acceptance of these propositions by Turkey. He met with no success, although the Sultan himself seemed ready to yield. But Mithad Pacha had become Grand Vizier, and the Sultan was afraid of him. For a moment it was very doubtful whether the formal Conference would ever meet; but the Turks thought better of it, and the first session was held December 23 at the Admiralty, under the presidency of Edhem Pacha. Nine sessions were held, the last Jan. 20, 1877.

The Turks had so arranged as to have the new Constitution proclaimed, with great firing of guns, at the very moment when Edhem Pacha was opening the meeting of the Conference, — a sort of *coup de théâtre*, no doubt suggested to the Turks by some of their foreign admirers. His opening speech was the key-note of the tune sung by the Turkish members at every session. He said: "This is a constitutional Government; and the Constitution guarantees all possible reforms, not only to two or three Provinces, but to the whole Empire. What more can you ask?" The Turkish representatives were not even inclined to discuss the propositions. Each one was met by a *non possumus*, or by the statement that this was a part of the Constitution. It was in vain that Lord Salisbury reduced the demands of Europe to a minimum, of which the important part was involved in two propositions; namely, the appointment of the *Valis* with the approval of the ambassadors and a temporary International Commission. Both were peremptorily refused by the Porte. These final demands were stated with great solemnity by the Marquis of Salisbury at the eighth session, and with the declaration that if they were refused, all the Great Powers would withdraw their ambassadors from Constantinople. These demands were: —

(1.) A rectification of the frontiers of Montenegro with the free navigation of the Boyana. (2.) The *status quo ante bellum* for Servia. (3.) The demands for Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria were reduced to the appointment of the *Valis* for five years, with the approval of the Great Powers; a certain reduced scheme of local government; the taxes to be assessed and collected by the local authorities; reorganization of the courts; full religious liberty; use of the local languages in the courts and councils; a local militia and police of Mussulmans and non-Mussulmans; a general amnesty; prohibition of the colonization of Circassians, and of the use of the Bashi-Bazouks. Commissioners of control were to be nominated by the Powers to secure the execution of these reforms. •

It is manifest that these demands are all involved in the original instructions of Lord Derby. They were fully agreed to as a minimum by Russia and all the Great Powers; but they were rejected by the Porte. The points specially objected to were those already mentioned, in regard to the *Valis* and the International Commission; but there were other things which they did not accept, such as the limitation of Bulgaria, the use of Christian languages, the mixed police and militia, etc.; yet they would have discussed them, if the two principal points had been given up. These two points were insisted upon because they were of the nature of guarantees for the performance of promises, and no more insignificant ones could be found. They were no more than had already been agreed to by the Porte in the case of Mount Lebanon after the Syrian massacres, and the only wonder was that Russia was willing to accept so little. Even Sir Henry Elliot approved them, and did his best to persuade the Porte to accept them. But such was the state of feeling in Constantinople that the Government would not have dared to accept them, had Mithad Pacha wished to do so. Had they been backed by a threat of coercion on the part of all Europe, or even of England alone, they would have been accepted without a murmur; but they came as simple advice, and it was universally believed that not even Russia dared to exercise any pressure. The Russians themselves had circulated the report that they were not ready for war; that they were alarmed at the warlike attitude of Turkey, and only sought some "golden bridge" by which they might escape from their unfortunate position. Here was an opportunity to humiliate Russia, which could not be lost. There were Turks in Constantinople who saw the folly of this course, and who would have welcomed coercion on the part of England; but they were few.

This state of hostility to the Conference had been encouraged rather than restrained by the Government, for two months. In fact



they had taken every possible means to develop it, not only among the Turks but also among the Christians, who in Constantinople are in many ways dependent upon Government favor. The Greeks had been stirred up to the highest pitch of excitement by those in pay of the Government, and even the Armenians had been roused to jealous opposition, — the former on the ground that all which was called Bulgaria on this side of the Balkans belonged to them ; and the latter with the idea that privileges given to European Turkey would in some way injure them. Even the Bulgarians employed by the Porte were forced to sign a paper, protesting against the Conference. The Bulgarian exarch, however, had the courage to refuse, and was afterwards deposed for his obstinacy. The Government stirred up this excitement without fear, because they had the pledge of Lord Derby that they should not be coerced. The Marquis of Salisbury did his best to persuade them that a refusal would inevitably be followed by a Russian war, in which they would have no help from England, and which was certain to end in disasters ; but they thought that they knew better. To give *éclat* to their refusal, they called a Grand Council of Mussulmans and non-Mussulmans, in which the *Vckil* of the Protestants was the only man who dared to hint at the value of peace and the necessity of caution. It was of course tumultuously decided to reject the demands of the Conference. They were rejected ; and the ambassadors of the Great Powers withdrew as soon as a terrible storm then raging would permit their steamers to leave the harbor.

So failed the great scheme of the English Government for securing peace in Europe and reform in Turkey. The Marquis of Salisbury said afterwards in the House of Lords, that *it broke down through their utter failure to instil any common-sense into the heads of the Turks*. But, as we have already said, Lord Derby himself made this failure probable by his assurance that there should be no coercion. The belief of the Turks in the weakness of Russia raised this probability to a certainty.

The failure of the Conference was followed by a period of doubt and hesitation at every court in Europe. Russia sent out a circular dispatch, asking, "What are you going to do about it?" No one knew, and no one answered the note. At Constantinople there was a political revolution. Mithad Pacha, who was supposed by all Europe to be master of the situation, was suddenly arrested and sent into exile. The Palace party, headed by the brother-in-law of the Sultan,

became supreme, and for some days there was a probability that the new Constitution would be thrown over and war declared at once with Russia. But in the end no change was made, and nothing could be decided upon. The fanatical party concluded that Mithad Pacha's Constitution would consolidate rather than weaken the Mussulman power, and reduce the Christians to a more hopeless bondage than ever; and so the new Parliament was summoned exactly as it would have been by Mithad himself.

Russia, having waited in vain for a reply to her circular note, commenced a new negotiation with the Great Powers, especially with England. Her object was no doubt the same as at the Conference, — to attain one of two ends, either of which would have been satisfactory to her: to secure collective European intervention in Turkey, or the consent of Europe to an armed Russian intervention. The result of these negotiations was the protocol of London with its appended declarations. This protocol was a general condemnation of the Government of Turkey, and a declaration that the Powers would watch carefully the manner in which the promises of the Ottoman Government were carried into effect; "and if the condition of the Christians should not be improved, they reserve to themselves to consider in common as to the means which they may deem best fitted to secure the well-being of the Christian populations and the interests of the general peace." So far Russia was satisfied, and Turkey was not called upon to take any action whatever. But Lord Derby thought fit to add a declaration that if the protocol was not followed by the disarmament of Russia and Turkey, it was null and void. This called out a counter declaration from Russia demanding that Turkey should conclude peace with Montenegro, seriously undertake the reforms mentioned in the protocol, and send a special envoy to St. Petersburg to arrange for a mutual disarmament. These two declarations destroyed the whole face of the protocol, for they once more remitted the decision of the question to Constantinople.

The Turks were not slow to take up the gauntlet. They replied to the protocol by a very violent circular dispatch, in which they declared that the protocol was an insult to Turkey, a violation of the Treaty of Paris and the rights of nations. They declared they would have nothing to do with the protocol or with the demands of Russia, but would defend their Empire against all European interference. This was followed up by a demand upon Roumania to prepare to receive the Turkish troops and to resist the Russians. There was



but one statesman in Constantinople who was in favor of peace and further negotiation. This was Savfet Pacha, whose name was appended to the Turkish reply mentioned above, but who approved only the first half of it. War was at last inevitable; and if Russia had had the patience to wait a little longer it would have been commenced by Turkey. But it was proclaimed by the Emperor of Russia, whose troops entered Turkey at once on the 23d of April, three weeks after the signature of the protocol of London.

No doubt this result was foreseen by the English Cabinet, when the declaration of Lord Derby was added to the protocol; and it is not easy to explain his action. His object may have been simply to leave England free to act for her own interests, and to throw the responsibility of the war upon Russia. But this would have been better accomplished if he had refused to sign the protocol, which, in spite of the appended declaration, justified the action of Russia. We can only conclude that there were conflicting opinions and interests in the British Cabinet; and that the protocol was made to satisfy one party, while the declaration was added to please the other. Whatever the explanation, the result was a partial triumph of Russian diplomacy; for she secured the public condemnation of Turkey by all the Great Powers. But the general result of the Conference of Constantinople was a melancholy and humiliating commentary upon the boasted civilization of Europe. Diplomacy had had two years to devise some plan for a peaceable settlement of the new phase of the Eastern Question; nothing was needed to accomplish this end but a frank and hearty co-operation of the Great Powers: but this could not be secured, because each was jealous of the other. The plans proposed for the amelioration of the condition of Turkey failed utterly, because each power was more interested in guarding its own interests than in helping the people. They could not unite to compel Turkey to accept the decisions of the Conference, and they could not agree to prevent Russia from declaring war. None of the Great Powers, not even Russia, desired war; yet there was not wisdom enough among the statesmen of Europe to prevent it. When the war began, it appeared to those who were not familiar with the history of Russo-Turkish wars that Russia would sweep every thing before her and crush Turkey with a single blow. Public opinion in England suddenly forgot its indignation at the Bulgarian massacres and its condemnation of Turkey, to recall its jealousy of Russia and its own interests in Constantinople. Had General Gourko crossed the Balkans

in July, 1876, with 50,000 men instead of 10,000, he would undoubtedly have reached Constantinople; but he would have found England in close alliance with Turkey, and peace would have been further off than ever. But the defeat of the Russian armies in Europe and Asia, with the long delay before Plevna, calmed the excitement in England and satisfied the British Government that there was nothing to fear before the summer of 1877. They exaggerated the strength of the Turkish armies and the skill of her generals, while they magnified the difficulties of Russia and the blunders of her commanders.

Russia would have been glad to treat for peace, through the mediation of England; but the British ambassador at Constantinople did not think it desirable even to communicate her terms to the Sublime Porte. So the war went on, England expecting that it would be prolonged until she should be in a position to dictate terms to both belligerents. But the Emperor saw the danger of delay. He determined upon a winter campaign in both Europe and Asia. Incompetent generals were removed; reinforcements were sent to the front, and every thing was prepared for a supreme effort to capture Kars and to reach Constantinople before England could be ready to interfere. The story of this campaign, which rivalled in brilliancy and success the best efforts of the first Napoleon, cannot be repeated here. The Russians crossed the mountains of Armenia; took Kars by assault; annihilated the army of Ahmet Muktar Pacha, "the Conqueror;" defied fever, starvation, cold, and storm, and encamped before Erzeroum. They crossed the Balkans, through deep snow, by routes which were deemed impassable; endured every possible privation; destroyed the armies of Suleiman Pacha, and were in possession of Adrianople before the people of England had fairly comprehended what they were attempting. The Turks were in despair. They were utterly demoralized, and expected every hour to hear the thunder of Russian cannon on the Bosphorus. The Sultan made ready to fly to Brousa. In England, excepting a portion of the Liberal party, the people were filled with rage and consternation. The fleet was despatched to Constantinople; the army of India was ordered to be in readiness to march to the rescue of British interests; and, if a vote had been taken, there would undoubtedly have been a large popular majority in favor of an immediate declaration of war against Russia.

But the Russians did not stop at Adrianople. While negotiating there, they quietly pushed their army on to the gates of Constantinople. Nothing prevented their taking possession of the city but the



earnest desire of the Emperor to avoid a war with England. Peace was signed at San Stephanos (a suburb of Constantinople) March 3, 1877, — a little more than ten months after the declaration of war, and about eighteen months after the change of policy forced upon the Beaconsfield Cabinet by the popular agitation in England. Had this change been hearty and sincere, the Conference of Constantinople would have been a success; England would have retained the leadership of Europe in the East; there would have been no war; the nominal integrity of the Turkish Empire would have been maintained; the Christian population of European Turkey would have been satisfied, and would have had the time to fit themselves for future self-government; and Europe would have been spared the alarms and sacrifices of the last two years. But this conversion was not sincere, so far as Beaconsfield and the majority of his Cabinet were concerned. We have already spoken of the assurance given to Turkey that there should be no coercion. Even during the Conference, it was universally believed that Sir Henry Elliot was commissioned privately by Beaconsfield to encourage the Turks to resist. This may not have been true; but it cannot be denied that this was the impression made upon the Turks. The Turkish ministers understood that Lord Salisbury did not represent the real views of the prime minister.

After the Conference, there was so strong a feeling against Sir Henry Elliot in England that he was transferred to Vienna. But in his place came Mr. A. H. Layard, who was well known to be an extreme *philo-Turk*. His appointment gave very general satisfaction in England because he was looked upon as a pupil of Lord Stratford, and was known to be a man of energy and determination. It was expected that he would do all in his power to sustain Turkey; but it was believed that he would so far remember his training under Lord Stratford as to exercise a controlling influence over the Turkish Government. To a considerable extent these expectations have been realized; and he has no doubt carried out the instructions of his Government to the letter. He certainly had more influence during the war than all the other ambassadors combined. His position was one of extreme difficulty, and he deserves the highest credit for his success. But whether the policy of the Beaconsfield Government, which he so successfully carried out at Constantinople, was a wise one is quite another question. During the period which we now have under review this policy exhibited two phases, that of the Con-

ference and that of the war. After the failure of the Conference the British Government went back, so far as it was possible, to its old policy of sustaining the Turks. Mr. Layard was the representative of this principle. He very soon won the personal confidence of the Sultan, and throughout the war was almost as much interested in the success of the Turkish armies as the Sultan himself. His advice was freely offered at all times, and was undoubtedly on the side of humanity and common-sense. But his real influence was somewhat different; and it may be questioned whether on the whole it was not as unfortunate for the Turks as for the Christians. He was in no way responsible for the conduct of the war, or for the blood shed in Armenia and Bulgaria; for there were more powerful influences at work in the palace than his. But there is no doubt that he encouraged the Turks to hold out to the last, and led them to believe that, if they held out long enough, England would certainly come to their aid. The Turkish Government also discovered that, as in the case of his predecessors, it could follow his advice or not as it pleased, without any fear of his assuming a hostile attitude. It happened again and again that the promises of the Sultan to him were deliberately ignored by the Porte. In other words, he had influence enough to encourage the Turks to do what they wished, but not enough to induce them to do what did not please them.

At the close of the war, England was heartily detested by the greater part of the population of the Empire. The Turks were angry because she had not come to their aid as they had expected, but had allowed them to be crushed by Russia; and in their despair they were quite ready to sign any treaty which Russia might dictate. The Christians, Greeks, and Armenians, as well as Bulgarians, had seen the apparent devotion of the ambassador to the Turkish Government, and felt that he had no real sympathy for them; that England was in fact a greater enemy than even the Turks themselves. The Christians of Turkey admire England, and generally look upon the English people as the happiest in Europe. They fully understand that it is a land of civil and religious liberty, and they would prefer the protection of England to that of any other power in Europe. But the course of the English Government during the past few years has bewildered them, and there is probably no name except that of Judas Iscariot which they curse so often as that of Beaconsfield. They look upon him as the chief cause of all their sufferings and disappointments.



The treaty of San Stephanos was made at a moment when England had no influence at Constantinople, and when the Turkish Government took pleasure in doing what it knew would be disagreeable to England. The discussion of this treaty is therefore foreign to the subject of this review, but as the closing act of the war it can hardly be passed over in silence. It secured the independence of Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro, giving to the first and last reasonable boundaries, which were a greater offence to Austria and Bulgaria than to Turkey. Roumania also received a slice of Bulgaria, in exchange for Bessarabia ceded to Russia. Bosnia and Herzegovina were to have a limited autonomy under the joint protection of Austria and Russia. Crete and other Greek Provinces of European Turkey were to have special constitutions to be approved by Russia. Bulgaria was to be made a semi-independent Principality, and its boundaries were made to include the greater part of the Bulgarian race, except those set off to Servia and Roumania. It also included a port on the Aegean Sea and considerable territory, where the majority of the population is Greek. It gave to Russia a war indemnity of \$1,128,000,000; but "out of consideration for the financial difficulties of Turkey," Batoum, Kars, and a part of Armenia were taken as an equivalent to \$800,000,000, the balance \$328,000,000 to be paid in money, — this latter sum being equal to the whole revenue of the Turkish Government for five years. The other stipulations of the treaty are comparatively unimportant, except perhaps that in regard to securing good government in the part of Armenia remaining to the Turks.

These are hard terms, more severe than any ever before enforced upon the Ottoman Empire. But the war had cost Russia 300,000 men and the ruin of her finances; her army was at the gates of Constantinople, and the Turkish armies of Asia and Europe had been annihilated. Under these circumstances the terms of peace, which seemed hard to the Turks, must have seemed very generous to the Russians. And there is no doubt that, if England and Austria had allowed this treaty to stand, Turkey would have been in a far better position than she is to-day. Her armies would have been disbanded and her fleet laid up at once. Peace would have been restored, and every thing would have resumed its ordinary course. It was no love of Turkey which induced these Powers to interfere, but simply jealousy of Russia and regard for what Beaconsfield and Andrassy believed to be their interests. It is hard to say whether Turkey suffered more from her professed friends or her acknowledged enemy.

It may not be for the interest of England or of Europe to have the power of Russia extended beyond its present limits. It may have been wise for Europe to insist upon maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire after the Crimean war. But no one who has lived in Turkey since that time, and studied the condition of the Empire, has doubted for a moment that the complete and honest execution of the Hatt-i-houmayon was the sole condition on which the Empire could be maintained. It was the influence of England which secured the proclamation of this *Magna Charta*; but to this day she has never used her power to compel the Turkish Government to execute it. No Turkish ministry ever could have carried it out in the face of popular ignorance and fanaticism, unless it was forced to do so by England; but this force has never been applied. At the close of the Conference, forcible measures were demanded more imperatively than ever before. It was the last chance of preserving the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. But this was all an "Asian mystery" to Lord Beaconsfield; and the war, with the treaty of San Stephanos, was the inevitable result.

GEORGE WASHBURN.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

A FUTURE state, we infer from Mr. Kiddle's "revelations,"<sup>1</sup> will be a place where those who believe that all men are equal will find some support for their theory. As rendered by a spiritualistic medium, the twaddle of Moses is very like the twaddle of Queen Elizabeth, and neither differs in any important particular from the balderdash of the late William Tweed. Some of these worthies in their life-time could at least speak to the point ; but their communications from a higher sphere are all couched in the same odd gibberish. Three hundred and twenty pages of these "revelations" are thrown at once upon the world in this book. A few selections at random will enable the searcher after truth to judge what aid he is likely to get from "the spirits of the just made perfect." Lest any one should attribute more than their proper weight to these truly remarkable hints from a higher life, we premise the significant fact that they were all originally delivered to a small family circle, and that "nothing important has been written in presence of a promiscuous company, however small." To this select family party entered one night the spirit of Lord Byron, who thus discoursed : —

"I am in a state exceeding the possession of titles obtained upon the borders of mother earth ; but these certainly do not help my elevation here, except (N. B.) to give me strength according to my means of using these gifts of humanity. I was a sinful man in my *physical* condition, but had, most probably, very many bright angel suggestions to deliver to the people of the world, in which I grew into my spirit's développement.

"Merely to show you that I still live, I will endeavor to recite to you a weak poem, in the light of heavenly revelations : —

"The feelings of trust, my friends, earnest and true,  
With which I now pen these few lines to you,  
Are many, with all the emotions strong  
That unto a spirit's being belong.  
Though small the pleasure, for your soul's delight,  
They will give you a foretaste of the realms of light."

We omit the rest of his Lordship's poetry save one remarkable passage, in which, after describing the low condition of bad spirits, he explains the process by which they are elevated. The italics are the poet's own : —

<sup>1</sup> Spiritual Communications. Presenting a revelation of the Future Life, and illustrating and confirming the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Faith. Edited by Henry Kiddle, A. M. New York : Authors' Publishing Company. 1879.

“But, lo ! from above comes a slender thread;  
 To lift up again these dark spirits of *lead*.  
 The small ones, the dear ones, — God’s angels of love, —  
 Oh, see their blest *angling* in regions above !  
 And the spirits in dread, no escape being nigh,  
 Catch a glimpse of the light coming down from on high,  
 And, finally caught in this heavenly snare,  
 Are lifted above the dread realms of despair ;  
 Then are wafted still upward to the mightier bands  
 Of the seraphs on high, by whose blessed hands,  
 They are borne still aloft; — Oh, far, far above !  
 And finally reach the blest mansions of love.”

The spirit of “Shelly” also vouchsafed to write through the medium. It is to be observed that the celestial spelling differs from that known among men. Of all the poets, however, as might be expected, Shakspeare delivered the most pregnant sentences ; the occasional obscurity of which he explained in this wise : —

“Please do not expect me to enrobe my thoughts in any other way than through the light that comes with your mind’s control. However, I may give you a thousand sayings, and never a one the fitness of which *you* will understand. Pardon ! for you are condescending to offer to take any poor bits of poetry that William Shakspeare will try to throw out of his feeble nature of holy trust. Blest is he who, when asked to perform, never turns a deaf ear to humanity’s call ! ”

To be sure, it was condescending in the Kiddle family to take this poor bit of poetry which William Shakspeare threw out, hearkening doubtless to “humanity’s call” : —

“My joy in heaven  
 Is from the seven  
 Of the truths of God’s creating :  
 First comes the Queen  
 Of Love ; then she  
 Who blesses the pure in heart, — your  
 Everlasting friend,  
 Benevolence.

“Second, comes the God-  
 Dess of supreme  
 Delight, called Satisfaction,  
 To teach you that  
 All things are for  
 Your heart’s benefaction.”

The spirits generally seem to have a just sense of the value of their compositions. Thus, Abraham Lincoln says, “You are very kind to appreciate a few unworthy remarks.” We pass over the remarks, which answer very well



to the description, to another public character. Prince Albert being asked to address a few lines to his wife, promptly complied : —

“ Beautiful wife ! — a purer title than high-toned queen, — would that I could greet you as of yore ! But the river of life is short, and the boats of time are swift to carry you far away, and near the shore on which stands your duteous consort, now a subject of heaven. Aim higher, blessed wife ! (See, I love to repeat this term of private endearment ; although, coming through the public, you may, I fear, regard it as a desecration.) But no harm can befall you on earth or in heaven, if you have gained the true power to bring joy to your home. I am near you, as near as ever, and watch and protect you by every means of strength and comfort I possess.”

Perhaps her Majesty did not stop to consider, when she called herself Empress, whether there could be any “ purer title than high-toned queen.”

Titles, it seems, are not wholly unknown in the world of spirits ; one gentleman describes himself as “ Professor in the College of Londonderry.” The late James Fisk, Jr., however, has been deprived of his military rank :

“ God bless you ! I go. Do not say you are glad. No, no, no ! Farewell ! I am no longer a colonel ! No ; I wear the breastplate of agony on my person ! Good night ! I am sorry to go. God deliver me ! Amen.”

He further describes himself as “ a reptile.” On the other hand, “ Boss Tweed is no longer a reptile ; ” indeed, he talks uncommonly like John the Baptist, as reported in this veracious chronicle. Notwithstanding their perfected state, even good spirits are not infallible ; the advice sent by one to her daughter received a snub, which was meekly taken as deserved : —

“ The spirit was told that previous messages had been forwarded ; but that her daughter’s husband had expressed anger, saying that the daughter on earth needed no admonition, being a much better woman than either her mother or her sister. The following was then written : —

“ ‘ Yes ; perhaps he is right. ’ ”

The strongest case of a forgiving disposition appears in a message from Alexander Hamilton, in which he talks of Aaron Burr, and assures the entranced Kiddles that he is “ in the companionship of Aaron, my esteemed friend.” Mozart, Pio Nono, William of Orange, and Columbus were some of Mr. Kiddle’s other distinguished visitors ; and, as may be supposed, his friends and relatives in the spirit world made long and frequent calls. Their intellects in a glorified state are fully equal, judging by their products, to those of Bacon and Napoleon. If they were as clever as this when alive, how did they ever come to associate with our author ? One family conversation is instructive : —

“ The spirit of the editor’s brother wrote : —

“ ‘ I am here, Henry. Do not fear. God is just to all. ’ ”

" *Who wrote those false statements ?*

" ' Don't ask me. A DEVIL.'

" *Could you not keep him away ?*

" " No ; I could not prevent it. You should never ask any thing about your world's affairs, of which we know nothing, or very little.'

" *Why did he come ?*

" " For fun ; to deceive you. He had been here before.'

" *Can you tell us how to detect an evil spirit ?*

" " You can always tell an evil spirit by what he says. Such spirits always say a few plausible things in order to deceive ; but all that proceeds from a good spirit is good and pure.' "

Apparently the evil spirits did not present themselves often ; at least, we have sought in vain for " a few plausible things " anywhere in the book. A drearier mass of rubbish could hardly be found. The editor's conclusions of faith and morals, whatever their value in themselves, are supported by him in a chain of reasoning which may truly be said to be worthy of the data on which it is based.

THIS book<sup>1</sup> shows in a number of convenient tables the names and situations of all the Colleges, or institutions so called, in the country, the number of students in each, the religious or other control under which they are, with the requirements of admission to the principal ones, and the admission examination papers of four as specimens. The book is intended chiefly to aid students in the choice of a place of education, and for this it is well suited ; though it may be doubted whether this choice will in many cases be determined by information to be got from books. The advice and opinion of families, friends, and teachers are more important factors in this result. Any one, however, may learn some curious facts from this book, of which we note a few.

There are in the United States no fewer than four hundred and twenty-two Colleges ; of these, twenty are in New England, while the State of Missouri has twenty-three, and Pennsylvania twenty-nine. As to church or other control, there are twenty-seven State Universities, and forty-eight other non-sectarian Colleges ; while the Roman Catholic institutions number sixty-seven, the Methodist of various kinds sixty-five, the Congregational twenty-five, the Swedenborgian, Jewish, and Masonic one each, and the Cumberland Presbyterians (whatever they may be) have six.

In total number of students, Michigan University is at the head, with 1357 ; but excluding the strictly professional courses, Harvard with 836 students, and Yale with 753, far exceed all others.

<sup>1</sup> A Handbook of Requirements for Admission to the Colleges of the United States, with miscellaneous addenda, for the use of High Schools, Academies, and other College-preparatory Institutions. Compiled and arranged by A. F. Nightingale, A. M., Principal of the Lake View High School, Ravenswood (near Chicago), Illinois. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1879.



There are one hundred and eighty-three institutions which admit both sexes ; three are exclusively for women ; the rest, as the author says, "admit gentlemen only," — meaning, as we gather, that they are exclusively for the male sex. The two expressions are unfortunately not synonymous, at least in those parts of the country with which we are acquainted.

The little advice which the book gives to would-be students is judicious ; and especially wise is the refusal to attempt the statement of comparative expenses. As the author truly says, statistics of any real value on this point are not attainable ; and the whole matter depends more on the student himself than on any thing else. It is generally in the places where living is most costly that the greatest amount of pecuniary aid may be had by the deserving scholar ; so that the author's estimate of four hundred dollars as the annual expense of a student away from home is probably a fair average. Any one who is interested in the particulars of this matter will do well to consult the last annual report of the President of Harvard College.

"THE English Reformation"<sup>1</sup> is not so much a history as it is what the Germans happily call a *Tendenzschrift*. It is history used as the servant of theology. It assumes the absolute worth and purity of the Protestant Reformation, and deals with the evidence of history as a means for opposing what the author deems a dangerous tendency to return to Romish practices.

We doubt if a book written upon such principles ever quite answers its own purpose, and this can hardly prove an exception. The very smoothness of the narrative and its constant dwelling upon the central theme arouse suspicion as to the thoroughness of the work. Even to one admitting the greatness of the result, — the impulses to human freedom coming from the breach between England and Rome, — the extraordinary agreement of all the details with the main current of events must at least cause a doubt. Henry VIII. is painted as so utterly unscrupulous that we lose sight of the fact that his despotic will was after all the strongest factor in England's defiance of the pope. The representation of Anne Boleyn as a model of saintly purity may blacken Henry as a man, but ought not to make us forget that the heir whom he desired was to continue his own theory of Protestant supremacy, — the condition, as was afterward learned, of the success of the new teaching.

In style and manner of presentation the book is certainly attractive. The narrative flows easily, and the impression received is clear and distinct. Yet occasional slips indicate a careless revision, — as for instance where the author names the murdered brother of Cæsar Borgia *Louis* instead of *Giovanni* ; or where the description of More, by Erasmus, is given in almost the same words twice within four pages. Such verbal repetitions occur in several other

<sup>1</sup> The English Reformation. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

places. It is an almost inexcusable fault that, in a book avowedly controversial, no indication of the sources, beyond an occasional foot-note, is given to show us how the author has been led to his own point of view; nor is there any thing like a discussion of the writers who have taken different attitudes on the most important points. The searcher after truth will be disappointed in this book, while the "general reader" will find in it a more than ordinarily attractive presentation of one side of a great question.

OF the ten volumes of the admirable series which Mr. Morley is editing, none has been looked forward to with greater interest than Mr. Trollope's volume on Thackeray;<sup>1</sup> and in no other case has the result been blank disappointment. For many reasons intelligent readers had long hoped for some simple and yet full account of the life and labors of the great English novelist; and when it was announced that Thackeray's family had consented to the telling of the story of his life by Mr. Trollope, there was a general expectation that legitimate curiosity would now be satisfied, and that at last that light would be shed upon the author's works which can only be cast by the facts of his career. For what we have received we cannot be thankful. Mr. Trollope has made as complete a failure in this volume as he did before, when he rashly attempted the little book about Cæsar in the preceding series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers."

It is a disappointing book because, strange to say, Mr. Trollope really has no intellectual appreciation of Thackeray. He is perpetually considering him against a background of Dickens, — and this instance of repeated bad taste is a fair indication of the style of the book. Mr. Morley has wisely and with the tact of a practised editor allowed wide latitude to his different writers; no two well-made books could more differ than Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Johnson" and Professor Huxley's "Hume," — and yet both of these fell easily within the conditions of the series. They were "addressed to the general public, with a view both to stirring and satisfying an interest in literature." Now it is very difficult to see at what class Mr. Trollope has aimed his book. Those who do not know Thackeray are not likely to be allured to reading him by this tepid praise given without real appreciation or enthusiasm, and more than counter-balanced by niggling little objections, never presented at the proper time or in due proportion. Those who know Thackeray, — and, knowing him, love him, as they needs must, — will scarcely be pleased with sixty pages of rather flabby biography, weighed down by a hundred and fifty more in which Mr. Trollope, in his own inexpressive style, has told over again the plots, and described the characters, of Thackeray's books.

Mr. Trollope seems to have failed entirely to understand the idea of the

<sup>1</sup> English Men of Letters; edited by John Morley. — William M. Thackeray; by Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper Bros. 1879.



series. He has not written a volume which is a fit companion for those of Mr. Stephens and Professor Huxley; he has given us his opinions of Thackeray with overmuch autobiographical reminiscence, just as he would if he were writing for one of the old-fashioned and needlessly prolix Quarterly Reviews. He set out with no very large stock of opinions about Thackeray, and these he used up in the introductory and biographical chapter. After that was written, he was forced to fall back on repetition of himself, and on either quotation or dry paraphrase. Even in the biographical portion there is a painful lack of new material; we have discovered scarce one single fact with which we were not already familiar in Taylor's "Thackeray, the Man of Letters:" and as a whole the book gives a much less accurate, less ample, and less interesting account of the man than is to be found in the far less pretentious volume on "Thackeray and Dickens," prepared by Mr. R. H. Stoddard for the "Bric-à-Brac Series."

As an instance of Mr. Trollope's cavalier treatment of the facts of Thackeray's career, it may be remarked that he glides hastily over the long sojourn at Weimar, under the mighty shadow of the author of "Faust," — a time which Thackeray himself always recalled with pleasure, and which he described in a letter printed in his friend Lewes's "Life of Goethe." Other faults of omission are to be noted. On page 61, Mr. Trollope says "we may presume" that the volume of Skelton which Thackeray satirized in the "Yellowplush Papers" "contained maxims on etiquette." It would surely have been no great task to have made sure about this: no presumption was necessary. But the greatest blunder in the book — except that of writing it at all — is in the chapter on "Fraser's Magazine" and "Punch." Mr. Trollope classes together the "Yellowplush Papers" and the "Diary of Jeames de la Pluche," in which the hero's orthography was most humorously unorthodox, and then goes on to say: "There is not much in that joke of bad spelling; and we should have been inclined to say beforehand, that Mrs. Malaprop had done it so well and so sufficiently that no repetition of it would be received with great favor" (p. 77). Richard Brinsley Sheridan has had many a bad joke laid at his door, but to have Mrs. Malaprop's "nice derangement of epitaphs" declared to be merely bad spelling is surely the hardest blow of all. But Mr. Trollope hardens his heart, and repeats this cruel cut on the author of the "Rivals" again on page 189, where he most absurdly points out the difference between Jeames's bad spelling and Mrs. Malaprop's errors, evidently not having as yet discovered the impossibility Sheridan's old woman was under of spelling wrong even had she so chosen, as we know her only in a play in which she speaks and never writes.

MASON: OCCASIONAL PAPERS.<sup>1</sup> — The first of these papers is one read before the Naval Institute in April, 1876, entitled "Two Lessons from the

<sup>1</sup> Occasional Papers, by Lieutenant I. B. M. Mason, U.S.N., from the Record of the Naval Institute.

Future." Two letters, addressed to a friend, by one Thomas Nosam, recount his experiences in two naval battles with a nameless enemy. The first is supposed to be fought on the 8th of May, 1880, and results in the total destruction of our poorly organized and inefficient navy of to-day. The second battle, in which Mr. Nosam commands a squadron of the fleet and leads the van, takes place off Hatteras in A.D. 1906, and ends in a glorious victory over the same foe. This achievement is made to appear as resulting from the entire reorganization of the navy in accordance with Lieutenant Mason's somewhat visionary ideas on the subject. The action is supposed to last only thirty-five minutes, during which time seventeen, out of the eighteen, hostile ironclads are sunk or captured. It would, perhaps, have added to the interest of the fiction if Lieutenant Mason had given a detailed description of the engines by which this destruction is supposed to be accomplished, and which, besides guns of enormous calibre, are only vaguely alluded to as "improved spar torpedoes" and submarine cannon. The plan of this paper, which presents Lieutenant Mason's views on the navy of the future, was evidently suggested by "The Battle of Dorking;" but it lacks both the cleverness and the attendant circumstances which made the latter impressive.

The second paper in this pamphlet, on the one-hundred-ton gun, was read before the Naval Institute in January, 1877.

"The Preservation of Life at Sea"<sup>1</sup> is a subject interesting to all classes, for whoever journeys by water, if only to cross a river in a ferry-boat, must be glad to know the means provided for his safety in case of accident. Lieutenant Mason shows that most of the steamers which navigate the ocean, sounds, bays, or rivers, are deficient in proper means for preserving life in case of accident either by shipwreck, collision, or fire, and that the fault lies mainly with the passengers themselves. "If people would only be as anxious and pertinacious about their safety as they are about their comfort, there would be no need of laws enforcing the carrying of life appliances; companies and owners, in order to secure crews and passengers, would be forced in competition to adopt them." Lieutenant Mason thinks that an intelligent knowledge — which can be got by a very little forethought on the part of passengers themselves — of the proper line of conduct in an emergency would greatly diminish the loss of life in marine disasters.

The subject is very comprehensively treated, and describes the latest appliances on ships for the preservation of life, as well as the operation of the Life-Saving Service on the coast of the United States. This is shown to be defective, through the parsimony of Congress; and simple and inexpensive improvements are suggested to increase the efficiency of this important service.

<sup>1</sup> The Preservation of Life at Sea: A paper read before the American Geographical Society, Feb. 27, 1879, by Lieutenant I. B. M. Mason U.S.N., from the "Bulletin" of the Society.



"Experiments on Repeating Rifles"<sup>1</sup> is an official report on three magazine rifles, submitted to the Board for trial, and one of which, the Kropatschek modified, is recommended for adoption in the French navy. The Board justly considers that the repeating, or magazine, gun must inevitably take the place of the single-shot breech-loader, just as the breech-loader superseded the muzzle-loading rifle. As this change of arm must take place very soon in our own service, the pamphlet, which includes drawings and descriptions of the three guns considered, will be interesting to military men.

SKEAT'S ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.<sup>2</sup>—The high reputation of Mr. Skeat, as a scholar and master of early English, sufficiently commends this work to the attention of the public. It will fill, to a certain extent, in English, the important place occupied by M. Littré's great work in French literature. The main purpose is to present a brief history of every primary word of frequent occurrence in modern literature, and to show the sources from which it is derived or borrowed. The references are very full, and these and the cognate forms which are fully given are of the highest value. Definitions are of course brief, and in a work of this kind necessarily subsidiary; but when the derivatives are added to the primary words, as is the case here, the list becomes nearly complete historically, and the best sense of every word is thus at once sufficiently obvious. This is the first part only; there are to be three more, the second of which is promised in November. The book is admirably printed, and, when finished, ought to be not only of great value, but of general usefulness.

RECENT NOVELS.—To those who have wept over the "Heir of Redclyffe" in their youth, and indeed to all who expect a tale of any particular interest, Miss Yonge's last story<sup>3</sup> will be disappointing. The "disturbing element" is of course a *man*, and is introduced, under protest, to a society of old and young maids with the evident intention of reducing their number.—for we are presented to no less than nine young ladies and three spinsters in the opening chapters. These ladies organize a society for mutual improvement, which is conducted in a very desultory way, and does not seem to accomplish much for its members except matrimony. The love stories are

<sup>1</sup> Experiments on Repeating Rifles, by a Board of French Naval Officers. Translated by Lieutenant I. B. M. Mason, U.S.N., and published at the office of the "Army and Navy Journal," New York.

<sup>2</sup> An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, arranged on an Historical Basis by the Rev. Walter Skeat, M.A., Elrington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo Saxon, in the University of Cambridge. Oxford Clarendon Press. 1879. Macmillan & Co. Publishers.

<sup>3</sup> The Disturbing Element. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

only sketched, and it is not easy to see why Mr. Sneyd marries Penelope rather than Lettice, or why Stephen falls in love with Winifred at all. Charles Sneyd is not a very attractive specimen of the "disturbing element," although his character, in order to give it some human interest, is blackened by the remark that, "though a good lad, he would only submit to a black coat while actually in church, and lounged about on Sunday in disreputable gray," which hardly accounts for the opinion that "it was not easy to like Charles as much as one esteemed him." The most exciting "situation" is where the reservoir bursts and floods the village. As everybody performs extraordinary feats of valor and heroism, only one life is lost, and the damage to property is hardly thought of. The story is, in fact, so quiet and uninteresting that it is a relief to reach the end, and the impressions left by it are about as vivid as those of a confused dream.

"A Thorough Bohemienne"<sup>1</sup> contains little either to praise or to condemn. The only interest that attaches to it is the expectation of some incident or development; and when one reaches the end without any thing having happened to relieve the monotony of life at the old Chateau, it is impossible to feel surprised that the heroine, if so she can be called, should run away. There is so little plot to the story, and the characters are so unsatisfactory, that no one can regret the abrupt ending. The translator, who has done his work remarkably well, deserved a better subject.

"A Rogue's Life"<sup>2</sup> is not a recent production of the author, but was published in a magazine some twenty years ago, and is selected now to reappear in the new Handy-Volume series. It is a very clever story, and the interest is well sustained throughout. There is just about enough of it, inasmuch as a short tale like this is more interesting than some of the author's longer works, wherein the complicated plots and lengthened mysteries are too apt to weary the reader before his curiosity is satisfied. We cannot help feeling quite an affection for the "Rogue," perhaps because most of the other characters in the story are as selfish, more wicked, and not so frankly conceited as he is, and have none of his courage, audacity, and cleverness to redeem them. We must all sympathize in his marriage, though it is not celebrated under the most favorable circumstances, — he being liable to the extreme penalty of the law at the time. It seems hard that he should be captured, tried, and sentenced to transportation immediately after securing his wife; but this proves the beginning of his upward career of prosperity and respectability, and we leave him happily settled with Alicia in Australia. We do not wish to destroy the interest of a book which is so dependent on the plot, by telling more of the story, and therefore leave it without further comment to its readers.

<sup>1</sup> A Thorough Bohemienne. By Madame Charles Reybaud. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

<sup>2</sup> A Rogue's Life. By Wilkie Collins. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.



IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? — Mr. Mallock<sup>1</sup> has taken the subject of the dinner-table conversation in his "New Republic," and expanded it into a book. The satire which characterized and lighted up his first production is entirely gone from the second. "Is Life Worth Living?" is a very serious and sincere book, and therefore commands respect. The style is smooth and sometimes incisive and brilliant, with an occasional ludicrous image which comes to the reader like an oasis in the desert, for the book is unmistakably dull. It could hardly be otherwise, as two-thirds of it are devoted to an elaborate attack upon irreligion, and the remainder to some very weak and ecstatic admiration of the Roman Catholic Church. The main purpose is to overthrow a number of well-known English writers and thinkers whom Mr. Mallock loosely calls "Positivists." The only point of agreement among all these persons appears to be their denial of a personal God and a future life. Mr. Mallock's argument in a general way is that life without belief in a personal God and a future life is not worth living; that is, that life as conceived by the Positivists is valueless. To support this argument he shows first that life, in order to be happy and worth living, must have a well-defined object, which the Positivists have not supplied; and secondly, that the Positivists have utterly failed to explain the mystery of life and the connection between mind and matter. As to the first proposition, Mr. Mallock's success is not marked. He calls upon his opponents to define what they mean by happiness; and because they can only define the general good of society and not the happiness of each individual composing that society, he assumes that their theory has broken down. To this it may be replied that the only business of the ideal society is to leave every man free to get his own happiness in his own way, so far as he can without interfering with his neighbors; and that to define the happiness of every individual is simply preposterous, because no two men are made happy in precisely the same manner. Mr. Mallock, however, having complacently disposed of the objects of the Positivists then proceeds to show that in the positivist system there will be no reason for morality; or, to put it in another form, morality without the religious sanction can have no existence. He makes light of the significant fact that at the present day morality is becoming more and more completely divorced from religion, and without apparently suffering any injury from the separation. He explains this by the survival of religious habits of thought, and by the assumption that it cannot last. If Mr. Mallock had studied history more thoroughly, and in a more secular frame of mind, he would have perhaps found another explanation. He assumes throughout that morality is absolute; and does so with such certainty that we may be pardoned for repeating the historical truism, that morality is very largely comparative. If, for example, Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Is Life Worth Living? By William Hurrell Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

Mallock, filled with righteous indignation at their teachings, should lie in wait for Dr. Tyndall or Professor Huxley and kill them, his moral guilt would be very great, and he would be justly hung. But if a thousand years ago the Mallock of the time had laid in wait for some Anglo-Saxon Huxley or Tyndall, and slain him, he would have expiated his crime by the payment of a fine, and his moral guilt would have been small. Morality, like society, is highly artificial, and represents the growth of centuries, and is expressed most nearly by the word *civilization*. Most moral laws in their origin were simply the results of experience as to what paid best in the long run, and were founded on the same unsentimental doctrines as the account-book morality of Franklin, embodied in the famous dictum that "honesty is the best policy." There is no greater proof of the intellectual development of the race than the fact that moral laws, thus originated, have been taken from the low plane of profit and loss and advocated and obeyed simply because they are good in themselves, and are seen at last to accord with the eternal fitness of things, and with the best and truest conditions of human existence.

Leaving morality, Mr. Mallock assails the Positivists because, after destroying the supernatural explanation of the mystery of life and death, they frankly confess themselves unable to offer any solution of their own. This merely amounts to saying that nobody knows any thing about the "great first cause least understood," and that those who assail the religious theory and preach its destruction ought to be prepared with a satisfactory one of their own to take its place. This is flagrantly obvious, but it is an undeniably strong argument; and so long as Mr. Mallock occupies this ground, and contends that theism is *prima facie* as reasonable as positivism, his position is impregnable. But not content with having shown the Positivists that they know no more than any one else about God and a future life, he quits the safe vantage-ground of theism, and, rushing through Christianity and all other systems, lands in the Roman Catholic Church. So long as he was destroying Positivists, Mr. Mallock was at least not ridiculous; but when he attempts to supply the existing void by the Church of Rome, he becomes simply wild.

We will not adopt the graceful language applied by Mr. Mallock to Professor Huxley and those who think with him, and call his arguments "sheer nonsense" and "stupid imbecility;" but we will say that the propositions by which he supports Catholicism are not only unsound but sometimes rather silly. They read more like the talk of a girl fresh from the convent than the sober utterances of a man. Here is an example of his extraordinary reasoning: Admitting the Christian revelation, he boldly assumes that there never can be another. This is asserted as a moral certainty, and the author passes on as if his proposition was that night followed day, instead of being inconsistent and illogical to the last degree.



In order to arrive at the Catholic Church as the cure for all spiritual doubts and perplexities, Mr. Mallock has first to dispose of Protestantism. So he arms himself with the weapons of the Positivists, and premising that Protestantism rests only on the Bible announces that modern historical criticism has destroyed that famous book, and thus swept away the sandy foundations upon which the incoherent Protestant structure stands. There is no doubt a certain amount of truth in this statement, but it has the merit of singularity as a defence of any form of Christianity. If the Bible is put out of court, it is not easy for the average man to see any evidence which justifies the claims of the Catholic or any other Christian sect. Mr. Mallock meets the difficulty by treating the Roman Church as a sort of spiritual entity of the feminine gender, which is all wise, and conforms supernaturally to the development and general intelligence of mankind, and has no need of such extraneous assistance as the Bible. Let us apply here the rule enforced so rigidly by Mr. Mallock in dealing with the positivist entity of Society. The Church like Society is made up of individuals, and those individuals are men. Men have formulated and promulgated the doctrines of the Catholic Church if the Bible be treated simply as "memo-randa," and there is no more reason for assigning infallibility to one set of men than to another. The chiefs of this system, those who now claim personal infallibility, have been simply ordinary human beings,—except that an unusually large proportion have been men of infamous lives. If their arbitrary theology has no foundation but their own utterances and opinions, it is an insult to the meanest intelligence to call them infallible. Yet this is precisely what Mr. Mallock does. For we presume that, having rejected the Bible, he would not undertake to support the Catholic Church upon the lying legends which have been brushed aside like rubbish by those who wished to assault the citadel.

There is one point of view in which Catholicism is strong, and this Mr. Mallock carefully abstains from advancing. The Church of Rome is perhaps the most wonderful organization and the most remarkable piece of machinery ever devised by man. Its mechanism is perfect; and it is this which keeps it alive and vigorous. It is, moreover, consistently narrow, and never gives up a doctrine unless absolutely forced to it; and it does not therefore liberalize itself to nothing as the Protestant churches are rapidly doing. Its organization and force make it of real value to its administrators, and it is of necessity the foe of communism and disorder. Here, reaching as it does the most ignorant and most dangerous classes, the Roman Church has a true political value; but it has no other, and it is not on this account that Mr. Mallock advocates it. As pictured by him, it is something which does not exist and never has existed, and he attributes to it qualities which are merely feats of the imagination. For instance, he says it never has lied. Now if there is one fact in history more patent

than another, it is that no organization of human beings, secular or religious, has ever lied so much or so successfully as the Church of Rome. Mr. Mallock says a good many sharp things about "insularity" in regard to Catholicism, and we commend him therefore to Baxmann and Gefröhrer in order to clear his mind as to the character of the Roman Church for truth.

The book as a whole is rather pathetic. The author, although he is said to be a sceptic, seems in this volume more like one of those emotional characters who are very introspective, and who, having tried infidelity and not been able to stand it, rushes into the arms of the one Church which engages to take all responsibility off his shoulders, and provide for him in this world and the next. In the great system of Catholicism he has found contentment, and thinks he has made a new and surprising discovery, which he hastens to announce to the world. The world has heard the same story many times, and is not at all astonished, but rather wearied. There is an old Italian proverb that no one throws stones at trees which have no fruit, and the same is true of criticism. The fruit in this case is Mr. Mallock himself, who displayed in the "New Republic" a good deal of brilliant talent which it is a pity should be wasted in such inquiries as the present as to the value of life, instead of being applied to the service of literature and the instruction and entertainment of the public, or in other words to the business of making life valuable and worth living.

PROFESSOR Ernst Hæckel's<sup>1</sup> position in Germany is very remarkable. Idolized by his followers, hated bitterly by his enemies, and despised by many of the best scientific men of his country,—he is the constant theme of angry discussion. No contemporary savant enjoys an equal fame and popularity in Germany. His works pass rapidly through successive editions,—a distinction which his great talents have earned for him. As a writer he is delightful: from his interesting sentences the clumsiness and obscurity of German seems banished; and his words are fervid with enthusiasm and earnestness. His fervor is that of a prophet. He tells us that he is come to announce a new faith. Religion and Christianity are great lies told by deceivers: the one great truth is Evolution. To whomever does not believe in evolution as expounded by Hæckel, Hæckel is contemptuous. To whomever disputes his doctrine, Hæckel gives virulent scorn and often unmeasured vituperation. The very intensity of his fire is amazing.

He has adopted the theories of Darwin and Spencer, and carried them to the most exaggerated extremes. His ability and learning as a naturalist have not proved sufficient to preserve his judgment in just balance, but he

<sup>1</sup> The Evolution of Man: A Popular Exposition of the principal points of Human Ontogeny and Phylogeny; from the German of Ernst Hæckel. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.



pursues with a consistent perversity his distorted arguments. No wonder then that he has taken the public by storm ; his intensity and literary power are not equalled by any of his opponents. As he constantly reiterates his belief, and virtually assumes infallibility, he strikes the popular imagination. Parts of the doctrines he defends are certainly true, and his opponents having to admit so much weaken their cause : thus it has happened that Hæckel has generally obtained the upper hand.

Among scientists, Hæckel is noted for his daring originality, his brilliant imagination, and his unhesitating speculations. It is also, perhaps, not too much to say that no other naturalist has ever been so happily successful in the coinage of terms to meet the new demands of science. It is a great misfortune to human learning that the usefulness of all these fine and rare qualities is marred by two of the most serious defects, which can ruin scientific work, — a morbid exaggeration of the importance and certainty of his own conclusions, and, what is still more fatal, a degree of inaccuracy that amounts not infrequently to downright untruthfulness. Thus in his famous monograph of the calcareous sponges Hæckel has made many valuable and fruitful suggestions, because in speculation he is pre-eminent. On the other hand, the same book contains numerous positive misstatements, and many of the anatomical figures represent things which he can never have seen because they do not exist, as subsequent more trustworthy observers have amply proved. It is astounding that he should have dared to publish so many figures which are entirely products of his imagination. Such instances, and they are numerous, render it impossible to accept any statement whatsoever that rests solely on Hæckel's authority, and show that he is totally unfit to be a popular teacher.

This strange mixture of qualities is exhibited in his popular writings. The most important of these, his "Anthropogonie," has been translated into English from the third German edition. The translation reads smoothly and pleasantly, but is apparently a piece of hackwork by a person so ignorant of biology as to be unfit for the task. Nearly all the technical terms are wrongly translated, being uniformly an exact rendering of the German into the English word, having a sound or meaning like the original. For example, *Hornblatt* is called *horn plate* instead of *corneous layer* ; *Kern*, becomes *kernel* instead of *nucleus* ; *Hirnblase* becomes *brain bladder* instead of *cerebral vesicle* ; we hear of *seed-cells* and many more unknown things. By the same rule the duck-bill is the beaked animal (*Schnabelthier*). Such work is disgraceful. The translation is attractively printed and illustrated. But the figures are many of them incorrect, and always changed from the truth in such fashion as to strengthen the assertions of the text. Fig. 125 (vol. i. p. 374), for instance, represents the nose-ape, and is introduced to show the resemblance to man. It is stated to be copied from Brehm, but it is entirely different from Brehm's cut, having been altered to a more

human cast. Again, nearly all the figures of Plates VI. and VII. of the same volume are altered from the originals so as to chime better with Hæckel's argument. Still worse, on Plate II. the figures showing the so-called gastrula of man represent stages which neither Professor Hæckel nor any one else has ever seen, and which probably do not agree with the reality. The text is not much more trustworthy than the illustrations. In spite, however, of all these defects, the book is clear, interesting, and earnest. It is quite right that the public should have access to the arguments of the Evolutionists. But it is entirely wrong to mix up truth and fiction, or to announce speculations and demonstrated facts with the same confidence; and these are the faults of Hæckel's books. Nothing can ever palliate his untruthfulness, and it will take many years to remove the disgrace he has brought on German science; for the large following he has secured shows that the German Universities fail to imbue their young students with the best and truest scientific spirit. Hæckel ought to have been so strongly and decidedly condemned that he would have succumbed either into silence or correction of his defects.

Since Hæckel is a partisan, he is an inferior philosopher; since he is inaccurate even to untruthfulness, he is an inferior scientific investigator: nevertheless he contributes essentially to the progress of both philosophy and science. On the one hand he has called forth a healthful and beneficial fermentation of biological conceptions, and on the other he has added valuable generalizations. We think, therefore, that every zoölogist and botanist may read Professor Hæckel's works with very great profit, if their knowledge is sufficiently extensive and their judgment sufficiently candid to enable them to discount his infallible tones to their real value as uncertain hypotheses. The general reader will only be led astray. It is, however, greatly to be desired that the public should know the true position of the scientific theory of the Evolution of Man, and we can only regret that Hæckel, having so many of the necessary qualities, has not all.

THE latest volume of the International Scientific Series is on "Modern Chromatics," by Professor Rood.<sup>1</sup> The work is devoted to a presentation of the various phenomena of color with which artists and decorators have to deal. The physical and physiological sides of the study are brought forward only as explanations, to account for the chromatic effects. The book opens with chapters upon the origin of the colors of natural and artificial objects. The perception of color, the effects of mixtures and contrasts, of gradations and combinations occupy the remainder of the work. The author's exposition is excellent, clear, concise, and interesting. He has happily enlivened his chapters with many curious or little known facts, —

<sup>1</sup> The International Scientific Series. Vol. xxvi. *Modern Chromatics*, with applications to Art and Industry. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.



such as explanations of the color of the sky, of the effects of varnish on oil paintings, the iridescence of antique glass, why instantaneous photographs of waves seem false to Nature, &c. In short, if artists wish to take advantage of the discoveries of science concerning color, they will find in Professor Rood's work an admirable summary of just those facts which may prove useful to them. Knowledge of this kind can of course never replace the intuitive artistic instinct, but it may render valuable though humble assistance. The practical employment of colors is not so fully dealt with by Rood as by Bezold, and the American work should perhaps be considered a complement rather than a rival to its predecessor. "Modern Chromatics" has but one page of colored illustrations, — a most ill-advised deficiency. It is also to be regretted that the index is very imperfect, nearly as much being omitted as is given; but the body of the work is thoroughly accurate, and is enriched by original observations of the author. It may be interesting to some readers to learn that arguments have recently been brought forward against the famous Young-Helmholtz theory of vision, which Professor Rood explains in his book.

Professor Rood refers several times to the advantages of painting on glass, and evidently thinks that the wide range of illumination which can be utilized endows this branch of art with possibilities which the painter's canvas can never offer, because the colors obtained by reflection can never rival those obtained by transmission through colored media.

THE posthumous work of Dr. Charles Pickering<sup>1</sup> forms a huge volume of over twelve hundred closely printed quarto pages, half of which he lived to see through the press. The volume is a collection of references to various authors, and contains a vast number of important details accumulated by the patient labor of sixteen years. That which is valuable is intermingled with much learned rubbish, — the whole forming the most extraordinary compilation we have ever examined.

The contents are by no means confined to the subject indicated by the title. So far as we can judge from the text, the author's habit seems to have been to keep an elaborate system of notes, chronologically arranged. A given species of plants is entered under the date of the author who first mentions it, and under that entry are added the other references and facts concerning that species. For each species there is a separate paragraph. For example: under the date 4491 B.C., occurs "*Borassus dichotomus*: the *ῥθθλθ* of the land of Havilah; Genesis ii. 11., identified by Josephus, Aquila, &c., with the *ῥθθλλῖον* (*bdellium*) described by Discorides." Then Arabian and German authors are referred to; the Arabian and Hindustanee

<sup>1</sup> Chronological History of Plants: Man's Record of his own Existence, illustrated through their names, uses, and companionship. By Dr. Charles Pickering, M.D. Author of the "Races of Man," pp. xvi. and 1222. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1879.

names are given, and the paragraph closes with notes from various authors on the geographical distribution of the species. Many hundreds of species are referred to in this way. But the paragraphs on plants are interspersed with other similar paragraphs on some of the better known animals and early inventions, and miscellaneous notes now on some king, now on a metal, a hieroglyph, a comet, or a temple, etc.

Apparently every fact which chanced to secure Dr. Pickering's interest was noted down in its proper place in the chronology, without the slightest reference to its connection with the history of plants. Whenever an author's name occurs for the first time, or when the completion of his writing is noted, the plants mentioned by him are enumerated. For example, under the date 27 January B.C. (p. 458) it is noted that Octavius received the title of Augustus; that he went to Spain and from there wrote to Virgil, "who in reply states that the *Æneid* is not in a fit state to send, hardly begun (Macrob. sat. i. 24 and Sm. b. d.). The death of Marcellus in 'B.C. 23,' is alluded to in *Aen.* vi. 883, and the poet died September 22, B.C. 19." Then follows a list of plants mentioned by Virgil, the scientific name, the popular names in various languages, references to ancient authors, and notes on the geographical distribution are given under each plant. After this list the work continues: "The same year (Sm. b. d.) at Rome building of the Pantheon by M. Vipsanius Agrippa, consul for this year. The edifice is remarkable for having remained unmutilated in a perfect state of preservation to the present day." The chronology then passes to the year 26 B.C. Page 1071 deals with the time of our Southern rebellion; it contains no reference to plants, but is taken up with notes selected in accordance with no apparent principle. Events of the war, the accession of Abd-el-Medjid to the throne, the demand for rags in New England to make paper, jokes by Governor Andrew, the discovery of emery in America, and the publication of Ridel's *Corean Grammar* are all recorded. Fully a third of the book consists of just such worthless stuff, and it is not easy to see why any one should wish to publish it.

The book is divided into successive generations, or periods of thirty-three and one-third years. Thus, the one hundred sixty-first generation began September 1, 1067. Under that date is given a list of twenty-three persons living at that time "onward, mostly beyond youth," and then follows the usual jumble of notes. Dr. Pickering's mind must have been one of very strange composition. Few persons in this country could rival him in learning,—if it be learning to remember an immense number and variety of facts. He appears on the other hand to have had no intellectual order, no capacity for co-ordinating and comparing the facts, which he knew with remarkable accuracy and detail. His book has the same character. It is a chaos, from which by a judicious use of the capital alphabetical index a great deal may be secured. Concerning almost any plant or animal



familiar to man, and also concerning a good many inventions, the index enables one to find a valuable series of notes on the first and subsequent early references in literature to the subject. In the case of plants the names in various languages, and the history of the migration of the species through the agency of man are recorded with a fulness that is marvellous. Dr. Pickering's researches in this direction have been so recondite that he secures our heartiest admiration; it is fatiguing to contemplate the vast labor involved, and it is not too much to say that there are few more honorable monuments of self-sustained patience and industry. We hope that some one will be found to extract from this work the data it contains concerning the distribution of plants, animals, and inventions by mankind. At present, we have only the raw material in great disorder. If some systematic student would manufacture from these a connected history, he might produce a most valuable work.

The volume contains a portrait of Dr. Pickering and some biographical notices. He was born November 10, 1805, and died March 17, 1878, at Boston. He was a grandson of Timothy Pickering, and was best known by his labors as Naturalist of the Wilkes' exploring expedition. His two principal publications were the "Races of Mankind," and "On Plants and Animals in their wild State," both works replete with facts arranged pell-mell.

THAT Souvestre's "An Attic Philosopher in Paris"<sup>1</sup> should be a popular book even in the present day is one of those facts that it is easier to verify than to explain. Fortunately, bibliography has pursued worthier game than the fortunes of this little story, yet the success of this slight volume must have struck any one who has thought about the matter with surprise. To call the book maudlin would be unfair for two reasons: in the first place, the term would be inexact, for it does not precisely define the obvious defects of the curious mixture of story and diluted sentiment that form the alleged philosopher's opinions; and, moreover, when the popular voice has spoken in favor of a book so strongly as it has done in this case, criticism becomes superfluous. One might as well find flaws in Young's "Night Thoughts" as with the "Attic Philosopher."

That the book is slight enough to escape fame, no thoughtful reader can deny; yet this is not the first time that books, worthless in themselves, have become popular when better ones have been unsuccessful. Who nowadays reads Ossian except from literary curiosity? Why was Blair's "Grave" admired? Why do most people prefer Mr. William Morris's protracted tales to the originals? Is it not because these writers have found

<sup>1</sup> An Attic Philosopher in Paris; or, A Peep at the World from a Garret. Being the Journal of a Happy Man. From the French of Émile Souvestre. Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

out how to express what careful criticism must call platitudes, in a way that suits the multitude? Occasionally, that vague creation of polite letters, "the general reader," becomes not only a reader but also a buyer of books; and although his ideas of literature are as crude as those of the lover of Nature who adorns garden walks with conch-shells, yet he demands and is sure to receive the mental food he requires.

Here is an example of the philosopher's prosing, — if we may use the word: —

"The tranquillity of this first morning hour reminds me of that of our first years of life. Then, too, the sun shines brightly, the air is fragrant, and the illusions of youth — those birds of our life's morning — sing around us. Why do they fly away when we are older? Where do this sadness and this solitude, which gradually steal upon us, come from? The course seems to be the same with individuals and with communities: at starting, so readily made happy, so easily enchanted; and at the goal, the bitter disappointment of reality! The road which began among hawthorns and primroses ends speedily in deserts or in precipices."

And thus the reader has the book before him, barring the skeleton of a story to be seen here and there.

Such slight matter as this sort of literature does not need condemnation; we can only hope that it may act as those who have charge of public libraries maintain that the reading of silly novels occasionally acts, in producing, gradually to be sure, a love of sound letters.

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## RECENT ENGLISH BOOKS.

THE career of a very popular actor ought to furnish excellent material for a biography. "The Life of Charles James Mathews, chiefly Autobiographical, with selections from his Correspondence and Speeches," edited by Charles Dickens (Macmillan & Co.), will naturally have many readers. It is very interesting, and yet we confess to a feeling of partial disappointment after reading it. This is owing in the first place to the very small space allotted to the period of Mathews's life extending from 1835 to 1857, which is associated with some of the actor's finest histrionic efforts; and, secondly, to the absence of many topics upon which we might naturally have looked for information. So far as the editor is concerned, the work is well done; indeed, as he has followed the lines laid down by Mr. Mathews himself, it is difficult to see how he could have done better. In a brief preface, Mr. Dickens states that in preparing for the press the autobiographical chapters which were left by the distinguished actor, and in selecting from among the very large mass of his papers and letters such documents as would best



illustrate his life, he has kept one object steadily in view ; that is, to endeavor to discover, from the indications left by himself, on what lines he would probably have constructed the work had he lived to complete it, and especially, where it was at all possible, to allow him to tell his own story in his own way, and in his own words. Consequently, if the reader should discover that the subject of the biography betrays a strong tendency towards egotism, and that his garrulity upon occasion descends into triviality, the editor is relieved from all responsibility.

Charles James Mathews was by no means a great man, even among actors, but he could be an eminently agreeable man, and the story of his friendships with many of the distinguished personages of his time was worth the telling. He was early placed at Merchant Taylors' School, from whence he was removed to Dr. Richardson's establishment at Clapham, where he had for his fellow-pupils the sons of the actors Young, Charles Kemble, Liston, and Terry. Originally intended for the church, all idea of this profession was abandoned, and Mathews was articled to the celebrated architect Pugin, and subsequently became the pupil of Nash. He was not long, however, in developing a passion for amateur acting. For his career in connection with the stage we must refer the reader to his Autobiography ; and it is matter for regret that we do not find in this more details concerning the acting of Mathews himself, and more of his personal views upon the subject of the histrionic art. He was twice married, and during his first union he was in chronic pecuniary difficulties ; but his second wife did much towards retrieving his fortunes. Mr. Dickens supplements Mathews's own account of his career from 1858 till his death, twenty years later, at the age of seventy-five. Mr. G. H. Lewes, the best and most searching of English dramatic critics — together with many other writers and critics — had a high opinion of Mathews as an actor, and Mr. Dickens gives occasional extracts in proof of this. While we are bound to say that we have read many autobiographies more valuable and entertaining than this, altogether it is by no means devoid of interest.

Another biography — relating to a different but also in a certain sense a distinguished man — has just seen the light. Dr. W. J. Fitzpatrick has written "The Life of Charles Lever," which is published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. Besides being a genial essayist and novelist, Lever had undoubtedly an original gift of humor. A native of Dublin, and consequently regarded as an Irishman, he was the son of an Englishman from Lancashire ; and, though his mother was an Irish lady, she claimed descent on both sides from Cromwellian families. Born in 1800, Lever studied medicine in his youth, and became a dispensary physician in Ireland. He was subsequently attached to the English embassy at Brussels in his medical capacity ; but this *rôle* he relinquished for the seductive pursuits of literature, which had early and strong attractions for him. For some time he edited the "Dublin

University Magazine," — a periodical which, like some others still in existence, has apparently seen its best days. He afterwards entered the government service, and was consul at Trieste, where he threw off his last and perhaps most brilliant writings. Like James Hannay, he had a touch of adventure in his composition, and at one stage in his life visited America where for some time he lived with a tribe of Indians. An excellent conversationalist, his talk was perhaps even more witty than his writings, and he was the life and soul of the society in which he moved. He had the usual faults of convivial men, but was upright and honorable in all his actions, and was a favorite with such different characters as the present Pope, Archbishop Whately, and William Makepeace Thackeray. A capital anecdote is related concerning the last-named personage and Lever. It appears that the author of "Vanity Fair" having counselled the brilliant humorist to practise economy while at Brussels, Lever resolved to begin by abolishing the donation of a franc which he daily gave to a poor man for holding his pony at the door of a pistol-gallery which he was accustomed to frequent. Disastrous results followed this experiment. Having tied the bridle of his horse to a hook in the window shutters, he entered and commenced pistol practice. The very first shot having set a signal-bell ringing loudly, the pony became alarmed and ran off, bearing the window-frame with him! Lever afterwards stated that the repairs amounted to eighty-seven francs, and more ridicule than he was able to set down. This was his first and last attempt at economy. The place which Lever will hold in literature is, of course, variously estimated. Those who look for the staple element of fiction, — the delineation of character, and the development of the love passion, — will not place him very high; those who like the sparkling champagne of a rollicking humor will rate him as too great a writer. He may have occasionally been as happy as Smollett in seizing upon certain characteristics of humanity, but he is far below that master of fiction in grasp and intellectual power. Those who desire to find out plenty about the man himself will be agreeably entertained in the perusal of Mr. Fitzpatrick's work.

Perhaps of all politicians in the English House of Commons, Sir John Lubbock most closely devotes himself to natural and scientific pursuits. As the fruits of his researches, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just published two handsome volumes entitled, "Addresses, Political and Educational," and "Scientific Lectures." The first named volume comprises speeches delivered in the House of Commons and elsewhere, and includes essays on the Imperial Policy of Great Britain, The Bank Act of 1844, The Present System of Public School Education, 1876, Our Present System of Elementary Education, The Income Tax, The National Debt, The Declaration of Paris, Marine Insurances, The Preservation of our Ancient National Monuments, and Egypt. Upon most of these questions the author writes in a large and liberal spirit. With regard to that much-debated topic



the policy of Great Britain towards her colonies, he believes that it has been characterized by justness and even generosity ; that as regards the colonies we have exercised our authority, not for our own profit, but for their advantage ; that the mother country has not only on various occasions made great sacrifices, but has also borne heavy and continuous charges for their benefit. Indeed, looking back over the whole history of the past, Sir John Lubbock's conclusion is that England has exercised her great trust in a wise and liberal manner, and governed the Empire in a way scarcely less glorious than the victories by which that Empire was won. For the Preservation of Ancient Monuments the writer puts in a strong plea ; and it is only too lamentable to think that ancient monuments in England are rapidly disappearing. As the author affirms, they are destroyed for the slightest, the most paltry, the most trivial of reasons ; yet they might be preserved at a very small expense, and by the application of principles sanctioned over and over again by Parliament. The volume of "Scientific Lectures" contains addresses upon Flowers and Insects, Plants and Insects, the Habits of Ants, the Study of Prehistoric Archæology, and lastly an address delivered before the Wiltshire Archæological and Natural History Society. The author modestly disclaims having said any thing new to those who have specially studied the parts of science with which his work deals ; but certainly all who are not familiar with natural history will find here an accumulation of valuable material upon certain of its branches. Sir John Lubbock's own investigations into the habits of ants and bees have recently attracted considerable attention ; and these lectures, furnishing details of the marvels of Nature in some of the varied forms of insect life, will be widely welcomed. They are, in fact, published in consequence of express demand for them in a printed form.

The author of "Marjory Bruce's Lovers" and other pleasant stories, Miss Mary Patrick, has just written a new novel which more than sustains her reputation. "Mr. Leslie of Underwood" (Smith, Elder, & Co.) contains many touches of true and tender feeling, and is moreover artistically worked out. The hero, Mr. Leslie, is not a very striking character ; but there are two heroines, both of whom are distinct individualities. Lucy Hinton and Lady Helen Courtinay are both in love with the same man, Mr. Leslie ; but the former is beloved by a fierce Italian, one Signor Ferrari, who supplies the tragic element of the plot. Lucy Hinton does all she can to suppress her affection, knowing the feelings of Lady Helen Courtinay. Ferrari discovers her secret, however, and is deeply incensed at Leslie for stealing her love from him, as he thinks. The mad Italian at length attempts to shoot his more successful rival, whereupon Lucy flings herself between them and receives a fatal wound. The disappointed lover, Ferrari, in despair at what he has done, rids the world of a villain by shooting himself. Lucy does not die immediately, but on her death-bed brings together the estranged Leslie

and his *fiancée* Lady Helen. Miss Patrick might no doubt plead examples from actual life in her favor, but Lucy's death seems a miserable ending for the noblest character in the story. The book is well written, and is far superior to the average run of novels.

That singular writer to whom we owe "A Modern Minister" has issued the second serial of the "Cheveley Novels," entitled "Saul Weir." He pursues an independent course, undisturbed by the critics, who favored him with certain advice upon the appearance of his first work,—advice which has not been followed. This is a mistake, as the author must ultimately discover. No one denies his power, but the faults under which he labors are so obvious to all other persons that he ought to feel obliged to the reviewers for pointing them out. Prolixity to an unconscionable degree, with a total lack of order, are the characteristics of this work as they were of its predecessor. Yet there are some scenes in the novel which are quite worthy of Dickens; and although Saul Weir cannot compare in character and individuality with the "Modern Minister," he is decidedly a person to create a lively interest in the mind of the reader. The story turns chiefly upon some hidden treasure; but we should be afraid to attempt an enumeration of the improbabilities of which the author is guilty in endeavoring to work it out. The *dramatis personæ* are again far too numerous, and the author himself scarcely knows what to do with them; as for the reader, he becomes perfectly bewildered in trying to follow and remember the various parts they play in the narrative. However, those who like a long story, and who do not strongly object to a certain amount of disconnectedness, will find entertainment enough in these two very bulky volumes. When every deduction has been made, it must still be admitted that the author has no slight command of humor, and that upon occasion he can also touch the deeper chords of pathos.

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#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN THE UNITED STATES. Authors' Publishing Company. New York. 1879.

LA NOUVELLE ATALA OU LA FILLE DE L'ESPRIT. Légende Indienne par Chahta-Ima. Nouvelle Orléans. 1879.

PROCEEDINGS AT A RECEPTION IN HONOR OF THE REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

INDEX MEDICUS. By Dr. John S. Billings & Dr. Robert Fletcher. Vol. I. No. 6. New York: F. Leypoldt. 1879.

THE POSITION. By Cyrus the Elamite. R. R. Bollinger & Co., Louisville. 1879.

LAKE CHATAUQUA ILLUSTRATED. By Two Chatauquans. Peter Paul & Bro., Buffalo. 1879.



# THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

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OCTOBER, 1879.

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## THE LIGHT OF ASIA.<sup>1</sup>

IF one were told that many centuries ago a celestial ray shone into the body of a sleeping woman, as it seemed to her in her dream ; that thereupon the advent of a wondrous child was predicted by the soothsayers ; that angels appeared at this child's birth ; that merchants came from afar, bearing gifts to him ; that an ancient saint recognized the babe as divine and fell at his feet and worshipped him ; that in his eighth year the child confounded his teachers with the amount of his knowledge, still showing them due reverence ; that he grew up full of compassionate tenderness to all that lived and suffered ; that to help his fellow-creatures he sacrificed every worldly prospect and enjoyment ; that he went through the ordeal of a terrible temptation, in which all the powers of evil were let loose upon him, and came out a conqueror over them all ; that he preached holiness and practised charity ; that he gathered disciples and sent out apostles, who spread his doctrine over many lands and peoples ; that this "Helper of the Worlds" could claim a more than earthly lineage and a life that dated from long before Abraham was, — of whom would he think this wonderful tale was told ? Would he not say at once that this must be another version of the story of One who came upon our earth in a Syrian village, during the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and died by violence during the reign of Tiberius ? What

<sup>1</sup> The Light of Asia ; or, The Great Renunciation. Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism. As told in verse by an Indian Buddhist. By Edwin Arnold, M.A., F.R.G.S., Companion of the Star of India, etc. London : Trübner & Co. 1879.

would he say if he were told that the narrative was between five and six centuries older than that of the Founder of Christianity? Such is the story of this Poem. Such is the date assigned to the personage of whom it is told. The religion he taught is reckoned by many authorities as the most widely prevalent of all beliefs. "Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die," says Mr. Arnold in his Preface, "in the tenets of Gautama. . . . Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula, 'I take refuge in Buddha.'"

We have here the poetical presentation of Buddhism, by one well acquainted with it, and who honors this venerable religion as having in it "the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom." Many of our readers must be familiar with Buddhism as represented among the "Ten Great Religions" by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, with his usual lucidity and impartiality. He recognizes in it many points of contact with Christianity, while insisting on its vital deficiencies, and betrays a sympathy with its pure doctrines not unworthy of a Christian teacher. Mr. Spence Hardy, who speaks of himself as "a minister of Christ fast hastening towards the sunset hour of life," and whose works are the principal source of the Buddhistic citations in the Poem, considers Buddhism "the most formidable of all the superstitions that oppose the spread of the Gospel of the Son of God." M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, again, as cited by Max Müller, speaks of the founder of this belief as having lived a spotless life and having been the model of all the virtues he taught.

The Poet has a larger license than the divine pleading the cause of Christianity, or the missionary attacking the stronghold of a superstition, or the scholar translating and illustrating the ancient records of a religious creed. He is at liberty to embellish the legends he relates, to modernize and harmonize their crudities, to extricate their ideals from the puerilities which disfigure them, to make them, in short, what as an artist he wishes them to be. There are, no doubt, many very singular coincidences between the story of the Indian Messiah and that of the Founder of our own religion. But it would hardly be fair to found an argument upon the facts as related in the Poem. There is a method known to theologians as "accommodation," which, or a treatment of similar nature, is likely to betray itself in any writer dealing with narratives running in many respects



parallel with each other. Recognizing this fully, we are prepared to enjoy the Poem, not troubling ourselves with the strange questions it would suggest, any more than we do to harmonize the cosmogony of Milton with that of Moses.

Governed as we are to-day by Asiatic and Egyptian traditions, many of us, perhaps we may say most of us, know very little of Oriental literature outside of our own sacred books. We knew Catullus long before we knew any thing of Omar Khayam, and found that ginger was hot in the mouth in Persia as in Rome and elsewhere. As to this great faith of Asia, a generation ago, Mr. Arnold tells us, little or nothing was known about it in Europe. This Poem, it may be hoped, will make it more widely known to English readers than any thing else which has been written about it.

For it is a work of great beauty. It tells a story of intense interest, which never flags for a moment; its descriptions are drawn by the hand of a master with the eye of a poet and the familiarity of an expert with the objects described; its tone is so lofty that there is nothing with which to compare it but the New Testament; it is full of variety, now picturesque, now pathetic, now rising into the noblest realms of thought and aspiration; it finds language penetrating, fluent, elevated, impassioned, musical always, to clothe its varied thoughts and sentiments. Nor is this surprising when we remember that the religion which is its inspiration is that of so many millions and so many ages, finding expression in the language of a scholar and a poet. We do not wonder at the volume and might of Niagara when we remember that it drains half a continent. Criticism stands humbled before the records in which "the litanies of nations" have made themselves immortal. The critic's work is too much like that of the guide showing off the great cataract to a stranger. He can commend or find fault with the paths and the bridges that lead to the best views, but Niagara is not in need of his adjectives or exclamations.

We are most of us a little less learned than we occasionally allow ourselves to be considered by our passive acquiescence in imputed knowledge, — by signs of intelligence when Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus are referred to as authors with whom we are on familiar terms. In point of fact we do not, most of us, know any more about — we will say — Silius Italicus, than by their own confession the Edinburgh Reviewers did who took their motto from him. It may be feared that it is not much better as regards our acquaintance with the learning of the East. There is evidently a great deal which

surprises the Europeans and Americans who come in contact with Oriental civilization. "Do you want to know what China is?" said the late Mr. Burlingame to the present writer. "There are twenty thousand Ralph Waldo Emersons in China." The Minister to the Flowery Empire meant to compliment our American philosopher in this hyperbole, as well as to convey an idea of the intellectual cultivation of the strange race among whom he had just been living. It may fairly be presumed that many readers, not without training in the humanities, will find in "The Light of Asia" their first introduction to the non-biblical literature of the morning realm where the race found its cradle and where it still looks for its altars.

One fear the reader may be assured is groundless, — that of finding the poem before him dull. Dulness is apt to be an infirmity of religious poems. One would have hardly thought Dante could be reproached for such a failing by a great brother-poet, but Goethe is said to have told a young Italian that he thought the "Inferno" abominable, the "Purgatorio" doubtful, and the "Paradiso" tiresome. As to "Paradise Lost," we all know very well that it is read for its characters and noble passages rather than for its narrative. "Pilgrim's Progress," the Divina Commedia of Protestantism, is probably the only religious poem — for it is a poem in all but versification — which is read through like a novel by those who take it up for the first time.

The abstract which follows will give an idea of the story told in the poem which is the subject of this notice. The extracts are among the most striking passages, but the level is so well sustained throughout that the task of selection is as perplexing as that of Sindbad in the Valley of Diamonds. It should be remembered, in reading this and other works in which Buddha is spoken of, that, while this is his name as a divinity, he is known also as Gautama, as Sakya-Muni, and, in this poem especially, by his name as an earthly Prince, Siddârtha.

The "Argument" prefixed to Book the First is this: —

*The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,  
Lord Buddha — Prince Siddârtha styled on earth —  
In Earth and Heavens and Hells Incomparable,  
All-honored, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful;  
The Teacher of Nirvâna and the Law.  
Thus came he to be born again for men.*

In that sphere where saintliest spirits wait before living their new earthly lives, the five sure signs appeared by which the *Devas* or



divinities knew that the Lord Buddha was to go again to help the world.

Yea! spake He, "Now I go to help the world  
This last of many times; for birth and death  
End hence for me and those who learn my Law.  
I will go down among the Sâkyas,  
Under the southward snows of Himalay,  
Where pious people live and a just King."

That night Maya, the wife of King Suddhâdana, dreamed that a star from heaven

Shot through the void, and, shining into her,

made her the Mother of this "Saviour of the World."

The dream-readers said the dream was good.

The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child  
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh,  
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,  
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule.

When Queen Maya's days were fulfilled and the child was born, the Angels of the North, South, East, and West came down and bore him from the bower where he first saw the light to the palace.

The King was led by his soothsayers to expect "a Prince of earthly dominance," and ordered that his town should keep high festival.

The roads were crowded with visitors of all descriptions.

Moreover, from afar came merchant-men  
Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts  
In golden trays: goat-shawls, and nard and jade,  
Turkises, "evening-sky" tint, woven webs —  
So fine twelve folds hide not a modest face —  
Waist-cloths sewn thick with pearls, and sandal-wood;  
Homage from tribute cities; so they called  
Their Prince Savârthasiddh, "All Prospering."  
Briefers, Siddârtha.

Among the strangers came an ancient gray-haired saint who prostrated himself, —

Saying O Babe! I worship! Thou art He!  
. . . . Thou art Buddh,  
And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh  
Who learn the Law, though I shall never hear,  
Dying too soon, who lately longed to die.

Seven days after the Prince's birth Queen Maya dies and passes to that celestial sphere

Where countless Devas worship her and wait  
Attendant on that radiant Motherhead.

The Boy, now eight years old, was placed under the care of the best instructors, but soon astonished them with his knowledge, so that the wisest of them said, —

Thou comest to my school only to show  
Thou knowest all about the book, and know'st  
Fair reverence besides.

Wisdom far beyond his years, reverence to all his schoolmasters, and a tenderly compassionate nature were the first marked characteristics of the young Prince, —

And ever with the years  
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,  
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves  
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet  
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,  
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings  
Nor ever to be felt.

But one day the arrow of his cousin, Devadatta, a skilful archer, brought down a swan with his shaft in its wing. The Prince drew forth the arrow, cared for the bird until its wound was healed, and let it go at last to its fellows. Thus he first became acquainted with suffering; thus he first began his works of mercy. But one day the King, his father, takes him out into the country to show him the wealth and beauty of the spring which is preparing the harvests of his realm. The picture is beautifully drawn : —

All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince  
Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw  
The thorns which grow upon this stem of life;  
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,  
Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged  
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,  
Goading their velvet flanks; then marked he, too,  
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,  
And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed  
The fish tiger of that which he had seized;  
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did chase  
The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere  
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain, —



Life living upon death. So the fair show  
 Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy  
 Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,  
 Who himself kills his fellow. . . . .  
 The Prince Siddârtha sighed. "Is this," he said,  
 "That happy earth they brought me forth to see?"  
 . . . . . "Go aside  
 A space, and let me muse on what ye show."  
 So saying, the good Lord Buddha seated him  
 Under a jambu tree, with ankles crossed —  
 As holy statues sit — and first began  
 To meditate this deep disease of life,  
 What its far source and what its remedy.

And while he sits there meditating, five holy ones fly over him, and  
 a voice

Cried "Rishis! this is He shall help the world,  
 Descend and worship." So the Bright Ones came  
 And sang a song of praise, folding their wings,  
 Then journeyed on, taking good news to Gods.

And all the time he sat musing, while every other shadow moved ; that  
 of the jambu tree

Stayed in one quarter, overspreading him,  
 Lest the sloped rays should strike that sacred head.

And a voice was heard, saying, —

"Let be the King's son! till the shadow goes  
 Forth from his heart my shadow will not shift."

In the Second Book we find "our Lord" a young man of eighteen,  
 too thoughtful and melancholy for his years, as it seemed to those  
 about him. "Love will cure him," says the oldest of the King's, his  
 father's, advisers.

Find him soft wives and pretty play-fellows ;  
 The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains  
 A girl's hair lightly binds.

So the lovely maidens, made fairer with baths, and sweet with per-  
 fumes, and gay with ornaments, like Esther when she was to be shewn  
 to Ahasuerus, are brought before him. He sits, gracious but unmoved,  
 until young Yasôdhara is brought before him, when love at first sight  
 declares itself on both sides. Long afterwards, Lord Buddha accounts  
 for this by their having already lived one life together, in a long-past  
 age, as a hunter and his bride: —

“ Thus I was he and she Yasôdhara ;  
 And while the wheel of birth and death turns round,  
 That which hath been must be between us two.”

But fair ladies like her he sought were not to be obtained except by the youth's showing himself worthy of the prize. Three young nobles were the Prince's competitors : a skilful archer, Devadatta, he who had shot the swan in their earlier days ; a mighty swordsman, Narda ; and a wondrous horseman, Ardjuna. In the contest which follows we are reminded of the story of the bow of Ulysses in the Odyssey, of the tale of the executioner, who struck his victim's head off so adroitly that he did not know the blow had been given until a pinch of snuff made him sneeze, and off it went ; and of the more or less historical narrative of Alexander and Bucephalus.

The Prince wins his bride, but his father was afraid to trust to that alone, and so he shuts him up in a lovely retreat, with magnificent palaces, and every thing which could delight the senses ; where

No mention should be made of death or age,  
 Sorrow or pain or sickness ;

where

'Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed  
 In tress of singing girl or nautch-dancer ;  
 And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,  
 The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed.

Only a massive wall, with brazen folding-doors which it took a hundred arms to move, encircled this pleasant prison-house. We have here the “ Happy Valley ” of Rasselas in what is, perhaps, its oldest version.

Thus it was hoped to divert the Prince from his sad reflections.

“ For,” said the King, “ if he shall pass his youth  
 Far from such things as move to wistfulness  
 And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,  
 The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,  
 May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow  
 To that great stature of fair sovereignty  
 When he shall rule all lands — if he will rule —  
 The King of Kings and glory of his time.”

But all was in vain. Even while, in this home of happy life and love, his beautiful bride was fanning his eyelids as his head rested on her bosom, —



He would start up and cry, "My world ! Oh, world !  
 I hear ! I know ! I come !" And she would ask,  
 "What ails my Lord ?" with large eyes terror-struck ;  
 For at such times the pity in his look  
 Was awful, and his visage like a god's.

One day a "stringed gourd" was set on the sill, where the wind made music upon it. Only the wild strains were perceived by those around, —

But Prince Siddârtha heard the Devas play,  
 And to his ears they sang such words as these : —

*We are the voices of the wandering wind,  
 Which moan for rest and rest can never find ;  
 Lo ! as the wind is so is mortal life, —  
 A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.*

*Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,  
 Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go ;  
 We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,  
 What pleasure have we of our changeful pain ?*

*What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss ?  
 Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this ;  
 But life's way is the wind's way, all these things  
 Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.*

*O Maya's son ! because we roam the earth  
 Moan we upon these strings ; we make no mirth,  
 So many woes we see in many lands,  
 So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.*

*But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh !  
 The sad world waiteth in its misery,  
 The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain ;  
 Rise, Maya's child ! wake ! slumber not again !*

The fanciful comparison of life to the sounds of the Æolian harp may be found, by the critical reader, in Leibnitz, in one of Burns's letters, and again in one of Coleridge's poems. Only a part of this beautiful lyric is given, but enough to show the depth of its musical melancholy.

And so the Prince must know what lies beyond the brazen gates. The King, his father, agrees that it is time he should, but he orders that all shall be so cared for that no unlovely sight, no sickness, no old age, no infirmity, shall show itself during his excursion. All goes smoothly for a time ; the Prince is delighted :

"Fair is the world," he said, "it likes me well."

But all at once creeps forth a poor, old, wretched, haggard beggar, asking for alms. The attendants pushed him aside, —

Saying, "The Prince! dost see? get to thy lair!"  
 But that Siddârtha cried, "Let be! let be!"  
 Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,  
 Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,  
 So miserable, so horrible, so sad?  
 Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he  
 Moaning 'to-morrow or next day I die'?  
 Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth?  
 What woe hath happened to this piteous one?"  
 Then answer made the charioteer, "Sweet Prince!  
 This is no other than an aged man.  
 Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,  
 His eye bright and his body goodly: Now  
 The thievish years have sucked his sap away,  
 Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit;  
 His lamp has lost its oil, its wick burns black;  
 What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark  
 Which flickers for the finish; such is age;  
 Why should your highness heed?"

We are reminded of the *vitai lampada tradunt* of Lucretius, and the words of John of Gaunt, —

"My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light."

No wonder the comparison keeps repeating itself; life, so far as its most essential function is concerned, *is* the burning of certain combustibles, and the air-tubes are only an inverted lamp-chimney. The imagination of the poet was in advance of the chemist's experiment which proved its correctness.

The Prince, to whom the sight of old age is a novelty, asks, —

"But shall this come to others, or to all,  
 Or is it rare that one should be as he?"  
 "Most noble," answered Channa, "even as he  
 Will all these grow if they shall live so long."  
 "But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long  
 Shall I be thus? and if Yasôdhara  
 Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,  
 Jâtîni, little Hasta, Gautami,  
 And Gunga, and the others?" "Yea, great sir,"  
 The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince:  
 "Turn back, and drive me to my house again!  
 I have seen that I did not think to see."



He reached home, sadder than ever ; could speak of nothing save the one misery he had seen, so that

Yasôdhara sank to his feet and wept,  
Sighing, "Hath not my Lord comfort in me?"  
"Ah, sweet," he said, "such comfort that my soul  
Aches, thinking it must end ; for it will end,  
And we shall both grow old, Yasôdhara !  
Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.  
Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips  
So close that night and day our breaths grew one,  
Time would thrust in between to filch away  
My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals  
The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to gray  
And are not seen to fade. This have I found,  
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,  
And all my heart is fixed to think how Love  
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,  
Who makes men old." So through that night he sate  
Sleepless, un comforted.

The King now has a troubled dream, in consequence of which he surrounds his son with new pleasures, and sets a double guard at the brazen doors. But the Prince is restless, and must see the outside world as it really is:

"Fain would I know the people and the streets,  
Their simple usual ways and work-day deeds,  
And lives which those men live who are not kings."

The King hopes that freedom may bring him quiet, and allows him to pass beyond the gates.

Then follows a striking picture-like description of the common street sights of an Indian city. As they pass along, a poor creature stricken with the plague moans for help. The Prince runs to help him, takes the sick man's head on his knees, and continues comforting him, in spite of his attendant's remonstrance, —

"Oh, sir ! it is not good to hold him so !  
The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee."

Questioning still, the Prince learns the mystery of disease and of death to which it leads ; and presently they meet a funeral procession, which they watch until the body is consumed on the funeral pyre.

Then spake the Prince : "Is this the end which comes  
To all who live ?" "This is the end that comes  
To all," quoth Channa ; "he upon the pyre— . . .  
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived and liked life well.

Then came — who knows? — some gust of jungle-wind,  
 A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,  
 A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,  
 A chill, a fish-bone, or a falling tile,  
 And life was over and the man was dead.  
 No appetites, no pleasures and no pains  
 Hath such; the kiss upon his lips is nought,  
 The fire-scorch nought; he smelleth not his flesh  
 A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice  
 They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,  
 The hearing of his ears is clogged, the sight  
 Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved  
 Wail desolate, for even that must go —  
 The body — which was lamp unto the life. . . .  
 Here is the common destiny of flesh:  
 The high and low, the good and bad, must die,  
 And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live  
 Somewhere, somehow — who knows? — and so again  
 The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile: —  
 Such is man's round."

But lo! Siddârtha turned  
 Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,  
 Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth. . . .  
 . . . "Oh! suffering world!  
 Oh! known and unknown of our common flesh,  
 Caught in this common net of death and woe,  
 And life which binds to both! I see, I feel  
 The vastness of the agony of earth,  
 The vainness of its joys, the mockery  
 Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;" . . .  
 . . . "The veil is rent  
 Which blinded me! I am as all these men  
 Who cry upon their gods and are not heard  
 Or are not heeded. — Yet there must be aid!  
 For them and me and all there must be help!  
 Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,  
 Being so feeble that when sad lips cry  
 They cannot save! I would not let one cry  
 Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm  
 Would make a world and keep it miserable, —  
 Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,  
 He is not good; and if not powerful,  
 He is not God? Channa! lead home again!  
 It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!"

When the King heard of this he set a triple guard at the gates, and gave orders that none should pass in or out until the days of his dream were numbered.



Too late ! for

. . . when the days were numbered, then befell  
The parting of our Lord — which was to be —  
Whereby came wailing in the Golden Home,  
Woe to the King and sorrow o'er the land,  
But for all flesh deliverance, and that Law  
Which — whoso hears — the same shall make him free.

All is silent in the guarded palace ; the fair and faithful attendants of  
the pleasure-home are slumbering, —

Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep  
That you had said, " This is the pearl of all."

The description of the sleeping girls is so exceedingly beautiful that the only excuse for not giving it all is that it would delay the course of the narrative. But, loveliest of all, the Princess Yasôdhara, at the side of her husband, is awakened by a dream in which she hears a voice crying, " The time is nigh ! the time is nigh !" and then, " The time is come !" He comforts her, assuring her of his undying love. She sleeps again, and he takes a tender farewell without awakening her. Then calling his charioteer, he bids him bring forth his horse, the beautiful snow-white steed, accoutred for riding.

Then strode he forth into the gloom and cried,  
" Channa, awake ! and bring out Kantaka !"

" What would my Lord ?" the charioteer replied —  
Slow-rising from his place beside the gate —  
" To ride at night when all the ways are dark ?"

" Speak low," Siddârtha said, " and bring my horse,  
For now the hour is come when I should quit  
This golden prison where my heart lies caged  
To find the truth ; which henceforth I will seek  
For all men's sake, until the truth be found."

" Alas, dear Prince," answered the charioteer,  
" Spake then for naught those wise and holy men  
Who cast the stars and bade us wait the time  
When King Suddhâdana's great son should rule  
Realms upon realms, and be a Lord of Lords ?  
Wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip  
Out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl ?  
Wilt thou go forth into the friendless waste  
That hast this Paradise of pleasures here ?"

The Prince made answer, "Unto this I came,  
And not for thrones : the kingdom that I crave  
Is more than many realms — and all things pass  
To change and death. Bring me forth Kantaka !"

"Most honored," spake again the charioteer,  
"Bethink thee of my Lord thy father's grief !  
Bethink thee of their woe whose bliss thou art —  
How shalt thou help them, first undoing them ?"

Siddârtha answered, "Friend, that love is false  
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love ;  
But I, who love these more than joys of mine —  
Yea, more than joy of theirs — depart to save  
Them and all flesh, if utmost love avail.  
Go, bring me Kantaka !"

Then Channa said,

"Master, I go."

The great brazen gates open silently and the Prince and his attendant pass out into the darkness. When morning dawns the Prince delivers his horse, his robes, his jewels, his sword, and the long locks which he has severed with its bright edge to the care of Channa, saying, —

"Give the King all and say

Siddârtha prays forget him till he come  
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won  
From lonely searchings and the strife for light ;  
Where if I conquer, lo ! all earth is mine —  
Mine by chief service ! tell him — mine by love !  
Since there is hope for man only in man,  
And none has sought for this as I will seek,  
Who cast away my world to save my world."

On the shoulder of a mountain, in a cave overhung with wild figs the self-exiled Prince has found a retreat.

Here

Lord Buddha sate the scorching summers through,  
The driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves ;  
Wearing for all men's sakes the yellow robe,  
Eating in beggar's guise the scanty meal  
Chance-gathered from the charitable ; at night  
Couched on the grass, homeless, alone ; while yelped  
The sleepless jackals round his cave, or coughs  
Of famished tiger from the thicket broke.  
By day and night here dwelt the world-honored,  
Subduing that fair body born for bliss  
With fast and frequent watch and search intense



Of silent meditation, so prolonged  
 That oftentimes while he mused — as motionless  
 As the fixed rock his seat — the squirrel leaped  
 Upon his knee, the timid quail led forth  
 Her brood between his feet, and the doves pecked  
 The rice-grains from the bowl beside his hand.

From noontide till dawn of the following day he would sit in meditation; in the morning he would go down into the neighboring town holding his beggar's bowl for alms. It was soon filled, and he returned to his solitude or to talk with holy men of wisdom and the roads that lead to it.

He meets a band of the devotees who make cripples of themselves, and argues, but in vain, against their useless self-torture.

Onward he passed,  
 Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men  
 Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,  
 Lust so to live they dare not love their life,  
 But plague it with fierce penances, belike  
 To please the Gods who grudge pleasure to man;  
 Belike to bask hell by self-kindled hells;  
 Belike in holy madness, hoping soul  
 May break the better through their wasted flesh.

We are reminded here of Byron's

“ In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a hell ; ”  
 of Waller's well-known couplet, —

“ The soul's dark cottage,” etc.;  
 of Dryden's

“ A fiery soul, which working out its way ; ”

and Fuller's portrait of the Duke of Alva, — all of which parallels the time-saving scholar may verify, after the manner of many erudite persons, in Mr. Bartlett's “ Familiar Quotations.” He who would drink Congress-water need not of necessity go to Saratoga.

A flock of white goats and black sheep passes by, and among them is one lame little creature, —

Which when our Lord did mark, full tenderly  
 He took the limping lamb upon his neck,  
 Saying, “ Poor woolly mother, be at peace !  
 Whither thou goest I will bear thy care ;  
 'Twere all as good to ease one beast of grief  
 As sit and watch the sorrows of the world  
 In yonder caverns with the priests who pray.”

The reader would not be contented if the next story were not given in full.

The peasants are driving the sheep and goats for a great sacrifice in honor of the Gods.

Then said the master: "I will also go!"  
So paced he patiently, bearing the lamb  
Beside the herdsman in the dust and saw  
The wistful ewe low-bleating at his feet.

Whom when they came unto the river side,  
A woman — dove-eyed, young, with tearful face  
And lifted hands — saluted, bending low:  
"Lord, thou art he," she said, "who yesterday  
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,  
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he  
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,  
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh  
And tease the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth  
Of that cold playmate. But alas! ere long  
He turned so pale and still, I could not think  
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast  
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick  
Of poison'; and another, 'He will die.'  
But I who could not lose my precious boy,  
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light  
Back to his eyes; it was so very small  
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think  
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,  
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,  
'There is a holy man upon the hill —  
Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe —  
Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure  
For that which ails thy son!' Whereon I came  
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,  
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,  
Praying thee tell what simples may be good.  
And thou, great sir! did'st spurn me not, but gaze  
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand;  
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,  
'Yeá, little sister, there is that might heal  
Thee first, and him, if thou could'st fetch the thing;  
For they who seek physicians bring to them  
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find  
Black mustard-seed, a tola; only mark  
Thou take it not from any hand or house  
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died:



It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.  
Thus did'st thou speak, my Lord ! ”

The Master smiled  
Exceeding tenderly. “Yea ! I spake thus,  
Dear Kisagotami ! But did'st thou find  
The seed ? ”

“ I went, Lord, clasping to my breast  
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut —  
Here in the jungle and towards the town —  
‘ I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,  
A tola, black ’ ; and each who had it gave,  
For all the poor are piteous to the poor ;  
But when I asked, ‘ In my friend's household here  
Hath any peradventure ever died —  
Husband or wife, or child, or slave ? ’ they said,  
‘ O Sister ! what is this you ask ? the dead  
Are very many, and the living few ! ’  
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,  
And prayed of others ; but the others said,  
‘ Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave ! ’  
‘ Here is the seed, but our good man is dead ! ’  
‘ Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died  
Between the rain-time and the harvesting ! ’  
Therefore I left my child — who would not suck  
Nor smile — beneath the wild-vines by the stream,  
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray  
Where I might find this seed and find no death,  
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,  
As I do fear, and as they said to me.”

“ My sister ! thou hast found,” the Master said,  
“ Searching for what none finds — that bitter balm  
I had to give thee. He thou loved'st slept  
Dead on thy bosom yesterday : to-day  
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe :  
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.  
Lo ! I would pour my blood if it could stay  
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse  
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives  
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice —  
As these dumb beasts are driven — men their lords.  
I seek that secret : bury thou thy child ! ”

The sheep and goats have at length reached the altar, “our Lord”  
still bearing the lamb, lost in meditation.

Thinking, “ Alas ! for all my sheep which have  
No shepherd ; wandering in the night with none  
To guide them ; bleating blindly towards the knife  
Of death, as these dumb beasts which are their kin.”

A goat lies bound upon the altar.

Let the King's sins be laid upon this goat,  
says the priest, and is about to strike, when Buddha, saying softly,  
"Let him not strike," looses the victim. Then he spoke to those  
around of life, —

"Life which all creatures love and strive to keep,  
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,  
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all  
Where pity is, for pity makes the world  
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong."

"Nor," spake he, "shall one wash his spirit clean  
By blood; nor gladden Gods, being good, with blood;  
Nor bribe them, being evil; nay, nor lay  
Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts,  
One hair's weight of that answer all must give  
For all things done amiss or wrongfully,  
Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that  
The fixed arithmic of the universe,  
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,  
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts;  
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;  
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts."

The result of this is that the King passes a decree prohibiting all bloody sacrifices for the future.

This idea of *chattel-sin*, — sin as a ponderable and measurable solid to be laid on an animal, or cast off like a burden, — is illustrated in a remarkable picture by Holman Hunt: the "Scape-goat." The poor creature, laden with the sins of the people, has wandered off into the wilderness, and reached at last the desolate shore of the Dead Sea. The naked limbs of dead trees are about, as we see them in the photographs, and the half-buried skeletons of animals which have perished there tell what is to be the victim's fate. He is already sinking as if under the weight of his burden. We can almost feel its pressure; his horns seem to have spread apart under it, and his expression of silent utter wretchedness is as affecting as if it were a human being suffering. This materialistic idea of sin, which pervades our theologies, was repudiated by the Indian Messiah.

The idea of self-sacrifice, on the other hand, is carried farther, if possible, than in the most complete manifestations of it by Christian saints. The passage now to be given illustrates this point, and at the



same time is a most striking and brilliant piece of description. Some of us may remember the story, or a version of it, as told by Mrs. Leonowens : —

For aye so piteous was the Master's heart  
 To all that breathe this breath of fleeting life,  
 Yoked in one fellowship of joys and pains,  
 That it is written in the holy books  
 How, in an ancient age — when Buddha wore  
 A Brahman's form, dwelling upon the rock  
 Named Munda, by the village of Dâlid —  
 Drought withered all the land : the young rice died  
 Ere it could hide a quail ; in forest glades  
 A fierce sun sucked the pools ; grasses and herbs  
 Sickened, and all the woodland creatures fled  
 Scattering for sustenance. At such a time,  
 Between the hot walls of a nullah, stretched  
 On naked stones, our Lord spied, as he passed,  
 A starving tigress. Hunger in her orbs  
 Glared with green flame ; her dry tongue lolled a span  
 Beyond the gasping jaws and shrivelled jowl ;  
 Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs,  
 As when between the rafters sinks a thatch  
 Rotten with rains ; and at the poor lean dugs  
 Two cubs, whining with famine, tugged and sucked  
 Mumbling those milkless teats which rendered naught,  
 While she, their gaunt dam, licked full motherly  
 The clamorous twins, yielding her flank to them  
 With moaning throat, and love stronger than want,  
 Softening the first of that wild cry wherewith  
 She laid her famished muzzle to the sand  
 And roared a savage thunder-peal of woe.  
 Seeing which bitter strait, and heeding nought  
 Save the immense compassion of a Buddh,  
 Our Lord bethought, " There is no other way  
 To help this murderess of the woods but one.  
 By sunset these will die, having no meat :  
 There is no living heart will pity her,  
 Bloody with ravin, lean for lack of blood.  
 Lo ! if I feed her, who shall lose but I,  
 And how can love lose doing of its kind  
 Even to the uttermost ? " So saying Buddh  
 Silently laid aside sandals and staff,  
 His sacred thread, turban, and cloth, and came  
 Forth from behind the milk-bush on the sand,  
 Saying, " Ho ! mother, here is meat for thee ! "  
 Whereat the perishing beast yelped hoarse and shrill,  
 Sprang from her cubs, and hurling to the earth

That willing victim, had her feast of him,  
 With all the crooked daggers of her claws  
 Rending his flesh, and all her yellow fangs  
 Bathed in his blood : the great cat's burning breath  
 Mixed with the last sigh of such fearless love.

Six years had the Prince been seeking light, and not yet was he comforted. The ascetics reasoned with him. Was not all written in the holy Shasters ? Was it possible for any to get higher than *Sruti* and *Smriti* ?

Nay,

Not the chief saints ! — for how should mortal man  
 Be wiser than the Jnana-Kând, which tells  
 How Brahm is bodiless and actionless,  
 Passionless, calm, unqualified, unchanged,  
 Pure life, pure thought, pure joy ? Or how should man  
 Be better than the Karmma-Kând, which shews  
 How he may strip passion and action off,  
 Break from the bond of self, and so, unsphered,  
 Be God and melt into the vast divine,  
 Flying from false to true, from wars of sense  
 To peace eternal, where the silence lives ?

But the Prince heard them, not yet comforted.

Once more he seeks solitude, and forgetting the care of his body fades away and almost loses the likeness to himself. One day he swoons, and a low-caste shepherd boy seeing him lying prostrate in the sun weaves some boughs over him for a shade, and milks some drops from his she-goat's bag into his mouth. Coming to himself he asks for milk from the shepherd's *lota* :

"Ah, my Lord,

I cannot give thee," quoth the lad ; "thou seest  
 I am a Sudra and my touch defiles."  
 Then the World-honored spake : "Pity and need  
 Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,  
 Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,  
 Which trickle salt with all ; neither comes man  
 To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,  
 Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds  
 Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.  
 Give me to drink, my brother ; when I come  
 Unto my quest it shall be good for thee."

Again "our Lord" is succored in his great need, — this time by a noble matron, Sujâta, who takes him for a divine personage. In reply to his questions she tells him the story of her peaceful and happy life with her husband and infant child. He asks her, —



"Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough  
Only to live? Can life and love suffice?"

Answered Sujâta, "Worshipful, my heart  
Is little, and a little rain will fill  
The lily's cup which hardly moistens the field.  
It is enough for me to feel life's sun  
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,  
Making the loving summer of our home."

"And therefore, Holy Sir, my life is glad,  
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives  
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,  
Whereon the Gods grant pity! but for me,  
What good I see humbly I seek to do,  
And live obedient to the law, in trust  
That what will come and must come, shall come well."

Then spake our Lord, "Thou teachest them who teach  
Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.  
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus  
The way of right and duty: grow, thou flower!  
With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade, the light  
Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves  
Which must spread broad in other suns and lift  
In later lives a crowned head to the sky.  
Thou who hast worshipped me, I worship thee!  
Excellent heart! learned unknowingly,  
As the dove is which flieth home by love.  
In thee is seen why there is hope for man  
And where we hold the wheel of life at will.  
Peace go with thee and comfort all thy days!  
As thou accomishest, may I achieve!  
He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."

After this follows the remarkable scene of the Temptation. The Prince of Darkness, Mara, let all evil powers loose upon the Master.

The fiends who war with wisdom and the Light,  
the ten chief Sins, — the description of which the curious may compare with the personifications of Spenser, — and, most dangerous of all,

Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and lips  
Singing in lovely words the praise of Love  
To music of invisible sweet chords,

followed by one who wore the aspect of the beautiful Yasôdhara, — all tried their powers upon him in vain.

And now one mystic intuition after another opens upon his consciousness until the blissful consummation of all is revealed to his apprehension ; when

The aching craze to live ends, and life glides —  
Lifeless — to nameless quiet, nameless joy,  
Blessed NIRVÂNA — sinless, stirless rest —  
That change which never changes !

The dawn breaks as his victory is achieved. All Nature rejoices ; the tiger and the deer, the eagle and the hare, are friendly companions to each other ; the Devas in the air cry, "It is finished, finished !" and

the Spirit of our Lord  
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,  
Even while he mused under that Bôdhi-tree  
Glorified with the Conquest gained for all,  
And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.

Then he arose — radiant, rejoicing, strong —  
Beneath the Tree, and lifting high his voice  
Spake this in hearing of all Times and Worlds.

It is a song of joy at his release from the prison of the senses and the empire of delusion. One verse of the original will be enough for all but college graduates : —

" Anékajâtisangsârang  
Sandhâwissang anibhisang  
Gahakârakangawesanto  
Dukkhâjâtipunappunang.

The long absence of Siddârtha has left perpetual mourning in the hearts of the King his father, and Yasôdhara his wife. At last there come certain traders to their city who bring news of him, telling of his Temptation and his victory, how he taught, first, five of the *Rishis* or great sages, then the Prince Yasad, then fifty-five others, all of whom

Owled the Four Truths and entered on the Paths ;

how he sent forth these sixty as his apostles ; how King Bimbasâra became his convert, and, pouring water on his hands, gave him as a free gift a garden where he taught, winning all the souls that heard him ; so that nine hundred took the yellow robe, such as he wore, the beggar's garment, and spread his law among the people.

The King and Yasôdhara send messages to him, praying him to return. "Truly I shall go," he says, —



"Let no man miss to render reverence  
To those who lend him life, whereby come means  
To live and die no more."

He comes as a beggar, but a beggar of such aspect that those who give him alms are awe-struck as they gaze upon him, whispering,

"Who is he ? Who ? When looked a Rishi thus ?"

His wife recognizes him and falls, weeping, at his feet. But his father, the proud King Suddhâdana, reproaches him for coming in such a mean guise into the realm of which he is the heir.

"Son ! why is this ?"

"My Father," came reply,

"It is the custom of my race."

"Thy race,"

Answered the king, "counteth a hundred thrones  
From Maha Sammât, but no deed like this."

"Not of a mortal line," the Master said,

"I spake, but of descent invisible,

The Buddhas who have been and who shall be :

Of these am I, and what they did I do." . . .

Bowing with reverence before his father, he offers him the first fruits of the treasure he has found by love and self-control, and taking the royal palm discourses to him of the four noble truths, the eight right rules, the perfect path with its four stages and eight precepts, whereby whoso will live

"Shall soon or late break from the wheels of life,  
Attaining blest Nirvâna. So they came  
Into the Palace-porch, Suddhâdana  
With brows unknit drinking the mighty words,  
And in his own hand carrying Buddha's bowl,  
Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes  
Of sweet Yasôdhara and sunned her tears ;  
And that night entered they the way of peace."

We come to the Eighth and last Book, which contains the Master's Sermon in the Garden. While he was speaking all who heard him,

Though he were stranger in the land or slave,  
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood,  
Or mlech or jungle-dweller, seemed to hear  
What tongue his fellows talked.

Even the lower animals listened in dumb sympathy ; the fishes themselves attending, as afterwards to St. Anthony. The form of the

verse changes. The discourse begins with the same confession as that implied in the question of Zophar the Naamathite, "Canst thou by searching find out God?"

OM, AMITAYA ! measure not with words  
Th' Immeasurable ; nor sink the string of thought  
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,  
Who answers errs. Say nought !

The doctrine expounded in this Sermon in the Garden must be sought in the original. Every verse is condensed under high pressure and can hardly be further compacted. The eternal round of being ; the wearing out of sins and the wasting even of virtues with time ; the power of self-elevation and self-degradation, — these are the subject of the first clauses.

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,  
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat ;  
The end of many myriad lives is this,  
The end of myriads that.

Only, while turns this wheel invisible,  
No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be ;  
Who mounts will fall, who falls will mount ; the spokes  
Go round incessantly.

Then follow stanzas in which the presence and action of an all-per-vading Power, manifesting itself as Law, are shown in all things in the world of matter, mind, and morals.

Next comes an enumeration of the conditions which lead man to the blissful consummation of his being.

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins  
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes  
Invade his safe, eternal peace ; nor deaths  
And lives recur. He goes

Unto *Nirvāna*. He is one with Life,  
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be  
*Om mani, padme, Om !* the Dewdrop slips  
Into the shining sea !

The doctrine of the *Karma*, — the moral nature building its successive transient stages of existence, — is next expounded, and the "application," as our old divines would call it, closes this part of the discourse : —

Enter the Path ! There is no grief like Hate !  
No pains like passions, no deceit like sense !  
Enter the Path ! far hath he gone whose foot  
Treads down one fond offence.



Enter the Path ! There spring the healing streams  
 Quenching all thirst ! there bloom the immortal flowers  
 Carpeting all the way with joy ! there throng  
 Swiftest and sweetest hours !

The FIVE RULES are then briefly given, and the further story of the Master told in a few words. The imaginary narrator ends with an Invocation, of which these lines form a part : —

Ah ! blessed Lord ! Oh, High Deliverer !  
 Forgive this feeble script, which doth thee wrong,  
 Measuring with little wit thy lofty Love.  
 Ah, Lover ! Brother ! Guide ! Lamp of the Law !  
 I take my refuge in thy name and thee !

Having finished the abstract of the Poem, and given the long extracts which are the essential parts of this paper, the reader may like to know a few circumstances connected with the history of the noble epic which has been added to English literature. It was sent to the present writer by his friend and college classmate, the Rev. William Henry Channing, with a special commendation to his attention. Mr. Channing says in his letter, —

“The charm of the book is the life-like fidelity, vividness, freshness with which the poet has transferred the atmosphere, the landscapes, the architecture, the gardens and groves, the manners and tone of thought and feeling, the very spirit and essence of India into our Western world. . . . But wonderfully beautiful as is the framework of this living tableau, the central interest of the Poem is in its portraiture of Buddha himself. Familiar as I have been for years with Buddhist literature, in the original books as translated into German, French, and English, and the various descriptions and critical commentaries of modern writers, it seems to me that the very genius and ideal, the magnanimous and heroic character, the truly heavenly, merciful majesty and all-compassionate humanity of Buddha have never been presented with such symmetric grandeur and grace combined as in this Poem.”

Mr. Channing's high idealism, his cultivation, his learning, lend a value to his critical opinion, little affected by the personal reasons he gives for a peculiar interest in the poem. One piece of information he furnishes is indeed surprising ; namely, that this most finished performance was conceived and begun only in September last, and was written in the “cracks of time,” between the constant, exhausting labors of the editorship of a London daily paper.

It is obvious that Mr. Arnold was singularly well fitted for the task he undertook. He has been long known as a writer of graceful verse, a translator from Sanscrit and other languages ; and as connected with

the Deccan College and the University of Bombay has naturally become familiar with the internal as well as the external life of India.

It is plain enough, too, that Mr. Arnold is, as he ought to be, so much at home in English literature that the influence of its great thinkers and writers frequently shows itself in his thoughts and the turn of his expressions. Even Nature is constantly repeating herself: this we may see in odors and flavors, which are, as it were, the moral character of plants. Vanilla and heliotrope, black birch and checkerberry, are familiar examples; and some may have noticed that the wild blackberry in certain localities will give the taste of other fruits it knows little or nothing of,—as of the strawberry, the raspberry, and the pineapple. It is impossible for such an artist as Mr. Arnold not to remind us, whether by mere coincidence or unconscious imitation, of the great masters and the favorite authors.

A few of these resemblances in thought or diction may be pointed out rather as beauties than as defects in a poem so essentially original, and moving with such a flow of unbroken harmony.

“Son, why is this?”

“My father!” came reply,

“It is the custom of my race.”

It is hardly necessary to cite the brief dialogue in Luke's Gospel which this recalls.

Here are two passages with the Shakspearian movement:—

His elements

Are all compounded; in his veins the blood,  
Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils  
A fiery flood; his heart, which kept good time,  
Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow;  
His sinews slacken like a bowstring slipped;  
The strength is gone from ham and loin and neck,  
And all the grace and joy of manhood fled:  
This is a sick man with the fit upon him.

— Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs  
As when between the rafters sinks a thatch  
Rotten with rains.

In the following lines we can hardly help thinking of Milton:—

These he beheld

With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,  
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale  
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas — terms of time  
Which no man grasps, yea, though he know to count  
The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea . . .



The sleeping girl, who

... slumbered, folding in her arms  
A desert antelope, its slender head  
Buried with back-sloped horns between her breasts  
Soft nestling ; it was eating, when both drowsed,  
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held  
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled  
Between the deer's lips,

Calls to mind Marvell's Nymph saying of her Fawn, —

Upon the roses it would feed  
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed.

The last of the two following lines might have come from Keats's "Endymion" : —

So glad the world was — though it wist not why —  
That over desolate wastes went swooning songs. . . .

And here is a reminiscence of Faust : —

— The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing them,  
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress  
Which none can stay or stem.

And again, —

Its threads are Love and Life ; and Death and Pain  
The shuttles of its loom.

In the next quotation we have something not far from Matthew Arnold's famous formula, —

Before beginning and without an end,  
As space eternal and as surety sure,  
*Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good :*  
Only its laws endure.

— Dear is the love, I know, of Wife and Child ;  
Pleasant the friends and pastimes of your years ;  
Fruitful of good Life's gentle charities ;  
False, though firm-set, its fears.

Live — ye who must — such lives as live on these ;  
Make golden stairways of your weakness ; rise  
By daily sojourn with those phantasies  
To lovelier verities.

There is a beautiful passage in one of Mr. Emerson's Addresses or Essays beginning, "The love of little maids and berries," and end-

ing, "These too must soar and sing," which is very nearly like the above lines in sentiment. Has not Mr. Emerson's intellect more of the Indian philosopher about it than any that finds expression in our English tongue?

We have heard the drum-beat of the "Psalm of Life" in an extract given on one of our last pages. We can find the love-making of tiger and tigress, as in Mr. Story's "Cleopatra," among the ante-natal reminiscences of Prince Siddârtha; we can read Mr. Swinburne's "holy writ of beauty" — the Gospel according to Saint Théophile Gautier — as "Kama the King of Passions" lays it down to Buddha in the night of the Temptation; and we can recognize an Asiatic Darwinism in the lines, —

Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up  
From mote and gnat and worm, reptile and fish,  
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God. . . .

These coincidences may amuse a reader, but they are of small account. All literature we might say, without unpardonable extravagance, lives by borrowing and lending. A good image is like a diamond, which may be set a hundred times in as many generations and gain new beauties with every change. A good story once told fits itself with fresh scenery and new heroes and heroines, as it lasts from age to age and passes from land to land. A great ideal character once projected is immortal, whether it is a portrait or a fancy picture; indeed, the surest preservative of a real character is to idealize it, — as the Greeks did with Hercules, as we have done with Washington. The reader of the poem we have been looking over together has before him one of the world's greatest ideal characters, in a narrative embodying some of the most striking legends of the story-telling East, all woven together in the richest and most effective phrases of an affluent English vocabulary. To lay down this poem and take up a book of popular rhymes is like stepping from the carpet of a Persian palace upon the small tradesman's Kidderminster, or exchanging the shawl of an Indian empress for the printed calico which graces the *matinées* of the basement.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



## THE NEGRO EXODUS.

THE emigration of several thousand negroes from the cotton-growing States of the Lower Mississippi Valley to Kansas, and of smaller numbers to other Northern States, has continued to attract a large share of public attention in the United States since early spring, when the movement began. This migration, popularly known as the "Negro Exodus," has been the subject of innumerable newspaper articles, and has been studied by correspondents of several leading journals. The causes assigned for the exodus by the Press of both parties are as various as the political prejudices of editorial writers ; and it is to be regretted that on the part of some observers there has been exhibited an unwillingness to look at the subject in all its aspects. Party bias has distorted the judgment of journalists who would have given a fair and intelligent statement of the causes of a labor strike in the North. By some writers the exodus has been regarded as the modern parallel to the Hebrew hegira from Egypt, the cotton-planters standing for nineteenth-century incarnations of the Pharaonic taskmasters ; and it has been charged that the labor laws of the Southern States have been framed for the purpose of keeping the negro in a state approximating to serfdom. On the other hand, the public has been assured that the negro laborer had no reasonable ground of complaint, and that his opportunities for the acquirement of property were superior to those of the New England farmer struggling with a niggard soil and an ungenial climate.

Could it have been foreseen in the spring that the exodus of negroes would not exceed what have proved to be its really moderate limits, the movement would scarcely have attracted so much attention from the press and public ; but it was feared in the South that the cotton plantations of Mississippi and Louisiana were to be swept of their black cultivators, and that a great loss would be sustained by the planters and their creditors in the cities. The Southern people were led to believe that the exodus had been stimulated by radical politicians who wished to colonize the negroes by thousands in doubt-

ful or "close" Northern States, where an addition to the Republican vote would increase that party's chance of success in the next presidential election. But when the tide of negro immigration was seen to flow into the strongly Republican State of Kansas, it was apparent that the exodus was not attributable to any scheme for political colonization. To import Republican voters into the State of John Brown was needless. The movement was evidently self-directed. For reasons which will be given later, and in part because of the association of Kansas in the negro mind with the early conflict between the champions of freedom and slavery, the prairie State has become the objective point of the great body of the negro emigrants.

Could one have taken for the whole truth the statements of the black emigrants, as published in the Western press and supported by oath in the presence of magistrates, the solution of the problem of the exodus would have been an easy task. Almost universally the "refugees," as the negroes soon came to be known, gave as their reasons for leaving the South the cruelties and extortions to which they had been subjected by their former masters, their present landlords and employers. Every negro tenant who had brought with him a "pass-book," or account with the plantation-store, produced his book as indisputable evidence of the rapacity of the whites. Many of these books showed that the negroes had been charged for the commonest necessities of life prices often one hundred per cent higher than Northern retail quotations for the same articles. Copies of contracts and leases were shown to corroborate the universal story of exorbitant land-rents.

A large proportion of the negroes who reached Kansas were either very old or very young people. Many of the aged blacks were in feeble health, and among them and the children the mortality incident to a sudden change from the mild temperature of Southern latitudes to the chilling climate and bleak winds of the Northern spring was appalling. They died of pneumonia and dysentery by hundreds. It was noticeable that few of the immigrants were decently clad; though it is true that garments which in a mild climate have a sort of ragged picturesqueness, conveying no sense of discomfort to the beholder, look wretched enough to a Northern eye in the chilly days of early spring. Yet there were also in this motley host a few well-dressed, intelligent, and observing colored men, who had come with a determination to see for themselves and for their friends in the South what advantages Kansas could offer to them. These men had morey



in their pockets, and were of a class superior to the pauper horde which, ragged and homeless, had precipitated itself into Kansas in the bleak days of March. These pioneers of observation, after investigating the resources of the State, returned for the most part to their Southern homes, convinced that Kansas showed nothing better than they could obtain in their native country. Several thousands of the pauper immigrants also returned to the South discouraged and sad at heart. It was easy to see that many of them had left comfortable homes in the lower Mississippi Valley under the stimulus of a sort of religious exaltation, during which they had regarded Kansas as a modern Canaan and the God-appointed home of the negro race. They came thither expecting to find a land really flowing with milk and honey. Many of their delusions would have been ludicrous had their condition been less wretched. The greater part of the negroes implicitly believed that, having once arrived in Kansas, they would find agents of the General Government standing ready to bestow upon each of them a mule, one hundred and sixty acres of land, and rations for a year. Those of the exodus negroes who remained in Kansas numbered only between three and four thousand. During the summer months there was a small but continuous inflow of blacks, and an equally unintermitting Southward return-movement of disappointed emigrants. The exodus proper, however, was stayed in May.

Before entering upon a consideration of the situation of the negro in the South, in order to ascertain the reasons which underlay the exodus, it will be helpful to a clear understanding of the qualifications of the negro for undertaking the *rôle* of an emigrant and Western pioneer to regard for a brief space the condition of the few thousand negroes now in Kansas. Of the negroes remaining there, perhaps a thousand males have found employment as agricultural laborers; but it is unlikely that of even this small number all will have winter employment, and the limit to the Kansas demand for farm laborers is soon reached. The hardy pioneers of that region, whose sons are their companions in the fields, have no money with which to hire assistance, even if they require it. It is a community of pioneers, and no considerable body of immigrants can thrive there except as farmers. The young and middle-aged negro women found a fair demand for their services in the more thickly-settled eastern counties, where there had for some years been an unsupplied demand for house servants. In this connection it is unpleasant to have to record that the younger negro women, who have grown up since the war,

are very generally idle and untrained in household craft. They can neither sew nor cook, and their morals are as lax as their minds are undisciplined. These assertions are supported by the testimony not only of white people but of the elderly negroes.

The negro colonies have absorbed some six hundred immigrants. One of these colonies, at Waubensee, a short distance west of Topeka, the capital of the State, was established by the Kansas Freedmen's Relief Association, — a society composed of leading state officers, including the governor and heads of departments, who were aided by the liberal contributions of Eastern people. Several hundred blacks have found their way into Nebraska, and a few have become farmers on their own account; but a large number of the exodus people remain about the larger towns employed in various capacities, many of them getting only a precarious living. The testimony of old-time friends of the negro, of abolitionists like ex-Governor Robinson, is that these town negroes are idle and unwilling to work so long as they can get aid from the foolishly charitable. Gregariousness, a well-known trait of the negro race, leads the black man to prefer the society of his kind to the isolation of life on the prairie farms. What is to become of these shiftless people when they reach their first winter in Kansas it is easy to foresee. They will become charges on the community, and will aid the reaction of feeling against the negro race already surprisingly evident in Kansas. Governor St. John, the Republican chief magistrate, at the outset of the exodus was disposed to welcome the negroes indiscriminately, and was supported by the more radical wing of his party, who felt that the traditions of the State of John Brown demanded that the gates should be thrown wide open to the oppressed black man. But this governor himself has recently informed the colored people of the South that they must not come to Kansas unless provided with a few hundred dollars to aid them to start as farmers.

Negro colonies in Kansas have never been even moderately successful. Perhaps the most hopeful experiment in the way of colonization was the founding of the Hodgeman County Colony by a party of over one hundred Kentucky negroes, in the spring of 1878. The men were for the most part small land-owners in Kentucky, and brought with them moderate sums of money, wagons, and mules. A few were provided with farming tools. They made themselves rude prairie dug-outs, a sort of semi-subterranean habitation known also to the founders of Massachusetts, and began breaking up the prairie.



The first year's crop, owing to imperfect cultivation, was a small one; and many of the colonists, discouraged at the outset of their pioneer life, sought employment in the nearest towns. The negro seems to lack the persistence of the white pioneer. The Hodgeman Colony is still in existence, but it cannot be called a thriving community, or even self-sustaining. The Nicodemus Colony in another part of the State is a lamentable failure, the colonists having been forced last winter to skin and eat their starved and frozen cattle. The railroad land-agents are generally agreed that the negro is unsuited to the pioneer life of Kansas; and one of the most enterprising of the railroad companies has discouraged negroes from taking land along its line, fearing that white settlers may be unwilling to take up homesteads in the vicinity of unprosperous negro communities. A marked race-prejudice is shown against the negro immigrants by the farmers, who are mainly Republicans in politics. Among the small white farmers of the Louisiana hill-parishes and the German settlers in Texas there is exhibited the same antipathy to negro neighbors. It may be set down as a fact that any community of white men who themselves work in the fields object to being brought into competition with a race considered to be inferior. One of the objections raised by Kansas farmers to negro settlers is that the blacks are immoral, and they fear the results of an association of the children of the two races in the public schools. Ex-Governor Anthony of Kansas, a life-long abolitionist and "pronounced" Republican, said to the writer that he was opposed to a pauper immigration of any nationality or race, and therefore had no sympathy with the enthusiasts who would open Kansas to the pauper negroes of the South. The most potent reason against negro immigration in the minds of the leading men of Kansas is a well-grounded fear that the news of a numerous settlement of blacks in that State would serve to turn the tide of white immigration into Nebraska and Minnesota. A declared inclination on the part of the present administration in Kansas to invite a large immigration of negroes would immensely strengthen the feeble Democratic opposition, even if it should not result in a division of the local Republican party.

There are many indications pointing to a renewal next spring, on a greater scale, of this year's exodus. The discouraging reports brought from Kansas by returning refugees are not always believed. The success of one man who has remained counts with the ardent negro for more than the ill-fortune of a hundred emigrants. The

exodus, while it did something to improve the material well-being of the negro in the South, brought about no change in his political status; and, as will be shown further on, the discontent of the negro with his merely nominal citizenship in many Southern communities had more to do with the exodus than all else. The uneasiness and restlessness of the negroes even in some parts of Alabama and Georgia, and as far north as Kentucky and Tennessee, has convinced previously incredulous Southern politicians that a second and more numerous migration is probable next year. The negro is a migrating creature, and gregarious as well. When he betakes himself to the next county, he endeavors to carry with him all his relatives and friends. This fact will serve in part to explain the miscellaneous complexion of the emigration which included the very aged and even the crippled, and thus gave reason for likening it to the Hebrew exodus. Ever since the war the negroes of the South have been moving hither and thither. Thousands upon thousands of them have flocked from Alabama and the interior of Mississippi to the rich alluvial lands along the great river. In the Mississippi Valley the nomadic tendency of the negroes has been the cause of much annoyance and loss to the planters, who have often been unable to secure from one year to another the services of desirable laborers and tenants. Often a tenant, after running deeply in debt for supplies, and seeing no advantage to himself in caring further for his crop, without a moment's thought of his obligations, legal or moral, would betake himself to some distant plantation, leaving the planter to complete his work and gather his crop. The planters complain bitterly, and not without reason, of the lack of any sense of responsibility on the part of many of their tenants. One cause of the heedlessness of the negro is doubtless the laxity of the marriage tie among them. Divorces are accomplished without regard to the laws, and marital infidelity is common. This is without doubt a result of the "peculiar institution," with its forced marriages for breeding purposes.

The immediate exciting cause of the exodus was the distribution among negro preachers and others of alluring circulars issued by a Western railroad company, which had appointed as its agent a bright mulatto who kept an intelligence and emigration office at Vicksburg. The negroes were enjoined not to show these circulars to the whites, and, as they have a freemasonry of their own, the secret of the circulars did not transpire until the exodus was well under way. "Going



to Kansas" was diligently preached in hundreds of the little churches on the plantations, until, early in March, the movement actually began in earnest. The average negro farmer, whose material condition had in many districts been growing from bad to worse for several years, and was rendered deplorable by the short crop of 1878, read in the Kansas circulars a revelation of what to him was a veritable land of Canaan. The more adventurous or reckless of the colored people pioneered the way to Kansas, and the "fever" rapidly spread. Hundreds even of the prosperous tenant-farmers, who had many dollars worth of cattle, horses, and mules, and were out of debt, were impelled by their gregarious instinct to join the exodus. They sold their animals for a song, and seemed to fancy that when they should arrive in Kansas the Government would recompense them for their sacrifices. Many of these deluded men returned a few months later, wiser in experience but empty in purse. Large numbers of tenant-farmers, more or less deeply in debt to the planters for supplies advanced, betook themselves to the river banks to meet the up-going boats. A panic seized upon the planters, and soon the steamboat captains were induced or compelled to refuse passage to "exodus negroes." Hundreds got away, however, by pretending that they were going only as far as Vicksburg or Memphis, where they would wait a day or two and then continue their journey. The refusal of the steamboat officers to take negroes, being in defiance of law, aroused more indignation in the North than perhaps any other incident of the exodus. But it was a time of panic and excitement in the Lower Mississippi Valley, and the officers were compelled to defer to the wishes of the planters, who felt a not altogether unrighteous indignation at seeing hundreds of tenants violate their contracts by abandoning their growing crops. Various devices were resorted to by the steamboat people to avoid a conflict with the planters. Landings at which large numbers of colored people were seen gathered were passed by, and the hitherto disregarded regulations limiting the number of passengers to be carried were suddenly religiously respected. Whole families of negroes brought from Alabama to take the places of the refugees, and supplied with bedding and provisions, after a few days or weeks secretly stole away to join the emigrants.

Such was the condition of affairs on the Lower Mississippi when the exodus began to be the subject of investigation by correspondents of Northern journals. The charge that the colored man would never have sought to leave his Southern home had he been well-treated and

unrestricted in the enjoyment of his rights as a citizen is mainly true ; for after every allowance is made for the credulity, the religious excitement, and love of change which actuated so many of the emigrating negroes, there remains a solid basis for discontent. The consideration of the causes of this dissatisfaction of the negro with his condition and prospects in life will involve a full statement of his material environment and political status. It is unfair to the planter to insist that in this complex question of the exodus there is a grievance only on the negro's side, and it is equally unjust to the black man to assert that he has no wrongs to be righted.

To arrive at a clear understanding of the material condition of the black man in the Southern States, the system of land tenure, and the various relations the negro holds to the land-owner as share-farmer, tenant, and laborer must be taken up in detail. By far the greater part of the arable land in the Southern States is owned by the white planters, who constitute but a small minority of the population. The war which deprived the planters of their slaves left them their vast plantations, ranging in area from a few hundred to many thousand acres. Having nothing left them but their landed estates, the ownership of which affords them the only basis for the restoration of their fallen fortunes, the planters as a rule have successfully endeavored to retain their estates. Yet many have failed to do so, being ruined by the taxation levied by the corrupt "carpet-bag" governments ; and of those who were more fortunate, thousands endured great sacrifices and privations. Enough were compelled to sell, to cause thousands of acres of the richest soil of the South to be thrown into the market ; and a golden opportunity was offered the black man to become a farmer on his own account. But it is charged, and is supported by trustworthy testimony, that the local branches of the Freedmen's Saving Institution — more commonly known as the Freedmen's Bank — discouraged the negro from investing his deposits in land. The bank officers, anxious only to swell the amount of deposits, made the negro believe that it was better for him to be the possessor of a bank-book than the holder of a title-deed to a tract of land which might be wrested from him by some form of legalized robbery. Of late years, however, the negroes have been acquiring landed property. In Georgia, and in what is known as the "black belt" of Alabama, there are thousands of small farms, the property of colored men. The colored people of Georgia have made notable progress in the acquirement of wealth. Thousands of prosperous negro farmers



are to be found in the Mississippi Valley, — men whose industry ought to put to shame the lazy, shiftless, white “trash.” There are scores of thriving negro planters in the same region who employ other negroes, and whose credit with their factors in New Orleans or St. Louis is excellent. But the great majority of negroes are still unpossessed of land, often for no other reason than that the black man has not those sturdy pioneer instincts which impel the white man to penetrate the wilds and clear for himself a homestead. Were the negro a natural pioneer, he could find an abundance of good land in the South, purchasable at merely nominal prices, and by no means distant from the rivers and railways.

The relations in which the landless negro stands to the planter are, as have been stated, three ; namely, share-farmer, tenant, and laborer. In share-farming the planter furnishes the negro with land, tools, a mule, fodder, a cabin rent-free, fire-wood, and pasturage for cattle. In return the share-farmer agrees to give his labor for a year. The product is divided equally between planter and negro. Of late years, in the Mississippi Valley, share-farming has ceased to be general. It was found that this system was not so profitable to the planter as the tenant-system, which makes the negro feel in a greater degree his responsibility to the planter, and relieves the latter from the care and vexation inseparable from a partnership with the too frequently heedless black.

The tenant-system of farming is the most common of the three modes of contract, and in its abuses furnishes the true explanation of the exodus when viewed as a labor strike, — which to some extent it undeniably was. Under the tenant-system the negro is charged an annual rent per acre, varying in different parts of the Mississippi Valley from five to ten dollars. In many cases the rent is paid in lint cotton, at the rate of from sixty to one hundred pounds per acre. The planter furnishes the tenant with a mule, for which a rent of about thirty dollars is charged (not excessive when the yearly depreciation of such property is considered), with a cabin, firewood, garden-patch, and pasturage, — all free of charge. At current rates for cotton, a tenant-farmer, paying a rent of five dollars per acre and getting his supplies at a reasonable advance on wholesale prices, can live comfortably ; and if he will exercise an economy involving little self-denial, he can put by a few hundred dollars yearly for the purchase of land. The heavy burdens too often laid upon the tenant-farmer in the cotton regions can be quickly enumerated. They are exorbitant rents, ex-

cessive charges for supplies, and extortionate fees for ginning cotton. The negro's diet consists of coarse and simple food, and as a rule he prefers meal and pork to flour and bacon. His clothing is of the roughest and cheapest material, except on Sundays and holidays when he arrays himself in gorgeous raiment. Many of the planters have on their estates shops known as plantation-stores, for the sale of such articles of necessity and luxury as the negro is in the habit of buying. The food and clothing furnished to the negro and his family while he is engaged in "making" the crop are charged to his account, and a settlement is had at the close of the year. The tenant, being generally poor, has no money with which to pay his way while the crop is "making." Those prudent negroes who are "forehanded men," as the homely New England phrase has it, are able to buy their food and clothes for cash where they choose, and so avail themselves of the benefits of competition ; but the average tenant is compelled to get his supplies on long credit from the planter's store, or from the cross-roads trader, known in the language of the country as "the merchant." This merchant frequently furnishes supplies to all the tenants in his neighborhood, since only the larger plantations have "stores," and he is secured for his advances by a lien on the growing crop. But whether he procures his supplies from plantation store or cross-roads trader, the impecunious negro farmer is at the mercy of the dealer in the necessities of life. In very many cases (though seldom on well-regulated plantations) the tenants have been charged exorbitant prices, from fifty to one hundred per cent being added to the wholesale cost of such commonly used articles as salt pork, meal, flour, and bacon. By such practices, many conscienceless planters have been able for a succession of years to keep their poorer and therefore more helpless tenants in a state approaching peonage. All the evidence goes to show that less extortion has been practised by those planters directly on the Mississippi than by the landlords of the interior counties and parishes. The corrective for this abuse has been the growing competition for labor. Where men are scarce, the planters are obliged to make terms favorable to tenants and laborers.

It has been urged in justification of the exorbitant prices charged to negro customers that the colored man is an uncertain debtor, and very likely to abandon his crop when debts become pressing. But the merchant has a lien on the crop, and can employ men to bring it to maturity, and so secure himself against loss. There is no doubt that the extortions practised upon the negro have increased his nat-



ural heedlessness regarding obligations. A man who is forced to pay double prices for articles of necessity will not be likely to be over scrupulous about his debts. The experience of careful and honorable merchants and planters is that a profitable trade can be established with the negroes by selling goods at moderate prices. In the better class of stores an advance of from ten to fifteen per cent is charged for goods purchased on credit; this advance is found to cover the usual loss by bad debts. Of course, the trader must watch his credit customers, must know how they are getting on with their crops, must discourage their purchasing articles beyond their means, and must ascertain whether they are buying goods on credit at other stores. On the larger and better-managed plantations, where the planter or his overseer knows the tenants personally, the plantation stores are honorably conducted and pay a fair profit. A careful examination of the books of a well-managed store will compel the conclusion that the average negro spends too much money for canned food, sweetmeats, fine shoes, and expensive millinery for his wife. Even well-to-do negro planters surprise their city factors with orders for cases of high-priced delicacies which rarely find their way to the tables of white planters.

Loaded down with mortgages, and paying their factors high rates of interest for money advanced on "the crop," many planters are tempted, and as it were half compelled, to make all they can out of the necessities of their tenants. Hence high rents, unjust charges for supplies, and many petty exactions, such as asking three or four times the fair price for ginning the tenant's cotton. It cannot be doubted that much of the extortion which has been practised by planters has resulted from the causes named. In Amite County, Mississippi, a serious riot was caused by the foreclosure of mortgages upon plantations by Israelite money-lenders, who placed negroes in charge of the estates, thereby rousing the ire of the dispossessed planters.

Since the exodus, a growing tendency to lower rents has been observed in the Mississippi Valley; in many cases the reduction has been twenty or thirty per cent. When it is borne in mind that a single acre of good land, thoroughly tilled, will often yield a bale of cotton weighing four hundred and fifty pounds, and worth at current rates \$45.00, and in case of the "first picking" possibly \$54.00, a rent of five dollars per acre cannot be deemed unreasonable. Indeed, with cotton at ten and twelve cents per pound, a rent of seven dollars per acre of good land could be easily paid by an industrious tenant. A brief

calculation of the easily-possible earnings of a diligent negro cultivating fifteen acres, aided by his wife, will give a clear idea of the prospects of the negro farmer in the rich alluvial country. He will plant say ten acres in cotton, which will yield him eight bales of four hundred and fifty pounds each, or a total of thirty-six hundred pounds, worth, at ten cents per pound, \$360.00. His other five acres he will plant with corn, and will receive a yield of two hundred bushels, worth \$150.00. He can, by the sale of poultry, eggs, etc., make at least \$30.00 yearly. Here, then, is a total cash income of \$540.00. At a rent of seven dollars per acre, the tenant's payment to his landlord will be \$105.00; to which must be added \$16.00 for ginning the tenant's cotton, at the moderate rate of two dollars per bale. The tenant's profit, less what it may have cost him for food and clothing, will be \$419.00. If he has devoted his idle hours to his vegetable garden, his store-bill will be materially reduced. Tenants frequently make a substantial addition to their incomes by the sale of pork and mutton. The calculation just given was made by an intelligent and liberal planter of Mississippi, and is undoubtedly a reasonable estimate of the earnings of an industrious negro. Ex-Senator Alcorn, of the same State, — a Republican in politics, and regarded as an especial friend of the colored people, — has made an estimate of the reward of a share-farmer's labor, which does not vary much from the calculation given above. According to Senator Alcorn, a farmer, with the aid of his wife and a stout boy, can at the lowest estimate, on twenty acres of good land, raise crops which, after giving the land-owner his half share, will be worth \$350.00. A prudent negro family can save nearly half of this sum, so light are the essential expenses of living at the South. But where the negro is plundered by excessive charges of every kind, the case is very different.

The year 1878 was a year of hardship for both planter and tenant. The yellow fever, conjoined with the short crop and a low price for cotton, discouraged every body. Many of the tenants, unused to economy in their domestic expenses, fell in debt to the store-keepers; hence the readiness of so many negroes to fly to Kansas. Hundreds of instances might be cited where tenants, who in 1877 had earned several hundred dollars each above their expenses, were at the close of 1878 deeply in debt.

A not uncommon means by which the negro is made to plunge into debt, even in "good" years, is the liberal credit allowed him by the trader toward the picking season. The trader, having ample security



for his advances, will induce the easily-persuadable negro to take "on account" every thing he fancies. To the average negro, pay-day seems a great way off; and not till he sees the trader's bill does he realize that he will have little ready cash with which to begin the new year. The holiday season is the harvest time of the unscrupulous trader.

The third form of contract to be considered is the wage system, which obtains principally upon the more extensive plantations. As a day laborer, the negro receives from sixty to seventy-five cents per day, — in some remote districts as low as forty cents; is furnished with rations, estimated at ten cents per day, and a cabin rent-free. The wage system is growing in favor with the planters; and if ever credit — that curse of the South — is to be eradicated, it must come through the general adoption of wage payments. A large proportion of the laborers are young unmarried men, greatly given to tobacco and whiskey. Not a small share of their earnings are spent for these and other luxuries, as has been made evident by an examination of the books of some of the best-managed plantations. The mild climate of the Gulf States renders it only too easy to put in practice the Scriptural injunction to take no thought for the morrow. If the negro is improvident, he has not to suffer therefor as would a spend-thrift Northern laborer, confronted annually by a cold season so severe as to compel the purchase, for comfort's sake, of thick and expensive clothing, to say nothing of the rent and heating of a shelter commensurate to the exigencies of a rigorous climate. A lack of foresight is characteristic of the peoples of all warm climates, and the negro of the South is no exception to the rule. It is worthy of note that the exodus excitement did not reach the wage laborers of the sugar plantations, who are comparatively prosperous.

We now come to an important division of our subject, — the political status of the negro as bearing upon the exodus. That a dissatisfaction with his material condition was not the sole cause of the exodus is made plain by the fact that among the emigrants were hundreds of the tenants of liberal employers. Republican planters, who had prided themselves upon their prosperous negroes, were astonished to find that even their tenants joined the emigrating column. Even negro planters, like the Montgomerys on Palmyra Island, saw their most favored tenants leave them. The labor-strike hypothesis does not alone and of itself account for the exodus.

To the impartial observer of affairs in Mississippi and Louisiana it cannot fail to be apparent that the negroes are greatly dissatisfied with their political condition. Since the native whites have regained the control of those States, there has, as elsewhere in the South, been a systematic and successful endeavor to deprive the negro of his political privileges. There is no longer any need of adducing the testimony of local Republicans or of congressional investigations to prove the fact that the negro has been cowed by violent means into submission to the dominant class. The charges of "bull-dozing" and other outrages upon personal liberty have been substantiated since the exodus by the candid admissions of the Southern press. Leading planters and politicians have also publicly acknowledged these facts. The Southern planters assert that if their communities are to be prevented from coming once more under the rule of rapacious adventurers, the ignorant negro voter must be intimidated into submission to the native whites. How thoroughly they have accomplished this work of intimidation is best known to those who, independently and on the ground, have made a study of Southern local politics. The poor whites, summoned to the aid of the master-spirits of intimidation, proved only too ready to assist in the work of whipping and shooting the political leaders of the negroes. But when the task was achieved, the planters' allies were not easily got rid of. Many of the later and more wanton outrages have been the work of these desperadoes. In some cases the planters have been compelled by self-interest to protect their negro tenants from these persecutors, — the quondam allies of the leading whites. No doubt many riots and outrages have been inspired by a genuine fear of a negro insurrection. And it is true that the blacks, led by unscrupulous adventurers, have sometimes provoked the hostility of the whites. The "Mississippi" or "shot-gun" plan has now generally given place to shameless frauds at the polls, in those localities where the negroes are allowed to go through the mockery of voting. But, be it shot-gun or tissue-paper ballot, the result is quite the same to the negro, for he has little or no voice in the election of the law-makers. Now to the negro this interference with his constitutional right to cast a free ballot in a fair election is a greater grievance than even high rents and excessive charges. The exodus negroes complained bitterly of their inability to vote. Everywhere among the negroes, even in those localities where by reason of their immense numerical majority they have full political freedom, there is a general apprehension that, in the event of the election of a Demo-



cratic president, the negro race will be re-enslaved. The negro is firmly of the opinion that the Democratic leaders would, if they dared, speedily reduce him to a state of peonage. The illiberal course of the Southern State governments in regard to popular education is naturally construed by the negro as an evidence of an intention to keep his children in ignorance. In this connection, it is only fair to state that hundreds of planters privately take an active interest in education, and aid liberally in maintaining elementary schools for the colored children. Especially is this the case in districts where there is a keen competition for labor, the planters finding it for their interest to satisfy the negro's demand that his children shall go to school.

Any discussion of the economic and political conditions of the Southern communities that omits the consideration of remedies for undeniably existing causes of discontent on the part of the laboring population would be lacking in sequence and completeness. The debates in the convention of white planters and leading colored men, which assembled some months since at Vicksburg to consider the causes of the exodus, and to seek means to allay the discontent of the blacks, showed plainly that however much the Southern press might have belittled the grievances of the blacks, the planters could frankly acknowledge that the negroes were in many localities subjected to grave wrongs. The resolutions which were passed, giving assurances of relief, were an acknowledgment of much that had been charged by the Northern press. Since the adjournment of that convention, the more independent journals of the South have frequently been outspoken in counselling the planters to form organizations for the protection of their tenants and laborers in the exercise of all their political rights.

The possibility that the South may, by reason of another and greater exodus, be brought face to face with the labor problem, has led to the discussion in some quarters of the desirability of Chinese labor. A small minority of the planters and politicians are inclined to favor the gradual substitution of Chinese for negro labor, and some slight correspondence with the agents of the Chinese Six Companies at San Francisco has been had by the Mississippi Cotton Planters' Association, — an organization of recent date, which might do much to bring about a happier state of affairs in the valley of the great river. The employment of Chinese in the cotton fields of the South has often been mooted; but, to our knowledge, the only practical test, on a large scale, of the alleged superiority of Mongolian over African labor has

been made in Texas, where about three hundred Chinamen, imported originally to build a railroad, have been employed as laborers on cotton plantations, or have been allowed to become tenant-farmers. These Chinamen have proved to be diligent and satisfactory. They are physically inferior to the negroes, but make up for their deficiency in strength by unremitting industry. As tenants they are very shrewd, requiring that the land they rent be measured by disinterested persons, and confirming the surveyors' report by an independent measurement of their own. They will not submit to extortionate prices, and make their purchases where weights and measures, as well as prices, are satisfactory to them. The Chinaman contrives in some way nearly always to have a little ready money, and is accordingly able to buy his goods where he pleases, and to avoid getting into the power of the grasping merchants. The Chinaman is willing to work six days in a week, while the average negro tenant is likely to make a holiday of Saturday as well as of Sunday. One of the evils of share-farming has been the readiness of the negro to take a holiday when the mood came upon him. Yet the plodding, patient Chinaman, although honorable in meeting the letter of his contract, is not looked upon with favor by the majority of the planters. They prefer the negro race, to all the peculiarities of which they have become used, and regard with disfavor the Chinaman, who is of alien religion, and destitute of every trace of American feeling. Then, too, the planter has a lurking fear lest a general substitution of Chinese for negroes might bring him face to face with a race of Oriental Yankees, whose acuteness and proverbial thriftiness might result in the Chinaman getting a hold upon the land, and setting up as an independent farmer in competition with himself. Not an unwarranted fear this, when the supplanting of the native merchants by the shrewder Chinese in Siam and other Oriental countries is recalled to mind. The ability of the Chinese to withstand the intense heats and malarial diseases of the bottom lands of the lower Mississippi Valley is doubted by many intelligent planters.

But it seems idle to speculate upon the supplanting of four million blacks by an equal number of Chinese. Even in the event of another exodus of large proportions, resulting in temporary disaster to the planting interests of the cotton States, it is safe to assume that the great mass of the colored people will remain in the South. Perhaps only by a long-continued emigration of the negroes can the planters be brought into organization to redress the material and political



wrongs of the colored people. Until some comprehensive action shall be taken in this direction, the negro will continue to be an element in our national politics, — a condition of things to be deplored by every patriotic American. The continuance of what is practically the disfranchisement of the colored man will perpetuate the reign of sectional politics. The intelligent sympathy of every patriot cannot fail to be with the people of the South, whenever they shall resolutely undertake to restore to the black man his constitutional right of unintimidated suffrage. How to direct him wisely in the exercise of this privilege, so that demagoguery and corruption may not once more defy and outrage patriotic sentiment, is the baffling problem to which Southern statesmanship should address itself. Intelligent journalists of the South have publicly expressed their regret that the policy of conciliating the negro vote was not given a thorough trial before an unfortunate recourse was had to violent means. Happily, the progressive minds of the South, foreseeing the ultimately inevitable division of the now "solid" Southern democracy, are thoughtfully considering expedients for bringing about the natural alliance of the black man with the leaders of that society of which he is a part.

One of the most hopeful suggestions, looking to a means of adjusting the relations between landlord and tenant, which has yet been made, was offered at the Vicksburg convention by ex-Governor Foote, who advocated the formation, in each county, of a local board of arbitration, with power not only to advise in disputes, but to prosecute offences growing out of violations of the terms of contracts by either landlord or tenant. Such boards would have a good influence in correcting abuses. A few summary prosecutions of swindling merchants would do much to bring about a healthful condition of affairs. That some system of arbitration between employer and employed, landlord and tenant, should be established, is desirable; but it will first of all be necessary to create a public sentiment in its favor. The suggestion that the plantations be divided into small holdings is impracticable. For many years the majority of negroes will continue in their present relations to the planters. The assertion that very large plantations cannot be made profitable to the owners, except by the oppression of the tenantry, is sufficiently disproved by the fact that there are numbers of great plantations in the Mississippi Valley where a liberal policy, combined with strict supervision, has resulted in the prosperity of both planter and tenant. The acquirement of land by the black man might be facilitated by legisla-

tion; but the success of the negroes in gaining freeholds in some parts of Georgia, and throughout the "black belt" of Alabama, seems to warrant the expectation that, with growing enterprise and frugality upon the part of the blacks, the operation of economic laws may be trusted to increase the proportion which the small farms now bear to the plantations.

The credit system is, as has been said, the curse of the Southern States. It places its heavy burdens upon the shoulders of planter and of tenant alike. Happily it seems reasonable to hope that with a few years of abundant crops and good prices, together with a gradual change from the tenant to the wage system, a new era of prosperity will arrive. President Morehead, of the Mississippi Valley Cotton Planters' Association, an intelligent and progressive gentleman, has well said, in a recent address, that the credit system is "false and pernicious to whites and blacks alike," and that "no prosperity can come to the South until this fact is recognized, and a reform accomplished. The negro can understand cash payments, but he cannot comprehend accounts, interest, and payments."

In this survey of the exodus and its causes, it has been our endeavor to deal fairly with the people of the South, white and black. We have seen that while there too generally exist sufficient causes for the negro's frequent discontent with his material condition, these causes are not universally operative, and do not therefore afford an entirely adequate solution of the exodus. But when we add to the grievances under which the negro labors as a cultivator of the soil the really universal dissatisfaction of the black man with his anomalous political status, the general uneasiness of the colored population of the Southern States is fully explained.

F. R. GUERNSEY.



## THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE Republic is steadfastly growing, and after having successfully withstood for the last eight years the efforts of its domestic enemies, it now shows itself able to withstand even the faults of its friends. The second ordeal is much the more crucial, and we now see only its beginning. Yet it can be, I think, safely affirmed that our present political establishment is so strongly believed in, and so deeply rooted in the affections of the French people, that it almost defies not only the powers of its adversaries, but the conceits, miscarriages, and absurdities of its advocates. Partisans and leaders will be opinionated; not only false but true friends will make mistakes, and endanger the cause they serve. But when that cause is just, and rests on the strong basis of universal suffrage, it can meet the most terrific assaults from without and the most treacherous conspiracies from within. From external assaults the third French republic has thus far been remarkably free. But as regards internal conspiracies, its life from 1871 to 1879 has been one of uninterrupted trouble. And yet, was there ever a republic of so forgiving a temper? Even the Fourtous and De Broglies have been, if not wholly pardoned, at least unprosecuted. Were these men to be disarmed by so great and so uncalled for a generosity, they would at once have been gained over to us, and would have become stanch friends of the republic. But I fear that the long-suffering spirit shown by the Government and the Chamber has been sadly thrown away, and that the too great kindness of the latter body has been mistaken for weakness and a dread of making use of the power which the elections of October 14, 1877, had conferred upon it. To be generous and brave, even to the verge of excess, in dealing with the brave and generous may sometimes be a dangerous game, but is always a noble one; but to be generous and brave toward the cruel, the cowardly, and the felonious is a culpable folly, especially when forgiveness endangers not only one's own safety but that of one's fellow-men. Let us hope the Government of the republic and the present Chamber will not have to repent their un-

heard-of leniency towards the Cabinets headed by the Duc de Broglie and General De la Rochebouet ; but should it result otherwise, certainly they will not be able to reproach any save themselves for their own rash clemency, since the offenders, far from showing the least repentance, declared through M. de Fourtou's mouth in the Chamber that their only regret was that they had not persevered to the end, — *de ne pas être allés jusqu'au bout*. Marshal de MacMahon, however, had enough of it, and when the elections of January 5, 1879, gave a small majority to the republicans in the Senate, he wisely sent in to the ministry his resignation.

Never did the Marshal show to better advantage than on that eventful day. Not content with resigning a power which he could no longer use according to the dictates of his heart, he was the first to compliment M. Grévy on his elevation to the presidential chair, and to assure him of his own obedience as a soldier. That graceful act of obeisance on the part of the man who had so lately and voluntarily vacated the presidency, towards the elect of the Congress, was noticed with commendation ; and I am glad to say, in the name of my friends and in my own, that, as men who will not be behindhand with any one, we shall always couple the manner of his descent from power in 1879 with the free and courageous deed he accomplished when, in the Imperial Senate, he boldly refused to vote for the law of general safety. That he should not have been prosecuted on account of the share he had in the conspiracy of May 16 I willingly agree, since his presidential post was constitutionally one of irresponsibility. But the case was different with his ministers, over whose heads the threat of an impending prosecution should at any rate have been held in suspense, even if no actual prosecution was to be entered upon. As it is, the vote of the Chamber on this subject is likely to act as an incentive and a direct provocation to ducal and ministerial conspirators to do likewise, in the belief that such crimes will never be visited on the heads of the guilty. This was the second mistake made by M. Grévy. The first one had been to keep the Dufaure cabinet, *minus* M. Dufaure. It is true that that cabinet had obtained a vote of confidence from the Chamber, and M. Grévy — who piques himself on being the executor of the Parliamentary will and nothing more — probably thought he would show his respect to the Chamber by keeping the cabinet that enjoyed the confidence of that body. It is difficult to think that he was not wrong. Even M. Dufaure, whom he asked to remain at the head of the ministry, declined the offer,



saying, "*En situation nouvelle, il faut des hommes nouveaux.*" The old bear was quite right, and it was a great pity M. Grévy did not follow that wise piece of advice. Every thing ought to have been impressed with the spirit which last obtained in the Parliament as well as in the country. The situation was new, and with it we ought to have had both new men and new measures. The country expected this ; yet the only new thing we got was a new disappointment. This was a great mistake. The Government ever since has been dragging on a weary life, and undergoing partial changes that will not save them. Every one is tired of them ; they have been heaping mistakes upon mistakes, faults upon faults. It was a mistake to grant an amnesty and not to grant it fully, as all the grace and merit of an amnesty lies in its fulness. A grudging spirit is the very opposite of that of amnesty, and causes more rancor than the amnesty itself causes gratitude. It was a mistake to prosecute the Press, and especially to shift the responsibility of this egregious fault upon the shoulders of the Chamber by asking the deputies to strip one of their number, M. Paul de Cassagnac, of his parliamentary privilege of inviolability. The Chamber voted according to the Cabinet's wishes, but they knew they did wrong, and did it under a sort of moral compulsion which they bitterly resented. Placing the responsibility of their own mistakes on the shoulders of the Chamber has indeed become with the present ministry a *douce habitude*. They have several times compelled the Chamber to submit to it, and they still persevere in it. Not long ago, by the same perversion of their otherwise legitimate influence, they got another like vote from the Chamber, — that on the *Conseil d'État*, which the Chamber wanted completely to dissolve and reorganize, while the Cabinet wished to preserve the greater part of it, and only add to it a new section and about a dozen members. It was with the greatest reluctance that the Chamber gave this last vote, and they were so disgusted with the whole transaction that it can safely be predicted that the Cabinet will soon have to pay for it. On no question, without notice, after no serious discussion, the ministry will some day find themselves on their backs. Who will have thrown them down ? Nobody ! and their astonishment will be as great as is the absurdity of their conduct at the present moment. Nothing will have happened save this : the Chamber, tired with the stupid policy they persist in, will have noiselessly withdrawn the prop on which the Cabinet has leaned, and down will go the ministers who should have known how to use with moderation a confidence the only

fault of which lies in being far greater than it ought. It is not necessary to be a prophet in order to predict this ministerial fall: it is only necessary to keep one's eyes open. What will M. Grévy do then? By the bye, you hear it said on all sides here that Gambetta is very wrong in not accepting the post of Premier. But no one inquires whether that post was offered to him; and I wonder how political men can know Gambetta so little as to think that he is the man to go begging for a portfolio. Whether he said it or not, the following too well expresses what must be his opinion not to be taken as the truth: "Should I ask for the direction of the ministry, *conditions would be made for me*; whereas it is I who mean to make the conditions, not to accept them." How like our Gambetta this is! And how ridiculous the opinion that between Waddington and Léon Say on one hand and Gambetta on the other, there are no men in the Parliament for making a cabinet! Those who reckon upon being called to be members of the Gambetta cabinet may perhaps believe this, but no one else does; and very few care about it, for situations are stronger than men, and who can now hope for any thing new, when M. Grévy's accession to power has made no change worth mentioning in the direction of affairs? If we want changes, let us turn to other sides than the parliamentary.

Young Eugène Bonaparte is dead. There is a change, a real one; and almost at the same moment when Republican France in high glee is celebrating the fourteenth day of July (*la prise de la Bastille*), the Republican fête *par excellence*, the Bonapartists are celebrating in England the funeral of the late and probably the last heir to the throne of the great Emperor. The death of that young man was most tragic; the fate of his unhappy mother is such as to move the pity even of the countless victims of *her war*, — that German conflict that she called *ma guerre*; but what a fearful lesson, and what a grand and awful page our great poet Victor Hugo has to add to his *Châtiments*! There he is, nearer home than St. Helena, but on English soil, — the boy who should have been successor to the imperial purple and to the great man's hatred of England. And how did he die? As a volunteer soldier in the service of England! Better treated by fate, if not prouder than his father, he, at any rate, served in the English army, while Louis Bonaparte only served in the English police. He is said to have volunteered in order to captivate the heart of an English princess. Let him be praised for it! This too is better than to have handled the truncheon of a sworn constable, as his father did, against



the poor and unarmed Chartists, whose revolutionary aims were limited to carrying a huge petition to the doors of the House of Commons. The French Bonapartists who went to England in order to make political capital out of the funeral of their young prince are not, however, to be praised ; and much more to be blamed are the English who allow themselves to be used as sowers of hatred and contempt between foreign nations and the French Republic. Nobody on this side of the Channel wants to stir up the old hatreds and the dormant rancors, and it is to be hoped also that the case is the same on the other side. But there are things which should not be raked up. We neither must nor will forget that it was the Prince of Wales who, while the Duc de Broglie carried in France the high-handed policy of the 16th of May, so far forgot his duties as to go to the Isle of Wight in order to introduce young De Harcourt — one of MacMahon's confidential secretaries — to the Imperial pretender, Eugène Bonaparte. It is true that the Prince of Wales did his best, at the time of the International Exhibition, to make us forget that ugly fact, and showed himself, so far as he could, friendly to France and to the representatives of the Republic, Gambetta included. Yet Gambetta himself felt the necessity of giving a warning to such as evidently needed it. Hence the fête he gave on July 14 at the Palais Bourbon. You will be told that he simply gave it in order to humor the French who want that day to be celebrated as a *fête nationale*, and should you read the Royalist papers you will see Gambetta likened to Barras and the present government to the *Directoire*. I wonder what Barras would have thought of a fête to which no ladies were invited? I am sure the foreign ambassadors who crowded round the two Presidents, Grévy and Gambetta, went away with no idea of likening Gambetta to Barras and his fête to the *Directoire's*. It was no doubt a very brilliant, a very artistic fête, but one at which the severest Puritan could have found no cause whatever for grumbling. It might have been made much more splendid. Had the Government said a word to let the people understand that they were desired to join in it, Paris, on the night of the 14th, would have been a fairy scene. I can assure you that the Parisians were vexed at not being called upon to illuminate their streets and houses, and to give vent to their national and republican feelings. Not once but a hundred times I heard it repeated, in a slightly sorrowful tone, *Ce sera pour l'année prochaine*. Yes, let it be for next year! This year it was a purely political gathering. It was grand, gorgeous, artistic ; but there was no gayety about it, and the army was there in

such force as to make one think that it was a military festivity, — such a festivity as can be given by people who *se recueillent*, and not at all by people who are bent upon enjoying the sweetness of power and the joys of life. After all, the political sky this year is very much like the sky of Nature. There is the lightning and thunder ; that is done by the Bonapartists, and, though harmless, as a stage storm should be, it is noisy. There is the hail, — that is done by the clericals and Legitimists ; and the rain, the tedious, the unbearable rain, *l'ennuyeuse pluie*, that must evidently be the part of the Orleanists and other *centre-gauches* who enjoy as much popularity as does on the stage that celebrated *genre ennuyeux*, a perfect symbol of which a persistent rain so clearly is. Oh ! when are the glorious, the life-giving, the humanitarian and republican shafts of Apollo to be sent abroad and to dispel those miserable clouds ? Let the white cliffs of Albion not allow them to gather on their brows. We can put up with a semi-English minister like M. Waddington, on condition that we shall be entirely let alone ; but the slightest show of meddling with our internal affairs would at once wake up old memories and stir up old hatreds which, as I said before, ought to be allowed to sleep forever.

Foreign powers have been, to this day, tolerant enough with the third French Republic. We can't expect them to be sympathetic towards a form of government which sooner or later will be the death of all autocratic and aristocratic governments. They cannot love us ; but they must endure us, and not try to organize against us either an armed coalition, like that which the first Republic had to fight against, or a diplomatic and capitalist coalition, like the one in whose name Prince Schwarzenberg was speaking when he said, in 1850 or 1851, "France must not be allowed to carry out a second election to the presidency of the Republic." The old diplomatist was right. Had France been allowed to elect a second President in 1852, the Republic might from that moment have been securely established in France. Louis Bonaparte, who, with the help of the old reactionists of the Rue de Poitiers Club, had contrived to be elected President, succeeded, on December 10, 1848, with the help of the secret foreign coalition, whose complicity was betrayed by Prince Schwarzenberg and later by Lord Palmerston, in bringing to fulfilment his *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851. There may be, there surely are, among the surroundings of the royal and imperial thrones of Europe, men who have inherited the feelings and traditional policy of Schwarzenberg and Palmerston against the French Republic. Let them beware. M. Grévy is a mild President.



It is well known, and no one can dispute the fact, that he is anxious, over anxious, not to give to any foreign power whatever the slightest cause of umbrage or uneasiness. But he is already found somewhat too mild in this respect. Many people here are of opinion that he ought already to have remonstrated with the English government on account of the support and encouragement given by it to Bonapartist manifestations, which can be looked upon as nothing else than endeavors to disparage the French Republic, and openly to proclaim the so-called rights of a pretender. People, under this impression, are easily brought to ask themselves how M. Grévy could be satisfied, when he came to power, with the remnants of M. de MacMahon's cabinet, and how a firm republican, such as he is, could refrain from proposing to the Parliament so much as a single republican measure. The more people ponder over this, the more they are inclined to believe that this is due to foreign influence, and I need not say that this is not to the advantage of the present government.

Ever since our first revolution there has remained, like lees at the bottom of an old bottle, an underlying hatred against monarchical governments, and more especially against England, which was the soul and paymaster of all the anti-republican coalitions. I dare say you do not know Rouget de Lisle's *Chant des Vengeances*. The *Marseillaise* has so completely thrown into the shade every other product of Rouget de Lisle's brain, that it is scarcely known that the immortal author of that stirring song ever wrote any thing else. I am able to give you a copy of *Le Chant des Vengeances*, and I hope you will agree with me that, setting aside the exception that is to be taken to the feeling which it expresses, the song itself is, even by the side of the *Marseillaise*, a most remarkable outburst of patriotic grief and rage. Here it is. I think it is almost unknown to fame. I, of course, do not attempt to translate it.

## LE CHANT DES VENGEANCES.

PAR ROUGET DE LISLE.

(1797.)

I.

Aux armes ! qu'aux chants de la paix  
Succède l'hymne des batailles.  
Aux armes ! Loin de nos murailles,  
Précipitons nos rangs épais.  
Qu'importe l'Europe vaincue ?  
Qu'importe la foule éperdue

De ces rois tremblants devant nous ?  
 La paix nous est-elle permise ?  
 L'affreux brigand de la Tamise  
 N'a point succombé sous nos coups !

## II.

C'est lui qui, des peuples armés,  
 Soudoya les hordes serviles :  
 Par lui, de nos guerres civiles,  
 Les flambeaux furent allumés.  
 Des bourreaux de notre patrie  
 Son or suscita la furie,  
 Sa main aiguïsa les couteaux :  
 Nos revers, notre aveugle rage,  
 Nos crimes : sont tous son ouvrage ;  
 De la France il fit tous les maux.

## III.

Et tant de forfaits impunis  
 N'auraient pas enfin lui salaire !  
 Et les fiers enfants de la guerre  
 A ce point seraient avilis !  
 Mânes sanglants ! Pâles victimes !  
 Ombres chères et magnanimes  
 Des braves morts dans nos combats,  
 Vos exploits ont sauvé la France :  
 Aux Français vous criez vengeance,  
 Et vos cris ne l'obtiendraient pas !

## IV.

Vengeance ! jusqu'aux deux mers,  
 Que ce cri sacré retentisse !  
 Vengeance ! nous ferons justice  
 A Londres, à nous, à l'univers.  
 Artisan des malheurs du monde  
 Trop fier dominateur de l'onde,  
 En vain crois-tu nous s'échapper :  
 Sur des rochers inaccessibles,  
 Le géant, de ses bras terribles,  
 N'a qu'à saisir et qu'à frapper.

## V.

Vainqueurs d'Herescot, de Nissembourg,  
 Héros de Fleurus et d'Arcole,  
 Triomphateurs du Capitole,  
 De Quiberon, de Luxembourg !  
 Nous tous, fils de la République,  
 Sous les drapeaux de l'Italique



Joignons nos saints ressentiments ;  
 Sûrs, malgré les flots, les tempêtes,  
 D'atteindre les coupables têtes  
 Que vont dévouer nos serments.

I send you this as an historical and literary curiosity rather than a poem having any thing to do with the present time, and I hope you will agree with me that it is very fine. The last lines of the second strophe are positively heart-rending.

“Nos revers, *notre aveugle rage,*  
*Nos crimes, sont tous son ouvrage ;*  
 De la France il fit tous les maux.”

Seldom has such a lament, such a cry of rage and woe, been heard from a human mouth. It sounds like the voice of Prometheus, and really deserves to be known. So I give you the *primeur* of it. Isn't it odd to give you, in this month of July, 1879, the earliest communication of a song written in 1797? Yet I shall be much surprised if any one in America has ever heard of it. I am sure not one Frenchman out of a hundred thousand knows it. A commemoration of Rouget de Lisle's checkered life is to take place some days hence at Choisy-le-Roy, a village near Paris, where he spent his last years and was buried. I wonder whether any other work of his save the *Marseillaise* will be sung there. No doubt the *Marseillaise* is the grandest, but, as I have just shown you, it is not the only grand one. Rouget de Lisle's works certainly deserve to be more extensively known than they are, even in France.

From the work of our national poets to that of the Jesuits is a long stride ; but it is one which I must make, as our parliamentary debates have of late been almost exclusively turning on this point. The Ferry bills on *la liberté de l'enseignement supérieur* are almost wholly directed against the teaching of the unrecognized and unauthorized religious congregations, the first of which, and leader of all, is the Order of Jesuits.

The French government might have expelled them from France, without even asking leave to do so from either the Chamber of Deputies or the Senate, as the laws which enjoin their expulsion have never been repealed. Many, particularly among the men of the extreme Left, are of opinion that the government ought to have done so. Half-measures, however, are more to the taste of such men as MM. Waddington, Leroyer, and even Jules Ferry ; and it must be confessed

that they are also in better accordance with the policy of *Opportunism*. So M. Ferry limited himself to asking that *la collation des grades* (the granting of diplomas) should exclusively belong to the State, and that all *congrégations non reconnues* should be deprived of the right of teaching. M. Madier de Montjan went a step further, and proposed an amendment according to which not only the unrecognized but the recognized congregations and the secular priesthood should be deprived of that right. After a discussion which lasted a whole fortnight, the Chamber, by 362 votes, passed the Ferry bill, and it is now before the Senate, where of course it is to undergo at least another fortnight of discussion. The committee elected in the Bureaux du Sénat to examine the bill are unfavorable to it, and it may well happen that the bill will be rejected. But what will be the result of this? All Republicans are agreed that M. Jules Ferry's famous Article 7 is only the first kick at the ant-hill,—the ant-hill being the Order of Jesuits. Suppose that article should be lost in the Senate, and the whole bill should thus be deprived of its sting, can any one think the matter will be allowed to rest quietly? By no means! The very moment when the bill is lost in the Senate—should this improbable event really occur—will be the moment of real danger for the Jesuits. Such disclosures of the profound immorality of their teaching as were made, in the discussion of the bill, by MM. Jules Ferry, Spuller, and Paul Bert, cannot now be forgotten. M. Paul Bert's speech should be extensively distributed. It was not a speech; it was a dissection, or rather a vivisection. Never, I dare say, was such a lesson in human anatomy given before a house of parliament. We had the body, the *perinde ac cadaver* Jesuit, laid on the table, stretched out, cut through with the medical man's merciless dissecting-knife, and thus exhibited to the light of the tribune. After the cutting came the scientific analysis, and then the history of the Order down to the present time, and not only the history, but the actual life and teachings of the Jesuits. It was a nauseous business, but it had to be done, and was done with a masterly precision. The monarchists were quite surprised. They looked like men who are unexpectedly taken into a theatre of anatomy, and brought face to face with its horrors. Is it possible they did not know what the Jesuits and their teachings were? This is the less to be believed, as a member of the Right, M. de la Bassetière, loudly declared that whatever the doctrines alluded to by M. Paul Bert might be, the Church having approved those doctrines, no one among the faithful had the slightest right to question them.



M. Paul Bert had just read the following from the work of Liguori : " If any one finds pleasure in keeping up a guilty connection with a married woman, not because she is married, forsooth, but because she is pretty, and all the while making abstraction of the fact of her marriage, that indulgence does not imply the crime of adultery." And this is what M. de la Bassetière and the Jesuits' friends in the French Parliament hold as pure, uncontrovertible doctrine ; for Liguori is a saint, — *St. Alphonse de Liguori*, — and his doctrine has been approved by the Church. The laughter and ironical applause were tremendous when M. de la Bassetière pronounced these words : " Nous n'avons pas le droit de déclarer que ce n'est pas la vraie doctrine. *Nous sommes catholiques jusqu'au bout.*" Poor M. de la Bassetière ! He, no doubt, thinks there is an end to the Jesuits' claims on their dupes, and so do all the poor wretches who fall victims to the admirably organized rascality of the most reverend fathers. But this is the most egregious of mistakes : there is no *bout*, no end to it, and this is why the merest prudence makes it a duty for the State to defend the weak, the young, the ignorant, against the deeply laid snares of that most dangerous of congregations.

Quotations from St. Liguori's work were followed by quotations from Father Humbert's. This reverend father, as M. Bert showed, approves of probabilism, — of doing an act good in itself though capable of causing the death of innocent persons ; holds the stealing of small sums from the rich not to be a mortal sin, and tolerates the taking of another's property in extreme necessity, if it be compensation for what cannot be recovered otherwise. Father Humbert teaches that restitution is not obligatory if involving poverty or loss of reputation. A young Bonapartist deputy, M. Le Provost de Launay, having exclaimed that such a book must be the work of a lunatic, M. Bert quietly reminded him that the book had been approved by no less than four bishops ; whereupon another Bonapartist, M. Laroche-Joubert, suggested that they had approved without reading it.

M. Bert next commented on the directions given for religious, or rather sensuous, meditations, in a book used in the girls' school of the Sacred Heart. This was too much for M. du Bodan, a Legitimist, who evidently knew something of that impure work ; for he exclaimed that reading out of that work was out of the question when there were ladies and girls in the gallery. M. du Bodan was quite right, as the directions mentioned by M. Bert concerned meditations on Christ's existence in his mother's womb, and on circumcision, the directions in

both cases being to apply the five senses to those meditations. M. Bert fully admitted the force of M. du Bodan's objection, but begged the Chamber to remark how strange and anomalous it was for a debater to be unable to read before an assembly of men and an auditory of adults what was intended for the studies of young girls. Objection being taken to the book being anonymous, M. Bert cited the date of its publication (1867), and the name of its Catholic publisher, and stated that it was used in all the nuns' schools. He further apologized for entering into these nauseous details, on the ground that the religious orders claimed to be the guardians of morality, and then passed on to the history of the Order of Jesuits, which he compared to the Mussulman order of Khouans, who are to Islamism and Mohammedan governments what the Jesuits are to Christianity and Christian governments.

The fact, alluded to by M. Bert, that Loyola had happened to learn, through a long conversation he had with a Moor in the mountains of Aragon, the existence and statutes of the Mussulman order of the Khouans, is as interesting as it is curious; and no less curious is the fact that the Khouans' motto is this: "Thou shalt be in the hand of thy chief like the corpse in the hand of the washer of the dead," — of which the Latin *perinde ac cadaver* is a very short and terse translation, but lacking, withal, the very striking image of *the washer of the dead*.

Vainly did MM. de la Bassetière, Keller, and Cassagnac *père*, for two or three days consecutively, endeavor to disprove M. Paul Bert's quotations, and refute his speech. "Prove my texts garbled," exclaimed M. Bert, "and you may then say I am a slanderer; but till then I hurl back the epithet on those who have used it." None could prove his texts had been garbled. The *sint ut sunt aut non sint* of the Jesuits is as sound to-day as it was yesterday, and will be to-morrow; and nothing could be more useful and opportune than M. Bert's demonstration to a generation who, if they ever read Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales*, had forgotten them. M. Bert, however, proved rather more than was wanted for the defence of Article 7, for he proved that the pernicious teachings which he had denounced are not confined to the unrecognized orders. The whole Church is imbued with them, and no difference, in this respect, is to be made between the regular and the secular clergy. Why then should not Article 7 apply, not only to the Jesuits, but to all the authorized religious bodies as well? This was what M. Madier de Montjan proposed, and it cannot be denied that the speech which he delivered on this occasion was rather revolution-



ary, but marked by close logic and matchless eloquence. Well might M. Ferry taunt him with exhibiting the oratorical airs and absolute tendencies of 1792. Madier de Montjan is the very picture — a living, a noble picture — of the men of that time. And Madier, with great force, reminded M. Ferry and the Chamber that the men of 1792 at any rate had a policy, and knew their own minds, while by M. Ferry's own confession his bill would perhaps not prove sufficient. That law, should it pass the Senate, will never be any thing else than a first step; and should it not pass the Senate, which is now quite likely, will simply be a dead letter. So the Jesuits need not feel very uneasy; and I am convinced, though they make a great stir about it, that they are not uneasy at all, unless their concern arises from the impossibility of killing the republican hydra. A king has only one head, and it is relatively easy to have done with him by a single and decisive stroke, as they actually threaten to do in Belgium; but the Republic has millions of heads, and killing in this case is of no use. Recourse then is to be had to some other means, the most effective of which, though a slow one, is to take possession of all children and bring them up to be like the corpse in the hands of the washer of the dead. No matter whether it be slow or not. The Jesuits can wait. They have the patience of all those whose views are so to speak eternal, and whose firm, long-standing, immovable resolves are to the ever-changing designs of most men what a rock is to the foaming waves which incessantly break upon it. The question of public instruction is not one of liberty; it is one of power, of rule, of sovereignty. Which power shall be the ruling one, the Church or the State? Ah! would that such a thing as a free field and no favor were possible! But it is out of the question. Not even the Lamys, Ribots, Léon Renoult, and other *Left-Centre men*, who boasted of upholding this thesis, believe in it. Louis Blanc and some of his friends of the extreme Left would gladly have supported it; but they knew it was impossible, and were compelled to admit that society must defend itself against the surreptitious attacks of that formidable enemy of liberty and civilization, the Jesuit body.

M. Louis Blanc, at the last moment, read a declaration to the effect that "he, and the friends in whose name he spoke, had full confidence in the power of reason, and would deny to no one, not even their most ardent adversaries, that freedom which they claimed for themselves. But a struggle to be fair must be fought with weapons of equal strength, and liberty without equality is the mere hypocrisy

of oppression. When then the Church has been compelled to give up the privileges it enjoys ; when the clergy are no longer paid by taxes levied on those who do not share in their beliefs and do not avail themselves of their services ; when the recruiting of the clergy is no longer unduly favored by the exemption from military service, and other exemptions ; when the law makes no distinction between an outrage against freethought and one against what is styled religious morals ; when all men can freely meet, and workmen can enjoy for the common discussion of their interests the same facilities which the Jesuits of either the long or the short robe<sup>1</sup> enjoy for cursing democracy and calumniating the new spirit ; when the clergy can no longer wage a religious war against the State with the money of the State, and when public supplies are no longer voted for maintaining the doctrines of the Sacred Heart, — in one word, when the Church is disestablished and severed from the State, then, but then only, we shall say, ‘Liberty to all,’ quite confident that reason will in the end have reason. We therefore would have voted for our friend Madier’s amendment if that amendment had contained the reservation we now make, for we are of opinion that the Church is not welcome to invoke liberty when it really demands monopoly. We do not consider M. Ferry’s bill an adequate bill, and we think it the more insufficient as it aims only at withdrawing the right of teaching from religious orders that have no legal right of existence. But we shall vote for the bill, because it is the starting-point of a conflict which it would be deplorable to see turned to the advantage of the syllabus.”

Such was Louis Blanc’s declaration, and it struck the right key. Stopping short of church disestablishment, and thereafter of liberty to all, is mere beating about the bush. Events will hasten in order to show that there is no other way to solve that vexed and long-pending question. There would be little occasion to be surprised should this be the chief plank in the platform upon which the elections of 1881 shall be tried. Of all the questions that divide the minds of the French, this, I think, is the one which divides them most. And, as the London “Times” said some time ago : “No form of rule can make the French a united people until they have settled the moral controversies which underlie the distinctions between Orleanist and Legitimist, Imperialist and Republican. All these parties fight for something more than is seen on the surface of their demands. They fight for religious beliefs,—for the supremacy of Catholicism or Rationalism ;

<sup>1</sup> The *Jesuits de robe courte* are civilians, men of the world.



they fight for the rule of an intellectual or hereditary aristocracy ; they fight for or against the social ideas which would be made triumphant by a fully organized democracy. Such objects are worth fighting for, because they go down to the roots of the national life." Yes, such objects are worth fighting for, and the battle must be fought out, for there is to be neither liberty nor order in France so long as these controversies are unsettled. To close the era of revolutions is the aim of all our statesmen ; but, instead of proposing real settlements, they only try to postpone the day of reckoning, and meanwhile bestride the most fearful hobby-horses that were ever seen in the world. M. Thiers had his hobby-horse, *la République sans républicains*. Marshal MacMahon had his hobby-horse, *an aristocratic and clerical Republic*. Gambetta, Grévy, Jules Simon, every one has his favorite Republic, of which the first condition of existence is that he himself shall be the head of it. Oh for the day when universal suffrage shall know its own mind, and act on the conviction that the Republic should be republican, — that is, should be the Republic of all, and not the hobby-horse of either MacMahon or Grévy, Gambetta or Jules Simon ! Even the Duc de Broglie would be a Republican if he were to be allowed to have a Republic of his own making. There is no virtue, no patriotism, in this, but only personal ambition and the adoration of one's self. There is the rub, there lies the difficulty. Every thing in the modern world tends to the development of self, of personality, of autonomy. But this rage for equality, for self-development, requires something to counterbalance it, to harmonize the interests and passions of all. Where is this something to be found ? Can the moral law of fraternity, of kindness to all, become, apart from supernaturalism, a civil religion, a bond of love between men ? It will be the glory of France to have thought that it could. But it remains to be seen whether France will be able to carry out her own prophecy, and be the executrix of her own New Testament. While the Empire lasted, this achievement of course could but be despaired of. While the Republic lasts, this grandest of hopes can still be looked up to. This, indeed, would be a refutation of such as pretend that there is nothing new under the sun.

A. TALANDIER.

## MR. BLACKMORE'S NOVELS.

NEARLY half a century ago Mr. Carlyle prophesied that the “exceeding great multitude of novel-writers and such like must, in a new generation, gradually do one of two things: either retire into nurseries, and work for children, minors, and semi-fatuous persons of both sexes; or else, what were far better, sweep their novel fabric into the dust-cart, and betake them with such faculty as they have to understand and record what is true.” Long before these opinions had been thus expressed in emphatic Carlylese, Sheridan had made one of his characters declare that the circulating library was an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge. Yet notwithstanding the strong condemnation with which the novel has been visited, — condemnation in a large degree merited — a new generation has arisen which finds it exercising a wider and deeper influence than ever. We must not take Mr. Carlyle’s anathemas as representing his final and irreversible opinion of all novels and novel writers: we not only remember his admiration for the great wizard Sir Walter Scott in the past, but his approval of the work of Kingsley, George Eliot, and others in more recent years. Besides, what is Mr. Carlyle himself but a writer of magnificent romances? He well expressed the general sentiment in the matter of fiction, when he remarked in his essay upon Diderot, that, just as it will come to be more and more understood that poetry is nothing more than higher knowledge, so the only genuine romance for grown persons is reality.

We may assume, then, that it is one of the highest effects of the novelist’s art to secure the illusion of reality. The real man is the heroic man, wherever and under whatever circumstances he may be placed. Now that novelist who has the rare gift and power of grasping real humanity, and making it appear real to others, is undoubtedly the highest of his craft. Indeed, if a writer have no power in this direction, it were well for him to reflect whether the making of clay images and wooden puppets — in whom are not the blood and breath of life — is sufficiently honorable work in an earnest age like



the present, which has need from every individual of the best and fullest service he can render. But if a writer have uncontested power in the delineation of human nature, through the method which charms us so much in Fielding and his successors, then is his calling entitled to a regard second only to that which we pay to the great dramatist. Though Shakspeare ranks above all novelists, the greatest novelist must yet come before all dramatists of the merely second rank. Nay, it is possible for the novelist to achieve an almost equal semblance of reality with the dramatist. Was not this the case with Richardson, when so deep was the hold which he acquired over the public mind that letters poured in upon him during the progress of "Clarissa," imploring him to save his heroine from the web of misery which he was slowly weaving round her? This same end Fielding attained in "Tom Jones;" Thackeray in "Esmond" and "The Newcomes;" Dickens in "David Copperfield;" and George Eliot in "Adam Bede."

How does the writer with whose works we propose to deal meet this chief and most essential requirement of the novelist? The charge has been brought against him that though his men and women are fresh and vigorous, they are not very real; but it is impossible fairly to sustain such an objection. Can any one contemplate Mr. Blackmore's characters, and not perceive at a glance that they have been photographed, as it were, upon the retina of a plastic imagination? Is it possible for heroines to be more real than Lorna Doone, Amy Rosedew, or Erema Castlewood? or heroes to have more of the semblance of flesh and blood than John Ridd, Cradock Nowell, David Llewellyn, or even Cripps the Carrier? His objectors would seem to require town manners and peculiarities grafted upon local and provincial characters; but Mr. Blackmore has too clear a perception of his art to make his *dramatis personæ* other than what they are. Take, for example, John Rosedew, the clergyman, who bears all the weight of his Oxford learning lightly like a flower: there is none of the superciliousness or fastidiousness of the town about him; he is lovable, simple, unsophisticated, — better known and beloved by those who perceive only his humanity and know nothing of his learning than by those who frequent the best circles, or by those who are competent to argue with him some abstruse passage in Lucretius or the Greek poets. So, too, in John Ridd we see preserved strictly to the letter — even under the most trying circumstances in the metropolis — the honest, homely yeoman of the West of England. In Lorna Doone is to be witnessed a beautiful, natural refinement, which clings about her

like the bloom upon the peach, and exhales from her like the odor of flowers. But any one can see that this refinement is natural; and we instinctively feel both with regard to this and other female creations of Mr. Blackmore, that any seeming idealization of character is really only the subtle grasping of the true identity.

It is easy to perceive, nevertheless, why Mr. Blackmore's characters are said to be somewhat unreal. It is because of the overwhelming presence of the personality of the author in the connecting matter of his narrative. Put this out of sight, and the naturalness and *vrai-semblance* of his creations themselves are at once apparent. But many critics have failed to do this, and have consequently lost the perception of the real human character of his men and women. Mr. Blackmore is undoubtedly a mannerist: he cannot shut himself out of his romances. He is probably as easily to be recognized as is any other living author in his or her own special work. Deprived of his name upon the title-page of most of his stories, it would yet be easy for us to supply the deficiency. We should do it intuitively, for no writer has more distinct moods of thought, or more pronounced forms of expression. Yet would not every sentence of what we have just written apply equally well to Thackeray or Dickens,—certainly to the latter? Dickens is the greatest of all mannerists in fiction,—a child might almost discover him in any disguise; yet who would say that he could not depict most truthfully the humorous or grotesque aspects of human nature? A Daniel Peggotty, a Mr. Dombey, a Captain Cuttle, a Mrs. Gamp, a hundred varying types of mankind are not only possible, but seem to every reader exact and startling realities. It may be said that Dickens's characters are caricatures; if it be so, it is only because the original characters from whom they are drawn are themselves, as it were, caricatures of humanity. They are true to nature,—such nature as it is; yet the books in which they appear are saturated with the personality of the author. So we must not push the complaint of Mr. Blackmore's mannerism so far as to deny his strong and obvious faculty of representing types of human character with accuracy and fidelity.

Mr. Blackmore's imagination is lucid and energetic. Some proofs of this will appear in the few passages which we shall hereafter cite from his works. Though we may frequently find a love of Nature without an active and vigorous imagination, yet wherever we discover the latter we never find it divorced from the former. The two equally developed go largely towards constituting the poet. So in



our author there is clear evidence of the poetic faculty, not always restrained within the inharmonious elements of prose. Sometimes, indeed, as in all impassioned writers of prose, — writers like Burke, for example, who have the poetic cast of mind without poetic culture, — we find that Mr. Blackmore becomes as truly the poet in his descriptions as do any of our professed writers of verse. There is in his mind also a curious disorder in orderliness, which is the characteristic of many of our poets. No one will deny him the presence of imagination. His trees and flowers are English trees and flowers; his bucolic Devonshire and Somersetshire worthies would be impossible elsewhere; his transcripts from the scenery of the New Forest would do for no other forest; and it is impossible mentally to detach the actions and speeches of his characters from the characters themselves, or to imagine for a moment the transplanting of these characters to other scenes. The sense of local color is in this writer unusually strong and keen; and when we add to this his undoubted power of reproducing indigenous character, what is this but admitting that he is entitled to one of the highest distinctions of the novelist?

Leaving generalizations for the present, however, let us now glance at the novels themselves. In one sense it was unfortunate for Mr. Blackmore that "Clara Vaughan" should have been his first published work. The critics were right enough in claiming it as a "sensational novel," — having regard to the nature of its incidents, — but strangely mole-eyed in ascribing it to a popular female author, the mother of current, sensational fiction. Not one of that numerous class whose spasmodic and inartistic productions have severely taxed the long-suffering of the reading world ever exhibited the psychological faculty in such degree as it is to be found in "Clara Vaughan," to say nothing of its almost Titanic power of passion. There are few things which haunt the imagination more than the weird opening of this novel; while such chapters as that entitled "A Long Spring Drought" are almost beyond any of our living writers of fiction, except that one who, by common consent, is crowned queen of the craft. Still, however powerfully passion may be delineated, and however truthfully a writer may transfer to his pages the appearances of Nature, these things of themselves do not constitute an artistic novel. It is questionable whether Mr. Blackmore's plan in the construction of "Clara Vaughan" was compatible with the production of a true work of art. He has devoted himself to one episode, — that of the

murder of Henry Vaughan, and to the consequent life-work of his daughter, the unravelling of the mystery of his death. Conscious that these things by no means rounded the whole life of his heroine, Mr. Blackmore has endeavored to lighten his pages by pleasantry — clever and amusing pleasantry if you will — which shall act as an equalizing force against the weight of sorrow and bloodshed with which the work is surcharged. But a true work of art always leaves a satisfied feeling behind it; and this is not the case with the novel we are now discussing. While admiring its many excellences, and doing full justice to its powerful and vigorous writing, the reader remembers only that it is a curiously woven web of dark and terrible thoughts. There were touches, notwithstanding, in this story which indicated Mr. Blackmore's extraordinary and minute powers of observation. Nothing escapes him; he is equally at home in describing the fearful storms which sometimes sweep across the New Forest and the smallest objects in the cottages whence he unearths his bucolic characters. As he sits by the hospitable hearth of Farmer Huxtable, he notes the horrible print of "Death and the Lady" hung above the chimney-piece, and sundry daubs of our Lord and his Apostles, and a woman of Samaria with a French parasol, and Eli falling from a turnpike gate over the Great Western steamer. A grotesque pleasantry — which sometimes seems out of character with the serious business of the narrative — is now and then thrown in to lighten the burden of woe. Leopardo della Croce is a villain, who in some lands would have come out merely as the hero of a Transpontine melodrama; but here he is as cruel and formidable — though not of the same type — as Heathcliff in Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." The misery and misfortunes of Edgar Vaughan are also traced with a skilful hand. Altogether, the distinct impression left by this book is that it is one of unusual power and promise; but if its author had preceded it by any of his succeeding stories, he would have found it much easier to obtain that hearing to which his uncommon gifts clearly entitled him.

Among the charges levelled against Mr. Blackmore on the publication of his second novel, "Cradock Nowell," was that of pedantry. Now the average reader does not much object when his author poses before him as an unusually clever man, provided the narrative be entertaining; but to the critic this is simply infamous, — in short, it may be described as the unpardonable sin of literature. We are bound to confess that Mr. Blackmore laid himself open to the charge



of pedantry on the first publication of his work, and that he has not altogether removed the blot in the revised edition of the novel. To make our meaning clear, we will quote two or three sentiments and reflections from the good parson John Rosedew, who had written a treatise upon Pelethronian Lapiths, knew all about the Olympics and Pythics, and to whom Xenophon gave a text-book: "Coræbus, have no fear, my horse, you shall not be over-worked. Or if Epirus or Mycenæ be thy home and birthplace — *incertus ibidem sudor* — thrice I have wiped it off, and no oaten particles in it; *urit avena*, so I suppose oats must dry the skin. *Ad terramque fluit devexo pondere cervix*, — a line not to be rendered in English, even by my Cradock. How fine that whole description, but made up from alien sources! Oh, how Lucretius would have done it! Most sad that he was not a Christian." — "That is an interesting question, and reminds me of the state of ἀρρεψία, as described in the life of Pyrrho by Diogenes Laertius, — whose errors, if I may venture to say it, have been made too much of by the great Isaac Casaubon, then scarcely mature of judgment." And again, when Rosedew hands Cradock Nowell a sum of money to help him on his way after he has left the paternal roof: "Now for your viaticum; see how you have relieved me! While you lived beneath Hy-mettian beams in the goods of Tyre and Cyprus, I, even I your godfather, knew not what to give you. The thought has been vexing me for months, and now what a simple solution! You shall have it in the original dross, to pay the toll on the Appian road, at least the South-western railway. Figs to Athens, I thought it would be, or even as eels to Copaïs; and now *serves iturum Cæsarem*. I believe it is at the twenty-first page of my manuscript, such as it is, upon the Sabellian elements." Mr. Rosedew's conversation is of this type all through the work, and if such language be natural with him we take leave to doubt whether even the great Casaubon himself made one tithe of that display of learning which distinguished his successor. Pedantry we take to be an unnecessary and ostentatious display of learning on the part of an author. Mr. Blackmore must plead guilty to this literary sin in "Cradock Nowell" (his other works being comparatively free); for one of the great objects of a story-teller has undoubtedly been missed, when the erudition of the writer causes frequent breaches in the continuous understanding of his narrative on the part of the great majority of readers. That this is so with regard to the novel now under notice is beyond question. It is no hazardous statement, to affirm that not one person in a thousand

could follow in their full bearing and significance the numberless classical references and allusions by Mr. Blackmore ; and for a consequent derangement of enjoyment and continuity the writer must be held responsible.

Having said thus much, let us now protest against the other charges advanced against this story ; namely, obscurity, want of proportion, crudeness, and imperfect development. In many respects it is the best work Mr. Blackmore has written. He has certainly never worked out a plot more satisfactorily, and the charges of obscurity and want of proportion seem to be especially unjust. The author, on the contrary, is unusually clear in his aims, and exhibits unusual perspicacity and skill in attaining the full expression and revelation of those aims. When we turn from these to other points of view, our praise must be still more unmeasured. Cradock Nowell is one of the best and finest heroes, and Amy Rosedew one of the most tender, patient, and beautiful heroines of modern fiction. Not even in "Lorna Doone" has Mr. Blackmore surpassed the distinctness with which these characters are drawn. Moreover, as regards descriptions of scenery and the presence of the poetic element, "Cradock Nowell" may vie with even the very ripest works of its author. Where shall we look for a truer or more delicate picture of trees in autumn than the following ? —

"The trees had begun to stand tier upon tier, in amphitheatrical fashion, and to sympathize more with the sunset ; while the sun every evening was kissing his hands, and pretending to think them younger. Some outspoken trees leaned forward well in front of the forest-galleries, with amber sleeves and loops of gold and braids of mellow abandonment, like liberal Brazilian ladies, bowing from the balconies. Others drew away behind them, with their mantles folded, leaning back into unprobed depths of semi-transparent darkness, as the forest of the skyamasses when the moon is rising. Some had cast off their children in parachutes, swirling as the linden berries do in September ; some were holding their treasures grimly, and would do even when they were naked. . . . Near them stood a young spruce fir, not more than five feet high ; it had thrown up a straight and tapering spire, scaled with tender green. Below were tassels, tufts, and pointlets, all in triple order, pluming over one another in a pile of beauty. The tips of all were touched with softer and more glaucous tone. But all this gentle tint and form was only as a framework now, a loom to bear the web of heaven. For there had been a white mist that morning, — autumn's breath made visible ; and the tree with its nest of spiders' webs had caught the lucid moisture. Now, as the early sunlight opened through the layered vapors, that little spruce came boldly forth a dark bay of the forest, and met all the spears of the Orient. Looped and traced with threads of gauze, the lacework of a fairy's thought, scarcely daring to breathe upon its veil of tremulous chastity, it kept the wings of light on the hover, afraid to weigh down



the whiteness. A maiden with the love-dream nestling under the bridal faldetta, a child of genius breathing softly at his own fair visions, even an infant's angel whispering to the weeping mother, — what image of humanity can be so bright and exquisite as a common tree's apparel?"

Surely, these conceits are both tender and poetical! And take again this description of Nowelhurst Hall:—

"Nowelhurst Hall stands well away from the weeping of trees, like virtue shy of sentiment; and therefore has all the wealth of foliage shed just where it pleases around it. From a rising ground the house has sweet view of all the forest changes, and has seen three hundred springs wake in glory, and three hundred autumns waning. Spreading away from it, wider, wider, slopes 'the Chase,' as they call it, with great trees stretching paternal arms in the vain attempt to hold it. For two months of the twelve, when the heather is in blossom, all that Chase is a glowing reach of amaranth and purple. Then it fades away to pale orange, dim olive, and a rusty brown when Christmas shudders over it; and so throughout young green and russet, till the July tint comes back again. Oftentimes in the fresh spring morning the blackcock — 'heathpoults,' as they call them — lift their necks in the livening heather, swell their ruffling breasts, and crow for their rivals to come and spar with them. Down the slope the thickening trees assemble into a massive wood, tufted here and there with hues of a varying richness; but for the main of it, swelling and waving, crisping, fronding, feathering, coying, and darkening here and there, until it reaches the silver mirror of the spreading sea. And the seaman, looking upward from the war-ship bound for tropic countries, looking back at his native land for the last of all times it may be, over brushwood waves, and billows of trees, and the long heave of the gorse-land, cries aloud, 'I shall see no sight like that, till I come home again.'"

From Mr. Blackmore's grander descriptions of Nature — descriptions of earth and sea when convulsed by storm and tempest — we have not space to quote; but as evidence in this direction, let the reader turn to the chapters in "Cradock Nowell" depicting the rising of a storm in the west of England, its gradual progress, and the fury of its terrible culmination. It is a piece of description — mingled with human elements — never to be forgotten.

The mystery of the tragedy which is at the root of this novel is for some time well preserved; and in Bull Garnet Mr. Blackmore has given us a fine representative of that peculiar type of character which, beneath the roughest exterior and a gross and apparently merely animal nature, conceals those natural affections of humanity which "make the whole world kin." To sum up in few words, the story as a whole is not only to be extolled for the individuality of its characters and the excellence of its natural descriptions, but also for its healthful and invigorating morality. If the author is prolix in his narrative, it is with a prolixity that we could wish were a little more

common. Mr. Blackmore is not given to moralizing in the usual commonplace manner, but there are a few sentences at the beginning of "Cradock Nowell" which seem to furnish the key to the whole story. "All men," he observes, "are born for trial, to work, to bear, to purify ; but some there are whom God has marked for sorrow from their cradle. And strange as it appears to us, whose image is inverted, almost always these are they who seem to lack no probation. The gentle and the large of heart, the meek and unpretending, yet gifted with a rank of mind that needs no self-assertion, trebly vexed in this wayfaring, may they not be blest tenfold in the everlasting equipoise?"

Public opinion may make mistakes in politics, and in many other matters affecting the common weal, but in questions of literature it frequently exhibits singular penetration. In these subjects its verdicts often traverse those of authors themselves, to the ungovernable anger of the latter, who forthwith write down the age as a generation of dullards, in whom the functions of reason have abdicated. From Milton downward (and who shall say how long anterior?) men of letters have been guilty of these mistakes. The greatest popular success of Mr. Blackmore has been achieved by "Lorna Doone." It is not, we believe, his own favorite, but there are many reasons why the multitude was right in its judgment. Chief of these reasons, however, are two: first, the form in which the romance is written; and secondly, the extreme naturalness of the love passages and other incidents in the career of the principal characters. By throwing his narrative into the first person, and making his mouthpiece the West-country yeoman, John Ridd, the author has invested his work with a dramatic force which must otherwise scarcely have appeared, or at least been greatly subdued in its effect. We are almost inclined to wonder that this form of fiction has not acquired greater favor in the eyes of story-tellers, save that it requires a strong and vigorous genius to make it truly effective. This admirable tale of Exmoor, while not professedly a purely historical narrative, is thoroughly permeated with the spirit and manners of the period in which it is cast. The grim and cruel band of outlaws, the Doones of Bagworthy Forest; the dashing highwayman, Tom Faggus, with a touch of chivalry in him that belongs to the best of his adventurous race; the beauty, the pathetic story, and the romantic origin of Lorna; and the sterling manliness and honesty of the stalwart John Ridd himself, — all doubtless had their counterparts in an age less fortunate in many respects than our own,



but one also less conventional, less hypocritical, and more accustomed to saying and doing precisely those things which it meant, without reservation and circumlocution. In seeking his inspiration also in a bygone age, Mr. Blackmore has been careful with his accessories, and has scrupulously guarded himself against historical anachronisms. That visitor to the West of England, who remarked that "Lorna Doone to a Devonshire man is as good as clotted cream almost," at once paid the highest compliment to the novel, and hit upon the reason for its popularity. It is as natural to Devonshire, in the intellectual sense, as clotted cream in the physical. And while we can understand that it is a universal favorite in the country whence its chief features are drawn, its broad, liberal, loving human spirit is sufficient justification for its popularity in other quarters. The whole of the *dramatis personæ* in this book are carefully and naturally worked out,—from Reuben Huckaback, who, having been robbed by the Doones, is asked to state the preliminaries, and replies, "Preliminaries be damned, sir! what preliminaries were there when I was robbed, I should like to know?"—down to the unobtrusive Lizzie Ridd, the younger sister of the manly hero of the novel. Some critics have found dull passages in the book: we have found none; and the mind must indeed be jaded and unhinged which could judge it heavy and wearisome. It is a graphic and touching autobiography, in which Mr. Blackmore, having dropped his own personality, has dropped also all traces of that learning which weighted its predecessor,—a necessary corollary to the plain and unlettered lives of his characters. It is noticeable how this writer, when face to face with his most tragic moments, never loses command of himself, but proceeds with the same simplicity and absence of hysterical feeling as usual. He leaves the incidents themselves to sustain their own burden, and his style is from its very calmness effective and impressive. The scene at the marriage of John Ridd and Lorna is but one of many which could be cited in proof of this:—

"Lorna's dress was of pure white, clouded with faint lavender (for the sake of the old Earl Brandir), and as simple as need be, except for perfect loveliness. I was afraid to look at her, as I said before, except when each of us said, 'I will!' and then each dwelled upon the other.

"It is impossible for any who have not loved as I have to conceive my joy and pride, when after ring and all was done, and the parson had blessed us, Lorna turned to look at me with her glances of subtle fun subdued by this great act.

"Her eyes, which none on earth may ever equal or compare with, told me such a depth of comfort, yet awaiting further commune, that I was almost amazed, thor-

oughly as I knew them. Darling eyes, the sweetest eyes, the loveliest, the most loving eyes — the sound of a shot rang through the church, and those eyes were filled with death !

“Lorna fell across my knees when I was going to kiss her, as the bridegroom is allowed to do, and encouraged, if he needs it ; a flood of blood came out upon the yellow wood of the altar steps ; and at my feet lay Lorna, trying to tell me some last message out of her faithful eyes. I lifted her up, and petted her, and coaxed her, but it was no good ; the only sign of life remaining was a spirt of bright red blood.

“Some men know what things befall them in the supreme time of their life, — far above the time of death, — but to me comes back as a hazy dream, without any knowledge of it, what I did, or felt, or thought, with my wife’s arms flagging, flagging round my neck, as I raised her up and softly put them there. She sighed a long sigh on my breast for her last farewell to life, — and then she grew so cold, and cold, that I asked the time of year.

“It was now Whit-Tuesday, and the lilacs all in blossom ; and why I thought of the time of year, with the young death in my arms, God, or his angels, may decide, having so strangely given us. Enough that so I did, and looked, — and our white lilacs were beautiful. Then I laid my wife in my mother’s arms, and, begging that none would make a noise, went forth for my revenge. Of course I knew who had done it. Unarmed, and wondering at my strange attire (with a bridal vest, wrought by our Annie, and red with the blood of the bride), I went forth just to find out this, — whether in this world there be, or be not, a God of justice.”

The meeting between Ridd and his life-long enemy Carver Doone is also gloomily picturesque. The hero’s bride is not dead, as he feared ; but Ridd’s cup of bitter woe and anguish has long been full, and now unwittingly he takes his revenge. But we must pass from a work over which we would gladly linger, enjoying its quaint humor, its joyous life, and its record of noble human sacrifice and endurance.

“The Maid of Sker,” as a successor to “Lorna Doone,” suffers somewhat by comparison, for though the former is not without high and sterling merit, it must yield the palm as a narrative to its predecessor. The reader finds it difficult to enter into the spirit of the work in the outset, though his venturesomeness is more than rewarded in the end ; whereas in the romance of Exmoor, *nolens volens*, his interest is enlisted from the first, and sustained to the final chapter. Many persons of sound judgment, notwithstanding, regard “The Maid of Sker” as Mr. Blackmore’s finest work. Unquestionably, we become attached to the little waif from the sea, whom the honest and weather-beaten tar David Llewellyn rescues and brings up ; but the story somehow fails generally in grip. It seems almost incredible that Parson Chonne should ever have had a prototype in the flesh, or that the nest of



savages who ran about naked upon his estate ever had "a local habitation and a name." The author, however, might reply with some force that the condition of civilization in some parts of the south and west of England, a century and a half ago, was incredibly low. The grim humor of the scenes at the coroner's inquest also seems somewhat strained, while there are many incidents in the course of the work which will be regarded as passing beyond the bounds of probability. But there are also some beautiful touches in the story, — moral lights by the way, — as when Sir Philip Bampfylde, having recovered his granddaughter, whom he had long thought dead, rushes from the room, unable to control his emotion. On his return, records Llewellyn, "he had quite forgotten to dust the knees of some fine kerseymeres, and the shins of black silk stockings." As to the philosophy of the book, it seems to be embodied chiefly in these reflections by the old seaman: "Since my rise in the world began, I have found out one satisfactory thing, — that a man gets on by merit. How long did I despair of this, and smoke pipes, and think over it; seeing many of my friends advancing by what I call roguery! And but for the war (which proves the hearts and reins of men, as my ancestor says), I might still have been high and dry, too honest for the fish-trade. However, true merit will tell in the end, if a man contrives to live long enough." All which, though open to grave suspicion in the mouth of Llewellyn, contains the germs of truth. Yet it is not every villain who meets his Nemesis in the shape of an attack of hydrophobia (or, indeed, in any other form), like Parson Chonne; neither is it every delightful heroine like Isabel Carey, or the maid of Sker herself, who finds the ways of this world work together ultimately for her good. Still, men like to think that this is the case; and it is agreeable to their ideas of strict justice when the novelist brings about such a desirable consummation.

In the pages of "Alice Lorraine," Mr. Blackmore seems to make us breathe the healthful air of the South Downs. It is impossible not to rise refreshed and inspirited from a perusal of this novel. In "Lorna Doone" there were possibly more striking passages of natural description (though here are to be found Southern landscapes of very considerable beauty), and in other novels there are characters of more intense individuality; but "Alice Lorraine" is remarkable for its general merit. Given the unquestionable genius which Mr. Blackmore possesses, and we should expect it to ripen in this manner; so that his work, while it may not impress us for the force of any single at-

tribute, yet leaves upon us a very distinct idea of power. One point, especially, strikes us in relation to this story, and that is the utter lack of straining after effect, either by a spasmodic brilliancy of style or sensationalism of plot. The true man of letters and the scholar are perceptible in every chapter, and we are never in a state of doubt as to the healthy morality he would teach. Of absolute flinging of moral lessons at the head of the reader there is indeed very little. The whole might well be placed before the hysterical school, who having gratified the lower passions of their readers, throw an occasional sop to the Almighty by patronizing religion. The true end of the novelist Mr. Blackmore always keeps in view; namely, that of telling the unvarnished history of any character he undertakes to depict.

The plot is very interesting. The Lorraines of Coombe Lorraine were a very old family, possessing undoubted records of their abode in the land for centuries. There was always (from the time of baronets) either a Sir Roland, Sir Hilary, or Sir Roger Lorraine. The baronet, when the story opens in 1811, was Sir Roland. He had an only son, Hilary, and an only daughter, Alice. Hilary goes up to the Inner Temple to read with Glanvil Malahide, K.C. For his fellow-pupil he has one Gregory Lovejoy, son of a graver who made a fortune out of his land in the valley of the Upper Medway, a few miles above Maidstone. While on a visit there with Gregory, Hilary falls desperately in love with Mabel Lovejoy, a charming girl with a very strong heart. Mabel returns his love, but the course of her affection becomes very rugged indeed. Sir Roland abruptly silences Hilary, when the latter endeavors to win his favor for Mabel, and the baronet thus concludes his expostulation: "Let the wings of imagination spread themselves in a more favorable direction. This interview must close on my part with a suggestive (but perhaps self-evident) proposition. Hilary, the door is open." Hilary avails himself of the parental suggestion, and goes off to the war in the Peninsula. He will not give up Mabel. The young recruit covers himself with glory at Ciudad Rodrigo, and other places, and becomes very popular with his regiment. He gets desperately wounded, and is nursed by the lovely daughters of the Count of Zamora, one of whom comes very near destroying his peace. Meanwhile, the shadows are gathering round Alice Lorraine, and the time of her own great trial approaches. Sir Roland and her grandmother are determined that this noble and high-spirited girl shall marry Captain Chapman, the disreputable son



of Sir Remnant Chapman, a landowner who has got possession of far too many of the Lorraine acres. Alice, after many threats, agrees to save the family by the proposed distasteful marriage ; but, on the morning of the wedding-day, she casts herself into the Woeburn, a stream which has always been a dreaded one with the Lorraines. On being drawn from the river, after she has fulfilled the prediction of the astrologer, —

“Only this can save Lorraine ;  
One must plunge to rescue twain,” —

she remains for several hours apparently lifeless ; but the heart at length resumes its office, and she recovers. Though Sir Roland Lorraine is stricken with illness when he hears of his daughter's supposed suicide, a happy event hastens the story to a cheerful end. Mabel Lovejoy has an immense fortune left to her, which is generously given to the Lorraines by her father and herself. Alice and Hilary are thus both saved, — the former to become the bride of Major Aylmer, a brave British officer ; the latter to reconcile Sir Roland to the marriage with Mabel. A great deal of by-play runs through this story. Some of the best-drawn characters are those which are least prominent, — notably the Rev. Strivan Hales, a sporting parson of the old type, and Bonny, a boy who owns a donkey that would make the fortune of the shareholders of the Royal Aquarium. The sketching of these two bipeds and one quadruped is really inimitable, and serves as an excellent outlet for Mr. Blackmore's peculiar vein of humor. Though there are great points of difference between the two writers, “Alice Lorraine” reminds us of the best stories by the late Lord Lytton. If the story be not great, there is yet about it a very striking originality. While its tone is unexceptionable, its incidents are by no means commonplace.

A melodramatic chain of circumstances is one of the prominent features of “Cripps the Carrier,” which Mr. Blackmore describes as “a woodland tale.” The author commences with the supposed murder of the heroine, Grace Oglander ; but the shrewd observer of the surprises and developments of fiction will speedily come to the conclusion that the tragedy is only a sham one. Mr. Blackmore had worked upon an almost similar idea in “The Maid of Sker,” where there is a fictitious interment of two supposed children, presumed to be dead. We cannot say that we have much opinion of this kind of incident ; but in “Cripps the Carrier” the supposed burial of Grace Oglander is the pivot upon which the whole story turns. The work affords

room, however, for the author to depict two or three noble characters under the stress of anxiety and sorrow, and in every other aspect but the one already indicated it is to be warmly commended. The realization of Oxfordshire character and scenery is as admirable as that of Devonshire traits in "Lorna Doone." There is also something new and original in causing the evolution of the plot to depend upon the carrier, who is a capital human study. There is no man thoroughly isolated from the rest of his species. To the ordinary observer there would seem no intimate bond between a common village carrier and the rest of the world; but the way in which Mr. Blackmore has manipulated his narrative once more demonstrates the inter-dependence of the whole race. The poor cannot be wholly indifferent to the rich, nor are the rich wholly independent of the poor. By various ways, — ways sometimes so secret and subtle that they are not perceived, — men act and react upon each other; and the welfare of one will sometimes depend upon the thoughts and deeds of another who seems completely isolated from his fellow and far removed from his actual sphere. The study of the Cripps family in this novel is excellent; there are few things in which the writer has been more successful. The Sharp family — husband, wife, and son — are also (if we may use the word without suspicion of a verbal quibble) sharply drawn. Sharp *mère* is utterly under the control of Sharp *père*. Though in reality a double-dyed villain, in her eyes he is an angel of light and a very Machiavelli of diplomacy. So, when he asks whether he can rely upon his spouse in a very important matter, she answers, with unconscious humor and in perfect good faith: "Luke, you may rely upon me for any thing short of perjury; and, if it comes to that, I must think first." The author does not claim much for the novel on the ground of its story; but for his transcripts of rural life he certainly may demand the warmest tribute from his readers. The sayings of Master Cripps are almost as fresh and pungent as those of Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede." For example, in a conversation with Squire Oglander's servant, Cripps remarks: "I don't hold much with that there eddication. A' may suit some people, but not many. They puts it on 'em all alike, wi'out trial of constitution. Some goes better for it, but most volk worse." In a colloquy with his mother, saith the latter to Cripps, "When the law getteth hold of a thing, there be only two places for to find it in." "Two places, mother? what two places?" "Why, the right-hand or the left-hand pocket of a lawyer's breeches!" "Young folk," remarks Cripps to



his young lover, Russel Overshute, when the latter is mourning the supposed loss of Grace, "when they encounters trouble, is like a young horse a-coming to the foot of a hill for the first time wi' a heavy load. He feeleth the collar beginning to press, and he tosseth his head, and that maketh un worse. He beginneth to get into fret and fume, and he shaketh his legs with anger, and he turneth his head, and foameth a bit, and champeth, to ax the maning o' it. And then you can judge what the stuff of him is. If he be bad stuff, he throweth him back, and tilteth up his loins, and spraddleth. But if he hath good stuff, he throweth out his chest, and putteth the fire in his eyes, and closeth his nostrils, and gathereth his legs, and straineth his muscles like a bowstring. But, be he as good as a wool, he longeth to see over the top of that there hill, afore he be half-way up it." There is a good deal of the homely wit and wisdom in Cripps that we see in most of Shakspeare's fools.

In "Erema ; or, my Father's Sin," — the latest, and, we would venture to add, the greatest of the works of this author, — Mr. Blackmore has struck a new vein, but one which proves quite as rich in genuine gold as that which produced "Lorna Doone." It is not a little singular that both the first novel and the last by Mr. Blackmore are concerned with a terrible mystery ; but in "Erema" we behold the practised artist at work. As this novel is especially engrossing from its depth of human interest, and probably represents the high-water mark of Mr. Blackmore's genius, we propose to devote somewhat more attention to it than we have been able to give to those stories which preceded it. Taking for his motto the words, "The sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me," the author constructs a narrative of singular skill and enthralling interest. Erema Castlewood is the daughter of the Hon. George Castlewood, otherwise Lord Castlewood, who had been wrongfully accused in England of the murder of his own father. Escaping from custody, he had wandered over the world, and when the story opens we perceive him, with his only child, travelling in the western part of America, towards Sacramento. In the wilderness, having lost the regular path, the father assures his daughter that he has parted from the caravan of travellers for her sake ; that they have a rough world to meet, and must meet it alone. The mystery of evil gathers darkly over Erema's head. They strain their eyes for a glimpse of the house of an old settler — a friend of Mr. Castlewood — but in vain. Death faces them, though the girl is ignorant of her

danger. The father, dying of thirst, gives his daughter the last drops of water which can be obtained, and prepares to meet the inevitable. The sun is setting, never more to rise upon the Hon. George Castlewood. The scene is vividly and powerfully painted; in fact, the whole of this opening portion of the novel is a *tour de force* in description. One portion of it we must extract:—

“We stood at the gate of the sandy range, which here, like a vast brown patch, disfigures the beauty of the Sierra; on either side, in purple distance, sprang sky-piercing obelisks and vapor-mantled glaciers, spangled with bright snow, and shodden with eternal forest. Before us lay the broad, luxuriant plains of California, checkered with more tints than any other piece of earth can show, sleeping in alluvial ease, and veined with soft blue waters. And, through a gap in the brown coast range, at twenty leagues of distance, a light, so faint as to seem a shadow, hovered above the Pacific.

“But none of all the grandeur touched our hearts except the water-gleam. Parched with thirst, I caught my father's arm, and tried to urge him towards the blue enchantment of ecstatic living water. But, to my surprise, he staggered back, and his face grew as white as the distant snow. I managed to get him to a sandy ledge, with the help of his own endeavors, and there let him rest and try to speak, while my frightened heart throbbed over his.

“‘My little child,’ he said at last, as if we were fallen back ten years, ‘put your hand where I can feel it.’ My hand all the while had been in his; and, to let him know where it was, it moved. But cold fear stopped my talking.

“‘My child, I have not been kind to you,’ my father spoke again; ‘but it has not been from want of love. Some day you will see all this, and some day you will pardon me.’

“He laid one heavy arm around me, and, forgetting thirst and pain, with the last intensity of eyesight, watched the sun departing. To me, I know not how, great awe was everywhere, and sadness. The conical part of the furious sun, which like a barb had pierced us, was broadening into a hazy disk, inefficient but benevolent. Underneath him depth of night was waiting to come upward (after letting him fall through), and stain his track with redness. Already the arms of darkness grew in readiness to receive him; his upper arc was pure and keen, but the lower was flaked with atmosphere; a glow of hazy light would follow, and one bright glimmer (addressed more to the sky than earth), and after that a broad soft gleam; and after that how many a man should never see the sun again!—and among them would be my father!”

It is a graphic scene where Mr. Castlewood dies on the plains to save his child; and Erema—who has become unconscious through her great loss—is rescued by the sturdy colonist, Mr. Solomon Gundry, and conveyed to his own home. Mr. Gundry is acquainted with all the details of the mystery which overshadowed the deceased man's career. Gundry receives Erema as a daughter, and yet treats her with a reverence due to her superior rank. He is a fine character,



this old sawyer, thoroughly elaborated from first to last. He answers to the description of Erema, when she says that "the bravest of men are those who feel their Maker's hand most softly, and are not ashamed to pay the tribute of their weakness to him." To the tenderness of a child he united the boldness and bravery of a lion. Erema accidentally listens to a conversation between Gundry and a British visitor, in the course of which the latter offers ten thousand dollars reward for the following information: "We want clear proof, sworn properly, and attested duly, of the death of a villain, George Castlewood, otherwise the Hon. George Castlewood, otherwise Lord Castlewood,—a man who murdered his own father ten years ago this November; a man committed for trial for the crime, but who bribed his gaolers and escaped, and wandered all over the continent." Nothing is extracted from Gundry, however, except an intimation that whoever comes prowling about after Miss Castlewood will be shot.

Some of the succeeding incidents of the story are, perhaps, open to the objection of being improbable and inartistic, but they are well told. Erema discovers an immense nugget, which yields her the fortune she desires for her purpose of returning to Europe to sift out her father's history, and to clear his memory,—for she has not even the shadow of a doubt or a fear of his innocence. She discovers an old nurse of the family, who relates the unhappy differences which existed between Lord Castlewood and his son, but also how these differences had been smoothed over on the very night of his lordship's murder. Still, the fact remained that Lord Castlewood was murdered shortly after leaving his son's house, and with one of his son's pistols. Matters seem inexplicable; but at length Erema discovers the real murderer, who bears a striking resemblance to her father. The scene where she first beholds him is very graphic. He has haunted the place of the murder ever since it was committed; and one evening, in the dusk, as Erema sits by the "Murder Bridge," he approaches the spot without perceiving her:—

"No effort would compose or hush the heavy beating of my heart; my lips were stiffened with dread of loud breath, and all power of motion left me. For even a puff of wind might betray me,—the ruffle of a spray, or the lifting of a leaf, or the random bounce of a beetle. Great peril had encompassed me ere now, but never had it grasped me as this did, and paralyzed all the powers of my body. Rather would I have stood in the midst of a score of Mexican rovers than thus, in the very presence of that one man. And yet, was not this the very thing for which I had waited, longed, and labored? I scorned myself for this craven loss of nerve; but that did not enable me to help it. In this benumbed horror, I durst

not even peep at the doings of my enemy ; but presently I became aware that he had moved from the end of the planks (where he stood for some time as calmly as if he had done nothing there), and had passed round the back of the hawthorn tree, and gone down to the place where the body was found, and was making most narrow and minute search there. And now I could watch him without much danger, standing as I did well above him, while his eyes were steadfastly bent downward. And, not content with eyesight only, he seemed to be feeling every blade of grass or weed, every single stick or stone, craning into each cranny of the ground, and probing every clod of the ground with his hands. Then, after vainly searching, with the very utmost care, all the space from the hawthorn trunk to the meadow-leat (which was dry, as usual), he ran in a fury of impatience to his rod, which he had stuck into the bank as now I saw, and drew off the butt-end, and removed the wheel, or whatever it is that holds the fishing-line ; and this butt had a long spike to it, shining like a halberd in a picture. . . . He was digging with the spike of his rod, and I heard the rattle of each pebble that he struck. The face was the bad image of my father's : a lowered, and vicious, and ill-bred image of a noble countenance, such as it was just possible to dream that my dear father's might have fallen to, if his mind and soul had plunged away from the good inborn and implanted in them. The figure was that of a tall, strong man, with shoulders rather slouching, and with a habit of keeping his head thrown back which made a long chin look longer. Altogether, he seemed a perilous foe, and perhaps a friend still more perilous."

The murderer was digging unsuccessfully for a locket, which, with the aid of the miller, Erema subsequently discovered. It was of blue enamel and diamonds, with a back of chased gold, and in front the miniature of a beautiful young woman. The locket was hermetically sealed ; but, being opened by a Clerkenwell lapidary, there was found beneath a disk of gold a piece of vellum, on which the following words were written : " May 7, 1809 A.D. George, Lord Castlewood, married Winifred, only child of Thomas Hoyle, as this his signature witnesseth. — Castlewood. (Witness) Thomas Hoyle." This document, if genuine, would have implied Erema's base birth ; but it was worthless, and had been given to the woman whom Lord Castlewood had betrayed to allay her scruples. It was on account of his lordship's heartless conduct to this woman subsequently that he was murdered by her son : hence the likeness between Lord Castlewood's real son (Erema's father) and his illegitimate son, the murderer. In an interview with Erema, the latter makes her acquainted with these details. The closing chapters of the story are powerfully written. Especially striking is that wherein the murderer and his mother are drowned in a storm off Brunfsea.

There are many other noteworthy incidents in this novel which it is impossible to touch upon, and subsidiary characters drawn with



ability and considerable humor. Major Hockin, in particular, is a character Dickens would have delighted in. At the close of all her troubles, we have a last glimpse of Erema (now Baroness Castlewood) at the old mill on the Blue River, where the story first opens. She is not alone, for the son of old Gundry, the colonist, is with her. They are now united, having been faithful to each other through much suffering. Erema's own words convey the moral, and contain the kernel of the story: "Behind us tower the stormy crags, before us spread soft tapestry of earth and sweep of ocean. Below us lies my father's grave, whose sin was not his own, but fell on him, and found him loyal. To him was I loyal also, as a daughter should be; and in my lap lies my reward, for I am no more Erema." This story is exceptional, both on the ground of its plot and of its intrinsic cleverness.

If, as is probably the case, Mr. Blackmore has reached his meridian in "Erema," there is still hope that, considering his years, he may live to give us many works of as high and pure a type. He is destined to no mushroom popularity, for each of his novels is a distinct accession to literature. There is in all his works not only much poetic freshness, but a robust manliness which is sadly wanting in numbers of the vapid novels which teem from the press. He has a high conception of the value of his art, and consequently does not write for the mere sake of production,—the most dangerous and insidious custom which can creep over a popular writer, though one, unfortunately, too frequently witnessed. Eclecticism in novel-reading is more than ever a duty and a necessity upon the part of the public, now that works of fiction are multiplied in such numbers that it is impossible even for the most indefatigable to keep up with a tithe of those which see the light.

There is a quaintness in our author which ever and anon reminds us of the writers of the Elizabethan era; but it is not unpleasant, and seems in harmony with the eccentric characters which Mr. Blackmore so frequently delights to draw. But what are the minor and occasional defects of incongruity, quaintness, and eccentricity in the presence of such sterling qualities of a much higher type, possessed by the author? His humor is true and genuine,—no other writer at all approaches its peculiar flavor. He has the soul and eye of the poet; he reads a weighty lesson in every flower that blows, and converses with Nature as a child with its parent, gently drawing from her the secrets of her mighty heart. He has much of worldly wisdom,

but more still of the wisdom of humanity, unsophisticated by the falsehoods and prevarications of society. If his genius has somewhat the appearance of a gnarled and knotted oak, it has the oak's massiveness and strength. He has written novels which will live because of their honesty and truthfulness of purpose, as well as for their imagination, their observation, and those numberless touches of true genius which may be apprehended, but cannot be defined. All the world is to Mr. Blackmore a large garden filled with variegated flowers of divers hues and quality, but all yielding suggestions of the beautiful. And besides his active love of humanity,—without which no writer ever yet established a permanent claim upon the world's attention and regard,—he is not ashamed to own that with him the old-fashioned idea of faith in God, now so freely assailed by a weak and puny scepticism, has not yet grown obsolete.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.



## PROTECTION AND SOCIALISM.

THE general revival of the agitation in favor of protective tariffs throughout the world not only deserves careful study in itself, but the almost invariable co-existence of Socialism and Protection in the same countries raises a curious and suggestive question. That the theory of Protection is to a considerable extent responsible for the extravagant demands of the dissatisfied classes now known as Socialists, may at first seem a bold and unwarranted statement; but, striking as the assertion is, it is an indictment against the advocates of the protective system which cannot be lightly passed over. As yet no one has seen fit to make out, as it were, the genealogical tree for Socialism, or to show who are its next of kin. That the teaching of past years, of whatever kind in fact, must have had a large effect in influencing present public opinion, is axiomatic. It is a necessary duty, therefore, to make a study of the public teaching of the past; to see, if possible, to what it has led; and to learn what seeds, however innocently planted, have produced some of our most noxious weeds. But it ought to be remembered, that a scientific study of economic questions is in its infancy; so that, if in time past nettles have been sown unawares, it is not to be supposed there was malicious intent in the planting.

However unjust it may be to charge the spread of Socialism solely upon the advocacy of Protection, it is yet a curious fact that both grow in the same soil. For this there seems to be a possible explanation, briefly formulated as follows: the common conditions for the existence of both Socialism and Protection are to be found in the doctrine of State aid and governmental interference. If this is the true explanation, then certainly the history of Socialism ought to throw some light on the subject, and possibly suggest some remedies. That State aid is the fundamental proposition of Socialism needs hardly more than the statement even for one who is unacquainted with the programme of the German party. As Professor Fawcett has said, Socialism and recourse to State aid go together; and the best credited leaders of

Socialism urge the State to assume control of all the capital of the country, and to superintend all who wish employment. The organization of the State is looked upon simply as a means of supplying the Socialists' material wants. Louis Blanc,<sup>1</sup> for example, urges the suppression of individual competition by State industries; and that, among other things, the rate of interest should be fixed by legislation. Herbert Spencer even would make the State the sole proprietor of the soil. To go back into history, Roscher has pointed out the close connection between this theory of State aid and Socialism. When Socialism was most rife in Greece, the following was the conduct of the State: "Every act of public life was paid for, . . . it became more and more usual for it [the State] to bear the expense of the outlay for the means of subsistence of the great crowd." Passing to Rome and the popular agitations of the second century before Christ, the principal measures of the younger Gracchus were the sale of grain by the government below the market price and colonization at the expense of the State. Gracchus was almost as good a Socialist as Marx, or the present chairman of the Congressional Committee on the Industrial Depression, who wishes to give "bounties to poor men." It is hardly necessary to weary the reader with examples to show the obvious law that a departure from the doctrine of non-interference by the government with the economic interests of society—the policy of *laissez faire, laissez passer*—has been more or less followed by the growth of Socialism. But the practical illustrations of this proposition now appearing in the modern State are clear and conclusive, even when drawn from hostile authorities.

It is matter of history that England has had little Socialism; and it is equally true that there has been no preaching of governmental interference in private enterprises, which, for that reason, have learned to depend on themselves. Matthew Arnold says: "It is not the characteristic of a British government [to extend its jurisdiction] in domestic affairs generally. . . . It is not meddlesome, not fussy, not prone to seek importance for itself by meddling with everybody and every thing; it is by nature disposed to leave individuals and localities to settle their own affairs for themselves as much as possible. . . . Instead of stimulating public opinion to give it additional powers, it has confined itself to cautiously accepting and discharging the functions which public opinion has insisted in laying upon it."<sup>2</sup> Laveleye, the distinguished Belgian, speaks of Great Britain as "the country,

<sup>1</sup> Organization du Travail, 1841.

<sup>2</sup> Fortnightly Review, Feb., 1879.



*par excellence*, of *laissez faire*." When, with this position clearly understood, we couple the fact that England has been practically free from Socialism, it certainly is not claiming too much to assert that it is a point well worthy of attention. Incidental evidence as to the mere question of fact is to be found in the workings of the International Association, to which in the beginning Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and Horace Greeley belonged. The English members, in marked contrast to the members of the Association from the Continent, conservatively aimed, not at political effects, but at practical changes in the condition of the laboring classes, such as the shortening of the hours of labor. In fact the Association never had more than five hundred paying members in England, and its disturbing influences were felt only after its direction had fallen into the hands of the extremists on the Continent.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws it is likely that success was achieved quite as much because it appealed to a feeling, or national prejudice, towards non-interference, as that argument actually convinced the reason.

To this system of government, as exhibited in England, that of France stands out in bold contrast. In the address already quoted, Matthew Arnold adds: "In some countries the action of the State is insufficient, in others it is excessive. In France it is excessive." Laveleye also remarks: "When one considers all the injury which bad governments have done to the people, especially in France, one understands the desire to abridge their power and to restrict their functions."<sup>2</sup> It is wholly unnecessary to enforce these statements. In France the State assists the theatres, aids even the bankrupt inventor, grants subventions to co-operative experiments, gives degrees to students; and, in short, is looked upon much as a rich father who will indulge his children in every demand possible. Such being the tendency towards the theory of paternal government in France, nowhere else has Socialism been more active or wide-spread. But Socialism is not, as so often asserted, the product of mere industrial depression. This is mistaking the visible breaking of the sore for the poisonous cause within. The theory of reliance on State aid first lays the eggs; then industrial depressions and social heats hatch them. The advocates of the depression theory must explain such facts as the following. Under the despotism of Louis XIV. one tenth of the French people begged, five tenths could give no alms, three tenths were embarrassed by debts and prosecutions, and scarcely one tenth were in an

<sup>1</sup> Nineteenth Century, July, 1878.

<sup>2</sup> New Tendencies of Political Economy.

easy situation.<sup>1</sup> But Roscher asserts that there was not then the least Socialism. At the present day, however, with a very great advance in the condition of the workingmen of Paris, Socialism is wide-spread. In short, it is the greater or less familiarity of the public with the theory of State interference in the affairs of private individuals which makes a more or less healthy Socialism ; and its boldness is dependent on the political possibilities of forcing its measures to successful adoption. The working of the Paris Commune, or the party opposed to the institution of private property, was a convulsive attempt to put their theories into practice. Matthew Arnold hints that the argument that recourse to State aid and Socialism go together is unfortunate "just at this moment, when the most judicious of French newspapers, the *Journal des Débats*, informs us that in France, which we all consider a hot-bed of state action and of centralization, Socialism has quite disappeared." The events of a few months after this was written, however, brought a surprise even to the judicious ; and, merely as a question of fact, the election of Blanqui at Bordeaux quite disproved the newspaper's statement. If there has been any lull in Socialism, it is probably due to the vigorous treatment it received at the hands, not of a monarchical, but a republican government, led by M. Thiers (himself the author of the "*Droit du Propriété*"), and to the banishment of large numbers of Socialists.

But, at all events, if this explanation of the condition of England and France be correct, it ought also to fit the state of things in Germany. To quote again from Laveleye, who shows a considerable leaning to the doctrine of State interference as advocated by the Socialists of the Chair : "In Prussia, every thing is under control of the State : its lands, its military establishment, its agriculture, its industry, its religion, and, lastly, its education of all grades." Bismarck even gave Marx, the German Socialist, the means to try one of his "productive associations." It is as natural for the people of Germany to think of recourse to the State, as it is for them to breathe. But as a propagator of Socialism Germany is little, if at all, inferior to France, having even given a Socialistic turn to the "Katheder Socialisten," or Socialists of the Chair, — a large and very important school of political economy. This body of scholars, however, is not to be catalogued with the Social Democrats, or followers of Marx and Laselle. But, as every reader knows, nowhere else in the world have Socialistic theories a more vigorous existence than in Germany.

<sup>1</sup> Vauban, *Dime Royale*, p. 31, ed. Daire.



Having thus far spoken of the doctrine of State aid in the form of Socialism, it will be well now to observe its workings in other shapes. When we come to our own country, and note the tendencies of government here, it is clear that, of all the manifestations of the theory of State interference, the one most ably and frequently advocated by men high in the confidence of the nation has been that of "Protection to native industries." It is no part of the present purpose to write the history of Protection in this country, or to discuss the question on its merits: I shall merely attempt a statement of naked facts as regards the conception of government involved in the theory. That its central idea is recourse to State aid for private enterprises, no one will pretend to dispute. It implies a departure by the State from a strictly administrative policy, from adhering simply to protection of persons and property, — from a more or less qualified *laissez faire* system, — to a policy of examination into private interests with the purpose of granting aid from the public revenues. That this statement is true to the point of triteness, even its own advocates will at once admit; but to escape cavil, read this from Hamilton's well-known Report to the House of Representatives on Manufactures (Dec. 5, 1791), reprinted by the Philadelphia protectionists: "This disparity . . . must necessarily be so considerable as to forbid a successful rivalry, without the extraordinary aid and protection of the government. . . . To be enabled to contend with success, it is evident that the *interference and aid of their own government* are indispensable." (p. 29.) "In countries where there is great private wealth, much may be effected by the voluntary contributions of patriotic individuals; but in a community situated like that of the United States, *the public purse must supply the deficiency of private resource.*" (p. 80.) And, to take but one of many examples, the Tariff of 1828, which led to the nullification acts of South Carolina, was passed with special intent to protect the woolen industries of the country. But it has been shown that the essence of Socialism is resort to State aid, or, to express it in the clear language of Mr. Hamilton, "that the public purse must supply the deficiency of private resource;" and no fair-minded man can escape the conclusion that Protection is but another form of the same idea. Even if it be somewhat more respectable and successful in its methods of influencing public opinion, its claims are based on the same grounds with the Socialist demand that the State should give every day-laborer regular work at a satisfactory price. But this is not the only bad company into which the advocates of Protection have fallen. Theirs is

the same conception of a paternal government, also, as that which would destroy the national banks, make the State the sole issuer of paper money; and turn the national treasury into a huge and mis-managed government bank, with a rampant Congress for a board of directors.

The Socialistic theory of Protection is, moreover, as well illustrated by what has seemed to its opponents its least objectionable shape. Perhaps no one page of Mr. Mill's treatise is better known than that in his chapter on Protection, in which he admits, vigorous Free-Trader that he was, the need of protecting duties "when they are imposed temporarily (especially in a young and rising nation) in hopes of naturalizing a foreign industry in itself perfectly suitable to the circumstances of a country." But in giving the reasons for this opinion in the following sentences, he concedes the whole ground to the Socialists: "But it cannot be expected that individuals should, at their own risk, or rather to their certain loss, introduce a new manufacture, and bear the burden of carrying it on, until the producers have been educated up to the level of those to whom the processes are traditional. A protecting duty, continued for a reasonable time, will sometimes be the least inconvenient mode in which *the nation can tax itself for the support of such an experiment*. But the protection should be confined to cases in which there is good ground of assurance that the industry which it fosters will after a time be able to dispense with it."<sup>1</sup> Now it is clear that when a nation taxes itself for an industrial experiment, the enterprise must belong to one of two classes: either (1.) it is an undertaking which, while it involves a *loss for a term of years*, will ultimately return a profit on the investment; or (2.) it is of a class which can *never be pursued but at a loss* by private means. In the first case, to call upon the State for aid *in persona pauperis*, is to establish a system of paternal government, like that of France, which ought for the same reason to reimburse every manufacturer for loss while keeping his mill in operation during the late — happily, no longer the present — industrial depression, in hope of a coming period of prosperity. In the second case, to bolster up perforce an unprofitable enterprise forever, because the individual has taken a whim, whether natural forces permit it or not, to do what some other person in some remote country can do, is, it need hardly be said, to establish a precedent as dangerous to the stability of government as it is wrong in itself.

<sup>1</sup> Mill's Political Economy, II. 539.



The right of a manufacturer to support in the enterprise in which he is left entirely free to engage or not, is based on exactly the same grounds as the Socialist's claim to a *droit au travail*. The ignorance, the lack of self-control, the headiness and fanatic fury of the Socialist, may cover his position with disgust and excite a lively alarm, but at the bottom his theory of government is quite as rational as that implied in Mill's suggestion, though Mill gives it an air of decency and respectability. To ask the State to take charge of the capital of the country, or supply men with employment, or "give bounties to poor men," is the legitimate offspring of such teaching: it is a difference only in degree, not in kind. The claim of the manufacturer to aid, however, may be urged as a means of adding to the general wealth of the country; but that does not change the grounds on which it is urged. The *droit au travail* is urged, also, because it would add to the material prosperity and comfort of what must be conceded to be a far larger class in the country than the manufacturers: not, to be sure, that this disregard of the principle of self-help would produce such effects, but that this is a statement of the Socialist argument. Indeed, the principle cannot be limited to manufacturers and day-laborers: there is in it an obvious *reductio ad absurdum*. As Roscher says: "In such questions people generally think only of factory hands. But have not writers just as good a *droit au travail* to readers whom the State should provide them with, lawyers to clients, and doctors to patients?" While Protectionists—and most especially at this present time—have been making the whole world familiar with this theory of State interference, none are more displeased than they, as having the largest interest at stake in the maintenance of private property, that the Socialists should advance their present claims. It is said that unwary travellers in the Alps have sometimes started an avalanche of treacherous snow by the sounds of their voices. So the Protectionists, by the mere sounds of their voices, have brought down on themselves an avalanche of Socialism not very much to their liking.

It ought, however, to be clear, that it is not a question here of duties imposed for revenue purposes. Taxation is the attribute of the simplest form of government. It is only legislation *for the purpose* of protection, whether it accomplishes prohibition or not, which paves the way for Socialism. A tariff imposed for purely revenue purposes may, in some cases, afford "incidental protection;" but the importance of a distinction, in its effects on the conception of government, between

such incidental protection and that which is avowedly intended to protect, cannot be exaggerated. The one implies a theory of taxing the community simply for the support of the administrative machinery ; the other opens the sluice-gates to an endless flood of private and socialistic legislation.

It is, as already stated, unjust to charge the spread of Socialism upon Protection alone. But from what has been said, it may be partially clear why it is that countries of governmental interference are precisely those which are at once the homes of Socialism and Protection. As the limited interference of England gives small hope for Socialism, so it offers little encouragement to Protection ; and just so far as England departs from her theory of government may we look to see a growth of both. As to the "protectionist revival" in that country, it is likely to pine in an unfriendly soil ; but the explanation of whatever revival there is in point of fact may possibly be found in the following statement, if true, made by Laveleye in 1876 : "But the *laissez faire* school, in theory at least, has overstepped the line, and those countries which should absolutely follow its counsels would have reason to repent of them, for they find themselves outstripped by others. England has come to a recognition of this truth, and although that country is a model of self-government, so far from persevering in the course marked out by the economists, *it is every year imposing new functions on the State, which now intervenes, in industrial and agricultural contracts, with a detail and with restrictions which would be hardly admitted elsewhere.*" In Germany, the very nest of Socialism, Protection has been brought forward with a strength and method peculiar to the Chancellor, and the national habits of thought and familiarity with State interference afforded little or no effective opposition. In France, which, for special political reasons connected with the Empire, has hitherto been a stronghold of Free Trade, there are many indications of activity among the advocates of Protection ; and, for the reasons that have been advanced above, they may have considerable chance of success.

In the United States, the established system of Protection, the interference with private contracts in favor of debtors by measures like the Bland Silver Bill, and the propagation of Socialism, go hand in hand. The Protectionists, having pierced a hole through the dike of governmental limitations in order to satisfy their thirst for the moment, have unconsciously made a breach for the satisfaction of all other private interests, which, growing larger and larger, promises



fair, unless checked, to flood and destroy the institution of private property. There hardly need be any fear that such will be the case ; but what the agitation is the logical consequence of is clear. Just so in our partisan history, when one party in power had pushed through legislation under the gag law, or used the executive appointments for corrupt purposes, it was, although perhaps unconsciously, making precedents to be used against it when the opposition in turn came into power. But free discussion is much the most unfavorable condition for healthy Socialism. We are fortunately not suffering from a system of repression, which, by concealing the real causes of dissatisfaction, makes Nihilism in Russia a terror. Shut up gunpowder within a gun, and, when ignited, it will carry destruction with it ; fire it, unconfined, in the open air, and its most conspicuous manifestation is smoke. That such will be the fate of Socialism here, in the open air of free discussion, no one can doubt. Recourse to State aid is the first thought of the dissatisfied only after they have been accustomed to see the interference of the State avowedly practised in other forms, and only after this system has become familiar to the public mind. Is it quite safe for the community to agitate a theory which, exactly in proportion as it is more successful, is more dangerous in its consequences ? Thus to conjure up a spirit which "will not down" may give us many a sleepless night, even if it does not destroy. Dependence on the State has its origin in shiftlessness and ignorance. If, then, it be true that the dissatisfied classes are looking to the State for some kind of miraculous deliverance from work and poverty, there cannot be too much teaching of the simple economic principle that nothing of value, like hats, boots, and provisions, can be acquired except by giving something of value in exchange for them. This may seem absurd for its simplicity ; but it is a lamentable fact that more than one hundred thousand voters in Massachusetts, ignoring this simple truth, believed last year that, if enough paper money were printed, they would by the mere printing, or by some juggle, get valuable goods without giving value in exchange for them. If, together with this teaching, the idea were widely and positively enforced that the proper conception of government forbade the State to render any aid whatever to private interests, would not our country, like England, suffer less from crazy Socialism, and other forms of belief dangerously related to it ?

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN.

## VON HOLST'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.<sup>1</sup>

AFTER much delay, the translation of what is practically, though not nominally, the second volume of Dr. Von Holst's History of the United States is given to the public. The first volume closed with the nullification struggle of 1832. The second begins with Jackson's administration, covers those of his successor and of John Tyler, and concludes with the annexation of Texas. As the work advances, the difficulties of the author increase. Despite the great break made by the civil war, the period between the years 1815 and 1860 is still a debatable ground. It is severed from the present ; it is not yet thoroughly ripe for history. All the material is not before the world, and the great mass actually in print is perfectly crude and undigested. This is true only in a limited degree of the years prior to Jackson's administration ; but after that time the historical immaturity becomes more marked, and rapidly increases as we draw closer to the war of the Rebellion.

Dr. Von Holst, being a foreigner, is of course free from the personal bias or prejudice inseparable from a history of recent events, when treated by a native of the country in which they happened. He is, too, wonderfully successful in his management of the unarranged and incomplete masses of material upon which he has to depend for guidance. Yet the historical immaturity of his subject is an inherent difficulty, which cannot be wholly overcome. It is most apparent where there is question of personal motives and intentions, but the sense of incompleteness is hardly ever entirely dispelled. After making, however, due allowance for this inevitable defect, it must be admitted that the present volume fully bears out the promise of its predecessor. There is the same energy of thought, the same untiring thoroughness, the same severe and vigorous judgment of men and measures, which

<sup>1</sup> The Constitutional and Political History of the United States, by Dr. H. Von Holst. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor, A. M. 1828 - 1846. Jackson's Administration — The Annexation of Texas. Chicago : Callaghan & Co. 1879.



have given such a high place to the first portion of Dr. Von Holst's work.

There are, too, the same faults in the author's attitude towards the Constitution and the struggle between nationality and separatism. We do not mean by this either the opinions or the criticism of Dr. Von Holst on any special event involving these vital points, but merely the position from which he views the whole subject. "The Constitution," says Dr. Von Holst, on page 72, "is not the faultless masterpiece which Americans, for the most part, esteem it to be." This is a brief reiteration of some elaborate opinions in the first volume, and seems to show a serious misconception of the true merits of the Constitution and of the feeling of Americans in regard to it. It is a statement which reveals with fresh vividness the gulf that divides the English race from the nations of Europe in all matters of practical government. Not one of the men who set their hands to the Constitution was satisfied with the whole of it, and no one ever supposed it to be ideally perfect. If it had been, it would not have lasted a month, but would have been speedily consigned to the limbo of perfect constitutions such as are devised by Frenchmen and Spaniards. The Constitution was the creature of circumstances; it was the best that could then be made, and was, as nearly as possible, an exact representation of what everybody wished, although it satisfied nobody entirely. It was wise, judicious, very loose in many respects, and full of compromises. It was the genuine and legitimate work of the race which produced it. It could be indefinitely supplemented by unwritten law, so dear to the hearts of English people, who then tried their first experiment with a written constitution. In one word, it solved the problem, was a practical success, and has performed the work for which it was devised. It is on this account that Americans venerate the Constitution, and "esteem it a faultless masterpiece," and not because they think it an ideally perfect plan, such as comes fresh from the head of the last speculator on government. The only test of a constitution is success. The unwritten constitution of England and the written one of the United States have succeeded where all others have failed, and they are, therefore, great achievements. They demonstrate the political sagacity of their authors, and the people who live under them would be false to their best instincts and noblest traditions if they did not reverence them as masterpieces of human wisdom. It will be an evil day for the cause of good government when they cease to do so.

In regard to the conflict between nationality and the rights of States, Dr. Von Holst always refers to the growth and advance of the latter theory. This does not affect his argument in any specific case, but it gives a wrong idea of the relative position of the contending forces. Nationality was the force which grew and advanced, while the State-rights doctrine was the old and established one which contested the ground. The Colonies were political units, and when they were converted into States they retained their political individuality, and assumed all the attributes of sovereignty which they had not possessed as provinces, and which they had wrested from the mother country. Whatever the theory may have been, it is certain that at the close of the period of the Confederation each State was in practice sovereign and independent. The sacrifice of some of the powers of sovereignty was the price paid by the States for the Constitution and the Union. In 1789, State-rights, founded on the ancient principle of local self-government, were old, recognized, and strong, while the nationality embodied in the Constitution was unknown and weak. From that time until the civil war our constitutional history was made up, in large measure, of the growth and advance of the national principle. That principle had to find out its powers under the Constitution, and, as it progressed from one point to another, its interpretation was opposed and its march resisted by the old and gradually receding doctrine of State-rights, which not only clung to what rightfully pertained to it, but strove to recover the powers sacrificed in 1789. Finally the opposing forces turned to the sword for a decision, and it was then found that the Constitution had done its work and created a national spirit strong enough to carry one of the greatest wars of modern times to a victorious conclusion. The advancing and conquering force has been national, the retreating and defeated one, separatist. The preservation of the Union was the result of the great principle established by the Constitution, and is the chief reason for the veneration of that instrument so much criticised by Dr. Von Holst.

After these two general objections have been made, there is little to be said of this History, except in high praise. The purely constitutional discussions are the least satisfactory portions of the book, for, although they are generally sound and thorough, they are not always clear or concise. In the political and personal passages, Dr. Von Holst is at his best, and his analysis of character is throughout very penetrating and vigorous. The volume opens with what the author



terms, with as much felicity as truth, the "reign of Andrew Jackson." A better presentation of the results and meaning of Jackson's election and administration has never been made. The democratic theory which triumphed at Jefferson's election was put into practical operation and carried to great extremes by Jackson. "The politicians and the crowd" rushed in, and the statesmen were turned out. It was a brutal and disgraceful piece of business, and lowered greatly the whole tone of public life, while it entailed upon the country the curse of a political civil service. The praises of the ultra or, correctly speaking, the anti-democratic doctrine brought in by Jackson, — which declared that a man without position, training, or education was, on account of these defects, to be preferred to one endowed with all such qualities, — have already found fit and sincere expression in the writings of Mr. Parton. Dr. Von Holst takes an opposite view, as was perhaps to be expected from a subject of one of the "effete despotisms" of Europe, and he regards the establishment of the Jacksonian doctrine as thoroughly pernicious. He also traces with great force Jackson's breaches of the Constitution, although dealing most impartially with the Bank question, and all others in which the hero of New Orleans played a conspicuous part. The encroachments of the Executive, during this period, were due to the character of the President; and the pendulum has since swung so far the other way that it is to-day the legislative department which is to be feared, and whose power is so overgrown that a strengthening of the Executive has become most necessary. Jackson's career, and his high-handed violation of the Constitution, show very clearly, however, that the Executive may become dangerous, and enforce anew the abiding and only sound principle, that, in our system, there is no safety except in a careful and exact maintenance of a just balance, not merely between the States and the General Government, but also among the three great Federal departments. It would be difficult to give a better statement of Jackson's administration than Dr. Von Holst's terse sentence, "that it systematically undermined the public consciousness of right, and diminished the respect of the people for the Government."

The effects of this administration, and of its work, soon appeared. They are brought out with rare vigor by the author, as his narrative passes on to Van Buren and Tyler. We can see the appalling and sudden decline of ability in the House, and the growth of the power of the politicians, who are admirably described by Dr. Von Holst in

distinguishing between them and the statesmen of the Republic. We get, too, a realizing sense of the rapid demoralization of the civil service under the new system of spoils. Corruption and political intrigue grew apace among the public servants, and the frauds of the New York Custom House revealed in 1839 rival the exploits of Tweed. It is not pleasant to an American to follow the results of the Jacksonian system ; but it is very wholesome and instructive, for it goes to the root of the matter, and lays bare the origin of the most crying political evils of the present day.

All this, however, is merely incidental to the main theme of the book, the progress of the slavery struggle. Dr. Von Holst's stern convictions on this subject make him a severe judge in regard to every thing relating to this momentous question. But the beginnings of the slavery conflict do not permit any mitigation of the most rigorous sentence that can be passed upon it. We do not think that Dr. Von Holst allows enough for the action of the ever-growing and noble sentiment of nationality, which so fettered the North, and upon which the South played with so much skill and success. This is owing to his failure to grasp thoroughly the meaning of the Constitution and the attitude of the people towards it. Yet Dr. Von Holst is by no means wholly at fault in this matter. He does complete justice to the importance and respectability of the conservative and constitutional opposition to the Abolitionists, and in this direction he has begun to render great service toward removing the confusion which at present exists in regard to the opponents of slavery. The war was a powerful solvent, and it seems now to be commonly thought that the Abolitionists and the Free-Soilers and Republicans were all one and the same thing. The former rendered eminent services to the cause of human freedom, and their unselfish devotion to a great moral principle will give them enduring fame. They leavened the masses and they aroused the conscience of the country ; but there their praises must stop. They were fanatics,—opposed to the Constitution, ripe for secession, violent and impracticable. Their agitation, it is true, brought into being the party which finally elected Lincoln ; but that party was not composed of Abolitionists, nor led by them. It was legitimate opposition within the limits of the Constitution which finally prevailed ; and no other opposition could ever have won over the law-abiding and law-venerating people of the United States. The constitutional anti-slavery party conquered at the polls, and then went to war to save the nation, not to abolish slavery. It is because they fought for the Union, and not



for the abolition of slavery, that the whole guilt of precipitating the civil war lies with the South. Dr. Von Holst has not yet reached the constitutional anti-slavery party, but he has cleared the ground, and has already indicated its sources and the secret of its strength.

The slavery conflict is an awful object, now that the passions it called out have died away, and we begin to see it in the cold, clear light of history. Like most purely moral questions, it had a disastrous effect upon politics of every description, and substituted emotion for reason in all public questions. Cool argument was banished, and was replaced by violent invective and stormy assertions. But the attack, violent as it was at times, never compared in this respect with the defence of slavery, which was a mixture of cool deliberation and savage ferocity that now almost passes conception. While with consummate skill the Southern leaders wrested both the government of the States and that of the Union from their true purposes to the support of slavery, they committed most unparalleled and needless follies in the madness with which their cause seemed to inspire them. Forgotten questions come out distinctly and with terrible meaning in the sequence of events, as the narrative proceeds. It seems now almost inconceivable that, at the very outset, the slaveholders, headed by Calhoun, should have aimed openly to control the press, through the agency of the Post-Office, by stopping the transmission of Abolitionist pamphlets and journals in the United States mails. They actually raised their hands against the freedom of the press, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and among English-speaking people. So powerful and audacious were they that they even seemed to triumph in this impossible enterprise. Another instance of their mad folly appears in the history of the famous gag-laws. Any thing more insane than to unite the right of petition to the opposition to slavery cannot be conceived; yet the South did it, and failed. After this failure, and others like it, as after their successes, they seemed stronger than ever; and here is to be found the secret of their ruin. The South came to believe that even if they were repelled, as in the case of the right of petition, there was nothing which the North would resent with arms. Drunk with this belief, and with power and success, the South finally attempted to sacrifice the Union to slavery. It was the natural result of a struggle which began with an attempt to destroy the right of petition. But they had at last gone too far. They had made a terrible mistake. They committed a great crime, and their punishment was proportionate.

We have spoken of Dr. Von Holst's power in dealing with character. This talent was exhibited in a high degree in his first volume, but it is nowhere better shown than in the case of Calhoun, who evidently possesses strong attractions for his critic. By skilful analysis, Calhoun's mental development is portrayed in a most striking fashion, and the processes by which his strong and severely logical mind was gradually drawn on from one position to another, first in defence of State-rights, and then of slavery, are most vigorously set forth. Calhoun's character is worked out so carefully and thoroughly, that, when he finally reaches the point of being simply the great champion of government founded on slavery, the conviction becomes irresistible that he could never have been any thing else. As an example of Dr. Von Holst's capacity for sketching character with the severity which he thinks deserved, nothing could be better than his trenchant description of Buchanan: "He was just as little of a statesman as these [Johnson and Cass], but he was an entirely equal rival of Van Buren in his own very peculiar sphere; a politician as sly, smooth, weak, and empty, as can well be imagined; in high-sounding phrases always making a show of great moral courage where there was no need of it; an entirely reliable party man, unless he was obliged to separate himself from the party in order not to undermine his position in Pennsylvania; moving over the surface of every question with a fluent and ready tongue; a master in the art of so arranging words that he might not be understood by any party when he wished not to be understood; great in the use of all small means, but too wise to engage easily in dangerous intrigues, or to under-estimate the value of the bearing of the man of honor; closely observing the smallest variations in the political atmosphere, but insensible to the great currents of the time; entirely clear only on one point,—that the slavocracy was the star which guided the course to the White House; hungry for regard, influence, and honor, but too diminutive in intellect and character to feel the glow of true ambition; a man made, so to speak, to be neither loved nor hated, esteemed nor despised, slighted nor admired,—intended to play an influential part in the agitation of parties, and by history to be silently numbered with the dead, because, in all his doings there was not a single deed; a man to whom fate could do nothing worse than place him at the helm in an eventful period." This judgment is as withering as it is just. In some cases Dr. Von Holst is too severe, although not in this instance. But the power, thought, and intelligence of his criticism cannot be denied, even



when one dissents from his conclusions, and are manifested in all he has written. They are the qualities which give his book real value, and commend it to the study of Americans.

The translation is painstaking and careful, but the sentences are not infrequently awkward and obscure, from a too close adherence to the original. The style is generally forcible, although the choice of language is not always satisfactory, and the book is disfigured by such words as "State-rightsism," "State-righter," "unthinkable," "obligated," "stylistic," and "interpelled."

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

## THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE BY WOMEN.

THE struggle of women to free themselves from the social fetters which have for centuries proved an obstacle — in most cases an insuperable one — to their pursuit of knowledge, has of late been chiefly centred on the profession of medicine. The reason for this is not to be sought in any peculiar fitness of women to practise medicine, but must be attributed to the fact that in this direction their cause has found support in certain sentiments common to all civilized communities. The delicacy which led Queen Charlotte to employ a midwife while Dr. Hunter waited in the adjoining room among the ladies of the bed-chamber, and induced the Duchess of Kent to be delivered of Queen Victoria by the hands of Madam Siebold, has been steadily gaining in strength everywhere. There is, however, nothing very novel in the idea of woman's fitness to practise medicine, in some of its branches at least.

The earliest records of the world's history bear testimony to occasional instances of the successful practice of medicine by women. Mythology corroborates the current belief in woman's capacity for this career by ascribing to the Egyptian Isis the duty of watching over the health of the human species, and the discovery of several drugs. Among the Romans, Juno Lucina presided over childbirth and hastened delivery. Hygieia, the daughter of Esculapius, and Ocyroe, the daughter of Chiron, were learned in medicine. Esculapius is portrayed as followed by a multitude of both sexes who dispensed his benefits. As early as the eleventh century before Christ there existed in Egypt a college of physicians, who seem to have been of the sacerdotal caste, and were certainly of both sexes. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* both refer to women skilled in the science of medicine; among the Greeks, Olympias of Thebes, Aspasia, and Agnodice were pre-eminent for their ability and medical writings. The skill of Agnodice is said to have been such as to have brought about the legal opening of the medical profession to all free-born women of the State. Phænarete, the mother of Socrates, was a midwife.



Between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries several women acquired wide-spread renown as teachers in the great school of Salerno. In the succeeding centuries many female physicians held professional chairs in the Universities of Italy, especially that of Bologna. In this University, about the middle of the eighteenth century,

“there was an Anna Morandi Mazzolini, whose husband held the chair of Anatomy. It happened that he fell ill, and she, being a loving wife, sought to supply to him the place of his enfeebled powers. So she became an anatomist, and presently delivered his lectures for him from behind a curtain. She became famous, and was offered a chair at Milan, which, however, she refused, and remained at Bologna till her death, in 1774. Her anatomical models in wax are the pride of the Anatomical Museum at Bologna.”

During the next half-century several other women followed in her footsteps, of whom the most distinguished was Maria della Donne, who received her degree at Bologna in 1806, and was afterwards appointed by Napoleon Bonaparte to the chair of midwifery in that University.

In the other Continental countries of Europe a like success in medicine has been from time to time achieved by women. We are told of Frau Dorothea Christiania Erxleben, who, after receiving the medical degree on June 12, 1754, upon proper examination, subsequently practised in the small city of Quedlinburg, and was wife of the deacon of the St. Nicholas Church. In the history of her life she wrote “that marriage was no obstacle to a woman’s studies, but that their pursuit was far pleasanter in the companionship of an intelligent husband.” Early in this century, Frau von Siebold and her daughter, Frau von Heidenreich, both obtained medical degrees at Giessen and rose to great distinction. The latter died as late as 1859.

In France the names of Mesdames veuves Lachapelle (1759–1821) and Boivin (1733–1841) stand pre-eminent in the annals of French medicine. Both held successively the position of “sage-femme en chef de la Maternité de Paris,” and rivalled in repute the most renowned accoucheurs of their age. Madame Lachapelle left a complete *Mémoire de l’art de l’accouchement*. Madame Boivin wrote many memoirs, and a *Traité des maladies de l’utérus et de ses annexes*, in 1833. Neither of these women confined themselves to the practice of midwifery.

In England, although a few midwives have acquired transient reputations for proficiency in that branch of medicine, and two — Mrs. Sarah Hastings and Mrs. French — even secured mention in the

Philosophical Transactions for 1694, none have made any notable contribution to the science of medicine. "Wise women" have been numerous, and are still to be found in the rural districts and in certain parts of London. The most famous of these was Joanna Stephens, who, about the middle of the last century, was so successful in advertising a certain nostrum as to secure a purchase of the secret by Parliament for the preposterous sum of £5,000.

In America, although a few women in former generations earned and deserved reputations as successful midwives, none have made any lasting impressions upon the science or practice of medicine.

These few instances drawn from history are not mentioned as adding great weight to the present claim of women to be admitted to the medical profession. They do, however, testify to the fact that in all ages there have been women who possessed qualities so pre-eminently fitted to render them successful practitioners of the art, and even promoters of the science of medicine, that they have risen to be the peers of the most distinguished men of the time, in spite of their lack of early mental training and special medical education.

One of the arguments against the admission of women to the medical profession, upon which great stress is laid, may be properly considered here. It has been pointed out that little, if any, advance was made in the science and practice of midwifery during the many centuries in which that branch of medicine was almost exclusively in the hands of women. The fact cannot be denied, but the inference that women have thereby demonstrated their unfitness to cultivate a branch of science so inexact and so progressive as medicine, does not necessarily follow. *Felix qui potuit cognoscere causas.* Two circumstances have probably combined to effect this result: first, the fact that none of the women who followed this calling ever had their reasoning powers properly trained in preliminary schools, or had the benefit of a thorough education in all the branches of medicine, and but few of them had instruction in midwifery other than that derived from their own experience or from other equally ignorant practitioners; secondly, the circumstance that obstetrics is the one branch of all others in which women, owing to their physical and mental characteristics, are least likely to succeed. Physical strength, calm judgment, and steady nerves are the qualities most needed in one who would succeed in the practice of midwifery; with regard to these characteristics no one can question the superiority of man over woman. Education and training may, in a measure, modify the amount of this natural advantage, but it cannot be supposed that they will eradicate it.



We may now take up the present agitation in favor of a "fair field and no favor" for women in the profession of medicine. It is quite natural that such a movement as this should first come to the surface in a country like America, where a general education is provided for all classes of society, regardless of sex, color, or caste. We therefore find that in this country the first effort was made by a woman to obtain a full medical diploma. It will be well, however, to consider first the efforts which have been made in England and on the Continent to secure a medical education for women.

As the University of Zurich has attracted much attention by the large concourse of women who have sought to avail themselves of the opportunity which it has offered for the study of medicine, it may be of interest to give a detailed history of events there.

Previous to the year 1864, the Zurich University had, with two exceptions, been opened only to male students. Two ladies of Zurich had received, by special act of Government, the privilege of attending the lectures of the philosophical Faculty; they were admitted, however, only as listeners (*Auditoren*), and were not matriculated.

In the autumn of 1864, Miss K., of Russia, made application at the rectorate for permission to attend the lectures, not only upon scientific subjects, but also those upon anatomy and microscopy; this was granted on condition that the instructors raised no objections. It transpired, after a while, that this young lady intended to pursue the whole regular course of medical studies.

About Easter, another Russian, Miss S., who had already made some progress in the study of medicine, arrived, and attended the lectures on the same footing as her fellow-countrywoman. As the presence of two ladies pursuing the regular course of studies somewhat altered the aspect of affairs, the question whether they should be matriculated or altogether excluded was brought before the academic senate. After a long session, in which the matter was fully discussed in all its bearings, it was voted to lay the subject on the table for the time being, with the sole requirement that any woman who wished to attend more than two courses of lectures must obtain special permission.

The first Russian, who proved less capable than the second, vanished in 1867, but the latter prosecuted her studies with such energy and persistence that she soon won the respect of both professors and students. She fulfilled all the requirements of the regular course without having gone through the form of taking her matriculation.

In February, 1867, she demanded to be admitted to the examination for degree, but was directed first to obtain her matriculation papers. The Rector, after consultation with the Swiss Minister of Education, interpreted the law — in which the matriculation of female students was neither allowed nor forbidden — in favor of the applicant in question. As the young lady had now been matriculated, admission to the examination for degree could not be refused her ; so that after her acquirements had been subjected to a rigorous test in every branch of medicine, she received the medical diploma.

This success was not, as had been anticipated, the signal for an influx of female students. In the following two years only three Englishwomen, one Russian, and one American studied medicine in Zurich and came up for degree, while one Englishwoman and three Russians were matriculated, but left soon after. In the summer term of 1868, the first female student, an Englishwoman, was matriculated by the philosophical Faculty, but left at the end of the term. In the winter term of 1869-70, six Russians appeared, of whom three departed without examination. In the summer term of 1870, three Russians arrived, who also left without degrees. In the winter term of 1870-71, the number of those newly matriculated rose to eleven, of whom five left without degree. In the summer term of 1871, a single female student was matriculated, whereas two left without, and one with, the diploma.

Thus far the study of medicine by women had developed but slowly in Zurich. Of the twenty-five female students who had attended the medical lectures for irregular periods since 1864, three left with, and seven without, their degrees ; of the seven matriculated in the philosophical department, three had departed without the diploma. In the summer term of 1870, but fifteen women studying medicine, and four philosophy, remained.

In the next term, 1871-72, the number rose from nineteen to thirty-one, and in the summer term, 1872, from thirty-one to sixty-three. With the increase in quantity a decrease in quality was perceptible ; this was due chiefly to the fact that quite a number of them had not the requisite age, training, and devotion to their studies. Among the sixty-three there were fifty-four Russians, in whose country, though no university was open to women, yet so-called public lectures for women were delivered in two years' courses. The first Russians stated that in the interior of that great country there were long stretches where no physician could be found, and where they



intended to practise; this induced many lecturers to favor their admission to the courses on the score of humanity.

That the prosperity of that institution was not impaired was evident from the number of students then frequenting it; this had increased from 232 in 1864 to 354 in 1872. The gain was especially marked in the medical department, which was attended by 107 male students and one female in 1864, whereas in the summer of 1872 there were 208 students, of whom 51 were women. The greater throng of these last then stimulated the Faculty to appeal again to the Government for a special examination for women.

In this connection, one fact is deserving of mention. In July, 1871, the principal medical bodies in most of the Swiss Cantons explicitly voted by a large majority in favor of the admission of female candidates to the so-called medical "Concordats" examination; the action was induced by the announcement that the first Swiss girl, who had been studying in Zurich, had applied for the State examination. As a consequence of this, the young lady referred to honorably passed the first State examination. It was admitted by all the professors that the experiment of women's study of medicine in Zurich was perfectly successful in the first four or five years, when only six or eight women were there enrolled. No irrelevant conduct on the part of the students was noticed; in fact, the modest and sensible demeanor of the young women exerted rather a favorable influence upon the behavior, habits, and earnestness of the men.

The first female students in Zurich were however so convinced of the importance of a more strict discrimination in the admission of women to the courses, that they took the initiative in demanding that certificates or tests of proficiency should be required, to which a part of them begged to be subjected. They foresaw that the whole experiment would fail if too young or immature girls should attend the lectures without sufficient preliminary training or devotion to the work.

In 1873 the number of female students rose to 88 of medicine, 25 of philosophy, and one of social science, making a total of 114, of whom 100 were Russians. The immature and plastic minds of the young Russians, however, fell a ready prey to the wiles and machinations of political adventurers, so that the steady and praiseworthy devotion to study which characterized the pioneers in that field was supplanted by political agitation, and — what is worse — in some instances by an indulgence in the delusive fascinations of free love. In consequence

of these events the Russian government felt called upon to interfere, and announced to "all the Russian women who attend the lectures at the University and Polytechnic School of Zurich, that such of them as shall continue to attend the above lectures after the first of January, 1874, will not be admitted, on their return to Russia, to any examination, educational establishment, or appointment of any kind under the control of the Government." This action was attributed by the official organs to the "unfavorable reports that have reached the Government relative to the conduct of these young women. . . . 'A Slavonic Democrat-Socialist Society,' a 'Slavonic Central Revolutionary Committee,' and a Slavonic and Russian Section of the International Society have been formed at Zurich, and they number several of the young Russians of both sexes among their numbers. In the Russian library, to which certain editors send their periodicals and newspapers gratis, lectures of a very revolutionary character are delivered. It has become a daily occupation of young Russian girls to attend the meetings of workingmen; political agitation absorbs their youthful and inexperienced minds, and leads them into wrong courses. The young women who have thus been dragged into politics are entirely under the influence of the leaders of the emigration, and have become their obedient instruments. Some of them go two or three times a year to Russia and back again, taking with them incendiary letters and proclamations. . . . Others allow themselves to be deluded by the communistic theories of free love, and, under the protection of a fictitious marriage, act in utter forgetfulness of all the fundamental principles of morality and decorum." These were the charges made against the Russian female students at Zurich by the Government of their country, and the threats which followed were undoubtedly elicited solely by the political agitation to which the women lent themselves, and by means of which their instigators were furthering their schemes.

Previous to this time, six women had passed with honor the examination for the medical degree. Four received "good" as a comment, and two "very good." Several of the professors, at their graduation, took the opportunity of expressing in public their perfect satisfaction at the progress made by the female students.

All but twelve Russian students left Zurich in obedience to the order of their Government: twenty-one of these obtained admission to the University of Berne, where, in the session of 1874-75, there were thirty-two female students, twenty-eight of medicine, three of



philosophy, and one of law ; and where two women, an American and an Austrian, took their medical degrees in 1878. The number studying in Zurich was reduced to six in 1877. Between 1864 and 1878 only fourteen women had graduated in Zurich ; but, in considering these figures with the comparatively large number of matriculants, it must be borne in mind that very few of the Russians intended at the outset to take their degrees. The University of Geneva has since been opened to women, in which there were recently two studying medicine. The Concordats examination of Switzerland has also been granted to women, which gives those who pass it successfully the right to practise in the Republic, of which one Swiss lady at least has availed herself. The report that no more women would be admitted to the University of Zurich because their presence had led to evil moral results has proved to be unfounded. Not only is the Faculty well satisfied with the result of the experiment, but two young ladies have recently been appointed assistants, — one to Dr. Hermann, Professor of Physiology and Rector of the University, and one, an American, to Dr. Rose, Professor of Surgery.

In Russia we find that in 1862 Mademoiselle Souslowa began to study medicine at the Medico-Chirurgical Academy of St. Petersburg. After she had attended the lectures of natural philosophy, chemistry, and anatomy for two years, in company with several other women, the privilege was suddenly withdrawn by an edict of the Imperial Government, on the alleged ground that “women did better *as such* when they knew nothing and understood nothing,” although no complaints had been made either by the professors or the male students. Women were thus debarred from studying medicine in St. Petersburg, with the exception of a few midwives educated by Government to send out to the wild tribes of Russian Asia, who had petitioned for them. One of these midwives was allowed to remain and complete a full medical education after the University had been closed to her companions.

In 1860 a Russian officer was sent to inspect the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, and report to the Imperial Government upon the medical education of women in America, owing to the fresh application of a dozen or more respectable Russian women for admission to the Academy at St. Petersburg. This application seems to have been granted, for in 1869 Mademoiselle Kaschewarowa received the degree of M. D. from the Academy. In 1872 a lady interested in the higher education of women offered the sum of forty thousand dollars to the Minister of State for the establishment of

classes for women at the Imperial Academy of Medicine. In the same year the Medico-Chirurgical Academy formally admitted women to study under the same instructors as the men ; but the requirements for graduation were different, and the diploma applied only to practice in the diseases of women and children. The prescribed course was reduced from five years for men to four for women. The Medical Department of the University of Moscow opened its doors in 1871 to women, exacting the same tests of capacity as for male students. In 1874-75 there were one hundred and seventy-one women studying at the Academy, of whom one hundred and two were of noble birth, seventeen belonged to the commercial class, fourteen to that of shop-keepers, and twelve were clergymen's daughters: twenty-three were married. They were instructed in the same buildings and by the same teachers as the men, but at different hours. Three small wooden hospitals had also been built, in which seventy young women were being trained ; twenty of them as resident pupils. No men were admitted. The professors have expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the scholarship and demeanor of the women.

In Finland the Emperor of Russia has ordered the University of Helsingfors, through the Senate of Finland, to admit women to its medical school.

In France the medical schools have always been nominally open to women, yet none sought the privilege until a lady applied to the Faculty of Montpellier in 1866 and was refused. She immediately applied to the Minister of the Interior for permission to study in Paris, which was granted on condition that she would practise in Algeria, whence she came. The first woman, however, to graduate in Paris, after passing the five requisite examinations, was a native of England, Miss Garrett (now Mrs. Garrett-Anderson), in June, 1870. The next was an American, Miss Mary C. Putnam (now Mrs. Jacobi), of New York, who took her diploma with great honor in August, 1871. In 1874 there were twenty female students at the École de Médecine, each having obtained the requisite special permission from the Minister of Instruction. At the end of the session, 1876-77, there were twenty-two female students, — five French, six English, eleven Russian, in the school. During that year five women had received the medical degree, — two English, two Russians, and one German. In 1877-78 there were fourteen English alone studying medicine there. Between 1870 and 1876, however, only ten women have graduated in France. Women are eligible to the post of Internat of the Hospitals. In July, 1870, at



the moment France was entering upon the war with Prussia, a small commission under the presidency of M. Duruy, ex-Minister of Public Instruction, was elaborating a plan for the complete education of women under the patronage of the Empress. Its object was to educate physicians for countries subject to Islamism. All was arranged to give the most thorough instruction, including clinical opportunities at the hospitals; but the scheme disappeared with the Empire.

In Germany there has been but little demand for the medical education of women, yet whenever the privilege has been sought, it has generally been granted. According to the "Pall-Mall Gazette," there was one woman studying medicine at Munich in 1865, two in 1866, four in 1867, eight in 1868, and sixteen in 1869; in the last-named year the Dean of the Faculty reported that the innovation had greatly improved the discipline of the School. Women were admitted to the Medical School of Vienna in 1870; three years later there were four female students at the School. Since that time some opposition has been aroused, yet women are still admitted to certain courses by special permission, but are not allowed to matriculate. In 1874 women were given permission to study at the University of Leipzig, although the privilege of graduating was not assured. A young lady was granted in 1872, by the Government, an examination for a dental degree at the University at Erlangen, on the ground that it was absurd to exclude a person desirous of submitting herself to authorized professional tests of ability, by reason of her sex.

In Holland in 1865 the daughter of a deceased *pharmacien* applied for authority to enter as a student of pharmacy in order to qualify herself to be of use in the pharmacy of her late father. The demand was refused on the ground that the law confined its provisions to *pharmaciens*, entitled to the pronoun *il*, and made no allusion to the *elle*. In 1866 a new law allowed women to present themselves for examination as *pharmaciens*. In 1868 the woman in question obtained her regular diploma. In the succeeding eleven years one hundred women entered as students in pharmacy, and underwent the examination necessary to enable them to keep a shop. Among an equal number of applicants, twice as many women have succeeded as men. At Gröningen the first medical student passed her examination in physics and mathematics in 1873; and in the same year the University of Holland opened its doors to women.

In Belgium women have been refused permission to study medicine.

In Italy, the Universities have never been closed to women, but in 1876 the fifteen Universities of the kingdom were formally thrown open to them by a State decree, and in the same year a woman took her degree of M. D. at Pisa.

In Denmark, all departments of the University of Copenhagen, except the theological, were opened to women in 1875; but few have taken advantage of the opportunity.

The Swedish University of Upsala was opened to women on the same terms as men in 1864, with the exception of the departments of Theology and Law. About 1870 the University of Stockholm admitted women; and soon after three women passed the examinations as surgeons, and two as dentists. A medical school exclusively for women was to have been established at Göthenburg in 1870.

In Great Britain, the Medical Act of 1858 only admitted to registration and to the practice of medicine such persons as had passed the examination and obtained the license of one of the nineteen examining bodies of the kingdom, whose representatives, together with the persons appointed by the crown, constituted the "General Council of Medical Education and Registration of the United Kingdom." The only exception was in favor of those who at that time held degrees of M. D. from any foreign or colonial University, and were already practising before Oct. 1, 1858. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, having a degree from the Geneva Medical College of New York State, availed herself of this clause and obtained registration. In 1860 Miss Garrett, with a view to practising medicine in compliance with this act, was admitted as a student at Apothecaries' Hall (one of the licensing bodies), where she attended some classes in common with male students; in other branches she was obliged to pay heavy fees for private instruction by recognized teachers. After having overcome many difficulties in obtaining the requisite hospital instruction she was registered as licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall in 1865. Her title of M. D. was obtained several years later from the University of Paris. Apothecaries' Hall, after admitting Miss Garrett, took action effectually to prevent a recurrence of such an event by passing a vote forbidding students thereafter to receive any part of their education *privately*.

In March, 1869, Miss Sophia Jex-Blake applied to the University of Edinburgh for permission to attend the lectures of the Medical Faculty for the purpose of ultimately obtaining the degree of Doctor of Medi-



cine, which would entitle her to registration. As the application was from one woman only, a tentative attendance on the classes of botany and natural history was suggested by the Dean of the Medical Faculty, with the assent of the two professors, the question of matriculation being postponed for the time. This plan received the formal approval of the Medical Faculty and the Senators, but was vetoed by the University Court on the appeal of several dissentient professors. A favorable response was however given to Miss Jex-Blake and four other ladies who joined her, to be allowed to make arrangements for separate classes ; regulations were then officially issued admitting women to matriculation and to subsequent instruction for the profession of medicine. The five ladies were at once matriculated after having passed the examination in arts. After the first session opposition was raised among the professors and male students, but through no fault of the female students. The former refused to teach the women, the latter mobbed them. The women appealed to the courts, and obtained a verdict in their favor ; this was however reversed by the whole Court of Sessions in June, 1873, by a bare majority. Appeal was now made to the highest tribunal in the kingdom, the cause of the women being presented to Parliament in 1874, and again in 1875, when it was finally defeated by a vote of 196 to 153.

In 1874 the idea was conceived of founding a medical school for women in London. Chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, with the co-operation of the late Dr. Anstie, the London School of Medicine for Women was opened in the autumn of 1874 with a staff of teachers, who were, with one exception, recognized lecturers at other medical schools. The examination and license of the graduates of this school at the end of the three years' course depended upon a removal of the disqualification resting upon the sex by a previous act of Parliament, and a subsequent recognition of the instruction there received as sufficient to entitle the students to examination. A still greater obstacle was the clause in the medical act requiring that every student coming up for examination should have had practical clinical instruction in a hospital of no less than 150 beds.

In July, 1876, the Government accorded its support in Parliament to a bill "enabling the British examining bodies to extend their examinations to women as well as to men," with a single proviso that the qualification conferred by any examining body should not carry with it any right to take part in the government of that body. This bill was passed, received the royal assent, and became a law. The Uni-

versity of Edinburgh was thus enabled to do justice to its matriculated students, but refused. The Queen's University, and the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, of Ireland, however, both granted the request for admission to examination preferred by Miss Edith Pechey. As the regulations of the former made obligatory the attendance upon four courses of lectures in one of the Queen's Colleges, the assent of four professors at Galway was obtained; but the Council of the College vetoed the arrangement, and the immediate opening of the session made further action at that time impossible. The College of Physicians granted examinations to Dr. Elizabeth W. Dunbar, Dr. Frances Hoggan, and Dr. Louisa Atkins (M.D.'s of Zurich), and of Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake and Dr. Edith Pechey (M.D.'s of Berne) during the early months of 1877, thereby admitting them to registration as qualified practitioners.

The Woman's Medical School still needed hospital opportunities for its students. No hospital in London would grant admission to women until the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road agreed to do so for five years in consideration of an annual subsidy of £715, it having no school for male students connected with it. Finally, in the autumn of 1876, the Senate of the University of London passed a resolution to admit women to medical examinations and degrees, on application of Miss Edith Shove.

The London School of Medicine for Women opened in 1874 with twenty-three students, a strong staff of lecturers, and the special countenance of such men as the late Dr. Anstie, Dr. Burdon-Sanderson, Dr. Chambers, Dr. Bastian, Mr. Ernst Hart, and Professor Huxley. During the second year six new students were admitted; during the third, two new students; during the fourth (1877-78), nine. The small number entering in the second and third years is probably due to the fact that the arrangement with the Royal Free Hospital was not made until the spring of 1877, and consequently up to that time there was no guarantee that the graduates of the school could obtain certificates of attendance at a hospital large enough to be recognized as qualifying them for registration. In 1877 the school was placed on the official list of medical schools recognized by the Irish College of Physicians. The school requires the students to pass a preliminary examination in arts, and to be at least eighteen years of age. The course is four years, three in the school and one in hospitals. The fees are £90 for the three years' instruction in the school, and £40 for the four years' hospital instruction.



This brief recital shows clearly the various obstacles successively overcome by the female students under the generalship of Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, to whose enthusiasm and energy the ultimate achievement should be credited. The registered female practitioners are now kindly received at many of the hospitals of London, notably the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, the Cancer Hospital, the Moorfields Ophthalmic Hospital, and to some of the services of the Brompton Consumption Hospital. The Soho Square Hospital for Women has flatly declined to allow a female physician to enter its doors; on the other hand, Dr. Thomas Chambers at once granted them admission to his wards of the Chelsea Hospital for Women.

While immense steps have been taken in securing for women the privilege of studying and practising medicine in England, the antagonism is not by any means entirely allayed. In January, 1876, three women applied to the College of Surgeons to be examined for the license in midwifery, which is a registrable license. In the opinion of counsel the College was bound to admit them; the Committee reported their certificates of four years' study satisfactory, whereupon Dr. Robert Barnes, one of the examiners in midwifery, resigned. Soon after came an official letter to the women promising their admission to the next examination, which was followed by the resignation of Drs. Farre and Priestley, — that is, of the whole examining board. Since then there have been no examiners and no examinations. There was, however, immediately a meeting of the Obstetrical Society of London, at which a vote of thanks to these gentlemen was carried by "universal acclamation." At an extraordinary meeting of the Royal College of Physicians on March 18, 1878, the motion of Sir George Barrows, that the College should not grant licenses to women to practise medicine, was carried by an overwhelming majority. Near the end of the year 1877 Dr. Wilson Fox addressed to the Secretary of the British Medical Association a letter inquiring of the Council, "whether women are to be permitted in the future to attend the meetings of the medical, surgical, and other sections of the association and to take part in the discussions?" To this he received the reply that "the Council have no powers to prevent ladies who are members of the association from attending the meetings of the association." As a result of this, Dr. Fox withdrew from the association. At the annual meeting in 1878 the following article was carried after long discussion: "No female shall be eligible for election as a member of the association." There is now but one lady

member of the association, Dr. Garrett-Anderson. Seven women are now on the Medical Register ; six more have presented themselves to the Irish College of Physicians for the first examination, of whom four have passed.

In Australia women were admitted to the University of Melbourne in 1872.

It is estimated that of the one hundred million women in India at least two thirds are, by their social customs, debarred from receiving the visits of a male physician at their houses, and from attending for gratuitous advice at the hospitals and dispensaries. The lying-in hospitals of Madras, Manargoody, and Madura have for many years been educating midwives ; but if a Mahometan or Hindu woman of the higher castes is attacked with any severe disease, or has any bones injured, she cannot receive the benefit of medical knowledge so long as it is exclusively in the possession of men who are not admissible to women's presence. To meet this want, a medical school for women was founded at Bareilly in 1867, which has since been teaching native women, and giving them certificates as general practitioners. In 1871, there were thirty girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen years in the school, of whom twenty-eight were native Christians and two Mahometans. The course of study was three years.

The Madras Medical College, which supplies the military and civil establishments with physicians, admitted women in 1875, the lectures being in common with men except on certain special subjects. In 1878 four women received their degree, after five years' study, during which they had greatly distinguished themselves. At Benares, Brahmin widows were receiving a regular medical training in 1877. At Bombay a midwifery class of women is connected with the hospital. The midwives who have graduated from all these establishments have been generally successful in India, in spite of the custom which assigns a certain part of every city or village to each native midwife, in which she has the exclusive right to practise ; the monopoly being transmitted from mother to daughter.

Coming now at last to America, we find that, in 1848, Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, an English woman, after having studied medicine for several years, applied for admission to many different medical colleges of the United States, all of which refused it except the Geneva Medical College, then a flourishing school in Western New York. She attended two full courses at that institution, and graduated creditably in



1849, being the first woman to receive the degree of M. D. in the United States. The discussion caused by this event led to the exclusion of woman students from all the colleges, in deference to the general sentiment of the medical profession. A few years later Miss Sarah R. Adamson (now Mrs. Dolly) found the doors of the Geneva Medical College closed against her, and no medical college of the country willing to admit her as a candidate for a diploma. She was consequently driven, against her wishes, to enter the Central Medical College at Syracuse, N.Y., an eclectic institution, where she graduated in 1851. The Rush Medical College of Chicago soon after admitted Miss Emily Blackwell to attend her first course of lectures, but withheld the permission the next year, owing to a vote of censure passed by the Illinois State Medical Society. After many fruitless applications elsewhere, she was finally admitted to the Cleveland Medical College, where she took her degree in 1854, after one course of lectures.

In 1853, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell sought the post of physician in the department for women of one of the dispensaries of New York. The refusal of this application led to the organization of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, which was extended as a hospital of ten beds with a dispensary attached in 1857, with Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, Dr. Mary E. Zakrzewska, now of Boston, and Dr. Emily Blackwell as attending physicians. At this time there was no hospital open to women in America. Meagre instruction was here given to small classes for several years. In 1865 a charter was obtained for the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, a graded course of three years being adopted from the start. The first chair of Hygiene in the country was here instituted. The board of examiners, independent of the College Faculty, was composed of eminent physicians, professors in the different schools of the city. This board consisted, in 1878, of Drs. Willard Parker, Isaac E. Taylor, Austin Flint, Stephen Smith, B. W. McCready, A. L. Loomis, C. F. Chandler, and E. H. Janes. A preliminary examination in English branches is required, unless the students bring "a diploma from some established literary school." The sessions are of eight months' duration. The first class of five women graduated in 1870. In the nine years during which students have been graduating, the total number who have received degrees amounts to fifty-three. During the session 1877-78 forty-seven students were pursuing their studies. Nine of the graduates were married women, five being wives of physicians,

who are all now engaged in practice with their husbands. Three graduates are daughters of physicians who now practise with their fathers. Four have gone abroad as missionaries, one having established in China a hospital for women. Sixteen graduates occupy positions as resident physicians to hospitals, or as physicians to large women's colleges, such as Vassar and Mt. Holyoke. Seven graduates have since pursued their studies in European universities. Two graduates have been applicants for hospital positions given by competitive examination, both being successful. One received a position at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York. The other was refused the post of *interne* at the Charity Hospital in New York, although successful in examination, because, as was alleged, there were no arrangements for having these posts filled by women. The Hospitals and Dispensaries of New York are now as much open to the mass of women students as to men. Women are admitted to the lectures in the Bellevue Amphitheatre by the physicians of the three colleges for men who lecture there, to private courses, and to the free city clinics at all the dispensaries. In 1871, Dr. Mary Green, the physician to the Woman's Prison Association, was elected a member of the New York Medico-Legal Society.

In the autumn of 1850 the Female Medical College of Philadelphia was opened with a class of forty women. In 1853 it adopted the longest course (five months) of any medical school then existing in the country. A dispensary was established in connection with it in 1854, which was enlarged to a hospital in 1861. In 1868 it received a bequest of \$60,000 from the estate of Mr. Isaac Barton. The option of a progressive course of three years was introduced in 1869. The female students were admitted to the Philadelphia Hospital (Blockley), and to the Wills Ophthalmic Hospital in 1869, and to the medical and surgical wards of the Pennsylvania Hospital in 1870. In addition to these clinical facilities the female students are admitted to the daily dispensary service, and the weekly medical, surgical, and gynæcological clinics of Dr. Anna E. Bloomall at the Woman's Hospital, of which the capacity is now forty beds; to the Orthopedic Hospital and Infirmary for Nervous Diseases; the Eye and Ear Infirmary; and the Mission Hospital and Dispensary for Women and Children, and to the Philadelphia Lying-in Charity. During the past years women have been admitted to the lectures of the auxiliary Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. An Alumni Association was formed in 1875, which now numbers 263. Twenty students received their de-



grees at the twenty-seventh annual commencement on March 13, 1879. In 1853 the Penn Medical College of Philadelphia, an irregular institution for the co-education of men and women, was instituted, but was discontinued in 1864. The Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery having opened its doors to women in 1873, two were returned as graduated in 1874.

It must not be assumed, however, that all these concessions to women were made in Philadelphia without opposition. As early as 1859, the Philadelphia County Medical Society passed a vote recommending its members "to withhold all countenance and support from the Faculties and graduates of the Female Medical Colleges ; and that, consistently with sound medical ethics, they should not hold professional intercourse with them." In 1867 a similar action was again taken. When the Pennsylvania Hospital first admitted women to its clinics, the male students made strenuous but futile objections to their presence. In 1870 admission into the State Medical Society of Pennsylvania was sought by the women and not granted. The venerable Dr. S. D. Gross, as one of the most rigorous opponents, advanced the amusing argument that "woman was taken from the side of Adam to show that her duty and promise was to lean upon man for all time to come."

The Department of Medicine and Surgery of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor was opened in 1851. Women have been admitted since 1871 to separate courses, except in chemistry, but under the same requirements as men. It has a session of nine months and a graded course of three years. The number of female students has increased from eighteen in 1871 to forty-two in 1879. In the years 1871 to 1878 have been graduated eighty women. The number of male students ranges from three to five hundred.

In 1865 the Chicago Hospital for Women and Children was opened, and has for many years been in successful operation with Dr. Mary H. Thompson as attending physician and surgeon. In connection with this institution was organized, in 1870, the Woman's Hospital Medical College for the instruction of women, with Dr. W. H. Byford as President of the Faculty and Professor of the Clinical Surgery of Women, and Dr. Mary H. Thompson as Professor of the Diseases of Children, and a full Faculty of other able instructors. The graduates must have studied medicine three years, have attended two full courses of lectures, and passed a satisfactory examination. In 1875 eight women graduated. The Medical Class of 1877-78

consisted of thirty-two students. There were seven graduates in 1878.

The Syracuse University in the State of New York was incorporated on March 25, 1870, making from the outset no distinction with regard to the sex of the students. There were graduated in medicine in 1875 three women and ten men; in 1876, three women and sixteen men; in 1877, two women and six men; in 1878, three women and fourteen men; in 1879, no women and six men. The President writes that the absence of women from among the graduates of 1879 was "a mere accident," and is in no wise attributable to any evil effect upon the morals of the students from co-education of the sexes.

The University of California, at Berkeley, a suburb of San Francisco, was organized in 1868, and opened for instruction in 1869. Attendance at three full courses of five months is required before graduation in medicine, the studies being graded. Women are admitted on an equality with men, — the number of all students in each class being but ten or fifteen, of whom two or three are women. The Pacific Dispensary for women and children in San Francisco was incorporated in 1875, and is in successful operation under the management of three female physicians.

In New England, as elsewhere, during the Colonial times, much of the medical practice was in the hands of women, who, however, had for the most part the rearing of a large family as their only qualification and the sole test of their proficiency. The former prevalence of a belief that women were the proper and only qualified custodians of their own sex in child-bearing is made evident by a town record printed in the first volume of the Collections of the Maine Historical Society. The General Court, held at Wells on the 6th of July, 1646, "presented Francis Rayus for presuming to act the part of midwife. The delinquent, examined by the Court, is fined fifty shillings for his offence; and, paying the fees, five shillings, is discharged." Such evidence, and it can easily be amplified, drawn from old records, does not of course testify to any peculiar opinion on the part of the Colonists with regard to the fitness of women to practise medicine as a whole, or certain of its branches, but merely reveals customs which were founded upon tradition or imposed upon the communities by the exigencies of a sparse population in a new country.

To Massachusetts is nevertheless due the credit of establishing the first medical school for women in the world. On November 23, 1848, was organized in Boston the Female Medical Educational Society, and



incorporated in 1850. The first term of the Boston Female Medical School (subsequently the New England Female Medical College) began November 1, 1848, with twelve students and two professors. While the attendance on the school was comparatively large, only a small number graduated; the total number of graduates between the years 1848 and 1871 being but eighty-three. In 1874, while a proposition to transfer the College to Harvard University was under consideration by that corporation, the Trustees suddenly merged the College in the School of Medicine of Boston University, which is under the exclusive control of homœopaths. While this act may have involved no betrayal of trust on the part of the trustees in a legal sense, it certainly was an indefensible breach of trust toward those who had contributed funds to enable women to obtain a medical education in accordance with the tenets of the regular school. As the scope of this paper does not include an historical account of the various homœopathic, eclectic, botanic, and other schools which have admitted women to their courses, it is sufficient to state that no disturbances or other untoward results have arisen from an association of the sexes in the Medical Department of the Boston University.

Recent events, however, have drawn attention to the position of the Harvard Medical School with regard to women, and it may not, therefore, prove devoid of interest to pass in brief review the history of the various attempts which have been made by women to attend the lectures at that institution.

In the autumn of 1847 Miss Harriet K. Hunt, who had been practising medicine in Boston for several years, applied for permission to attend lectures, and was refused. Application for the same privilege was again made by the same lady in 1850. On November 23 of that year it was voted in a meeting of the Medical Faculty, at which all the seven members were present, that "Miss Hunt be admitted to the lectures on the usual terms, provided that her admission be not deemed inconsistent with the statutes." Drs. Jacob Bigelow and James Jackson voted in the negative. At a meeting of the President and Fellows of the University, on November 30, it was voted "that this Board, if the Medical Faculty deem it expedient, perceive no objection arising from the Statutes of the Medical School to admitting female students to their lectures, expressing hereby no opinion as to the claims of such student to a medical degree." These votes appeared to have removed all obstacles to the fulfilment of Miss Hunt's aspirations; but another, which proved to be insuperable, arose

on the part of the students. At the beginning of the session of 1850-51 two colored persons had been found to be among the students, and were the cause of much dissatisfaction. A few weeks later another black made his appearance, and soon after it was reported that a woman had taken tickets for the lectures. The indignation of the students now found vent in a meeting in December, 1850, at which two series of resolutions were passed remonstrating against the amalgamation of sexes and races. These were referred by the Faculty to a committee, which reported through its chairman, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, the following votes, relating to the admission of the woman, which were adopted:—

“*Voted*, that the Faculty are at all times anxious to promote the gratification and welfare of the members of the medical class as far as their duty and the great interests of medical education permit.

“*Voted*, that the female student who had applied for liberty to attend the lectures, having by advice of the Faculty withdrawn her petition, no further action on this subject is necessary.’

This concession of the Faculty to the predilections of the students was probably unavoidable, owing to the fact that the Medical School was at that time without any considerable endowment, and entirely dependent for its support upon the fees of the students. In 1866 permission to attend lectures was denied to two women who made application; and the like again occurred in 1867. In 1868, it having been reported to the Medical Faculty that women were attending the lectures of one of the University lecturers (not a member of the Faculty) by his permission, this action was declared to be inconsistent with the rules, and the women were ordered to discontinue such attendance.

At a meeting of the Corporation of Harvard University on April 8, 1878, a letter was read from Miss Marian Hovey, Trustee, offering to give the sum of ten thousand dollars, from a fund for benevolent purposes bequeathed by her father, Mr. George O. Hovey, to the Harvard Medical School, if its advantages were extended to women on equal terms with men. The Corporation referred the communication to the Board of Overseers, which has only advisory powers in such matters. At a meeting of this Board on April 10, it was referred to a committee of its members, viz. the President of the University, and Messrs. Wyman, Agassiz, Cabot, and Le Baron Russell.

On May 3, 1879, the committee presented two reports: the majority, signed by Alexander Agassiz, Dr. Morrill Wyman, Charles W. Eliot, and J. Elliot Cabot; and the minority, by Dr. Le Baron Russell.



The majority of the committee recommended the acceptance of the trust offered by Miss Hovey for the Medical School upon the following conditions : —

“ That, after the completion of a new building, women be admitted to the Medical School, as an experiment, for a period of ten years.

“ That they be not less than twenty-two years of age.

“ That the requisitions for admission and the course of study be the same as for men.

“ That the examinations for women and men shall be identical.

“ That nothing shall be countenanced which will in any way lower the standard of the school, or affect the execution of the plans laid out for its development.

“ That the courses of lectures in which students take no active part be open to both men and women ; that for personal instruction in laboratories and for recitations the two sexes be separated ; and that a complete separation be made in such subjects as obstetrics, the diseases of women, certain portions of anatomy and physiology, and the like.

“ The first cost of this experiment need not, we think, be very great ; for the present a probable outlay of twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars for additional laboratories and recitation-rooms in the new building, and an increase of some three to five thousand dollars annually, in the salaries of instructors, would be sufficient. It may be roughly estimated that a sum of sixty to sixty-five thousand dollars would amply cover the pecuniary cost of this experiment ; but should the change be permanently adopted, a considerable endowment would be required to meet the increased annual charges.

“ It should be distinctly understood, however, that the experiment can be continued only so long as, in the opinion of the governing boards, it does not conflict in any way with the best interests of the school.”

The report continues as follows : —

“ Your Committee are well aware that the Harvard Medical School owes its high standing to the devotion of its staff of professors, and that their voice should therefore have great weight in the decision of the question, and in determining the duration or cessation of the experiment. To them and to their successors the school must look for the maintenance and increase of its intellectual activity. It is a critical moment of its history. The members of its staff are all earnest in their endeavors to raise the standard of the school ; for this they have made, and are ready to make, great sacrifices. Besides the continuous need of broadening and elevating instruction, there is urgent need that the new building for the Medical School should be supplied with all modern appliances for teaching and for original investigation, without which the school cannot hold its place among leading institutions. These improvements will be costly. The professors, therefore, naturally hesitate to undertake just now a change of policy which seems, to some of them at least, of doubtful issue, without ample provision against the case of failure.

“ Of twenty-one members of the Medical Faculty, who expressed their views in writing, six are in favor of admitting women to the school with restrictions. Three are in favor of making the experiment, but have strong doubts of its expediency or

success. Seven are strongly opposed to the plan. Five are opposed, but willing to try the experiment under certain conditions.

“Of the six in favor, only one is in favor of admission without restrictions.

“Of the nine more or less in favor, four require a guarantee fund of \$200,000.

“Of the twelve more or less opposed, five consider \$200,000 as the sum necessary to warrant the trial of the experiment, if it is to be tried at all.”

The minority report, signed by Dr. Le Baron Russell, opposed the acceptance of the gift on the terms proposed.

“But while opposed to the admission of women to the Harvard School, he cordially recognizes the reasonableness of the desire for greater opportunities than are now afforded for the higher education of women, as well in medicine as in other departments of knowledge. There is reason to believe that there exist, at the present time, a legitimate demand for, and an important place to be filled by, well-educated women as physicians. The position which some of them have already taken, and the large and apparently increasing class of persons who wish for their services, make it on all accounts to be desired that means for a thorough medical education should be provided for them. This object can, in his opinion, be best attained by the establishment of a separate medical school for women, in which all the inconveniences and embarrassments attaching to other plans will be avoided, and the fullest opportunities be enjoyed by them without restraint. Such a school, while equally thorough in its requisitions with the best medical schools for men, should yet recognize to a certain extent the different paths of practice which will naturally be pursued by women, and, while neglecting nothing essential, give particular attention to those branches most important to be studied by them. A positive gain would thus be reached which could not be attained by women in medical schools for men, as at present conducted. The same system of careful examination should be required for admission, as well as in the studies throughout the course and for a final degree, as are now required at the Harvard School. The professors and instructors should be of the highest character, and nothing omitted which belongs to a school of the first rank. Many of the instructors of the Harvard School would undoubtedly be found willing to repeat their lectures and other exercises for the benefit of the school for women, and others could be obtained if more were needed. Among the large number of persons who have manifested their interest in the subject of the medical education of women, there must be many able and willing to contribute the necessary funds. The amount required for such a school could hardly exceed very considerably that said to be required for the guaranty and expenses of the experiment of the admission of women to the Harvard School, and its superior advantages would more than compensate for the additional cost.”

The reasons adduced in support of this report were primarily the danger to the permanent interests of the school, and to its large classes of male students at this stage in the attempt to elevate the standard of the school. Since 1871 a graduated course of lectures and recitations had been arranged to fill each of the three years of the term of study; a preliminary examination had been required for several years;



and the final examination for degree had been made more rigorous. The changes had proved successful in every sense ; but other changes were in contemplation, such as the addition of another year to the required term of study, and the qualifications for entrance and graduation were to be still further raised. While these modifications were pending, the report deemed it unwise to jeopard the result by introducing so doubtful an innovation as the education of women. The report further pointed to the divided opinions of the Medical Faculty, of which a majority opposed the scheme as likely to impair the successful working of the plan. It expressed a fear of the effect upon the attendance of male students on the school from the opposition of so large a number of the physicians of the State ; and a fear that opposition would arise among the male students themselves. Finally, the peculiar difficulties of co-education of the sexes in medicine were dwelt upon at some length.

A vote was immediately taken upon the adoption of the majority report, with the result of seven votes in the affirmative, and nine in the negative. As several of those who voted against the motion announced that they had done so solely because they had not had time to consider the question properly, it was voted to reconsider the motion two weeks later.

The closeness of this vote on the adoption of the majority report, and the knowledge that several of the voices in the negative might be reversed when their authors had had time to consider the question on its merits, created a great stir in the academic and medical portion of the community. The Medical Faculty was especially aroused at the prospect of being called upon to assume the education of women, which it was generally supposed would be impossible at the high figure (\$200,000) which they had specified as the minimum price at which they could safely undertake to grapple with the task. It must be remembered in this connection that the gift of Miss Hovey was professed merely in order to test the sentiments of the University and Medical Faculty. Although the \$65,000 mentioned in the majority report would probably suffice to meet the additional expense to be incurred, no fund had been provided for as a guarantee against a possible falling off of male students whereby the present income of the school might be curtailed. In seeking to arrive at a decision between these contrary opinions, it must be borne in mind that the committee of the Overseers had had the matter under consideration for a year, during which no pains had been spared to collect information from all parts

of the world ; while the Medical Faculty on the other hand had committed itself to the higher estimate after an hour's discussion.

A meeting of the Medical Faculty was at once called, and passed the following resolution, by a vote of thirteen to five : “ *Whereas*, the Medical Faculty has now engaged in radically changing the plan of study in the School, an undertaking which will take several years for its completion, and will demand all the time and ability of the teachers which are available for the purpose, we deem it detrimental to the interests of the School to enter upon the experiment of admitting female students.” It was also “ *Resolved*, that it was not advisable to open the course of study at the Medical School to women,” by a vote of fourteen to four. Under these circumstances, it was but natural that, at their next meeting, the Overseers should pass the following resolution, “ That the Overseers find themselves unable to advise the President and Fellows to accept the generous proposal of Miss Hovey,” by a vote of seventeen to seven. A long discussion ensued, which was concluded by the passage of a motion — sixteen votes in the affirmative and ten in the negative — proposed by the President : “ That in the opinion of the Board of Overseers it is expedient that, under suitable restrictions, women be instructed by Harvard University in its Medical School.” It is fair to infer from these two votes that, while the Overseers, who are supposed to give expression to the voice of the community in the government of the University, did not deem it wise or expedient to impose upon the Medical Faculty an obligation to which the majority of its members were opposed, they still remained unconvinced by the arguments adduced, and hoped to see in the future a more liberal spirit evinced by that body.

The strongest arguments on the side of the Faculty in this agitation were, that the experiment of carrying out a system of education upon which they were embarked, radically differing from those hitherto prevailing in this country, was still in a problematical stage ; and, secondly, that the cost of the experiment, including a guarantee fund to meet the possible reduction in the annual income from students, was put too low by the majority report. With regard to the first of these points, there is certainly room for difference of opinion. The system has been in operation for eight years ; under its operation the number of students, at first greatly reduced, has risen until it is now nearly as great as under the former system ; the aggregate of annual fees from students is greatly in excess of any hitherto received ; the Faculty has up to this time been unanimous in its assertion that success had



been achieved ; the whole country is resounding with the praise of Harvard for having demonstrated the feasibility of that system which all had previously admitted to be the best, but for which they had unanimously predicted failure. The addition of a fourth year to the term of study, which is announced as in contemplation, is no integral part of the new system : it does not change the method of instruction, it simply extends the amount of it. On the other hand, it is undoubtedly a measure which would tend to reduce the number of students, and therefore is entitled to weight in determining the future policy of the College. But it must be remembered that the majority report did not recommend the admission of women to the School until the completion of the new building of the Medical School, for which the Corporation has held the funds for several years. The promised elevation in the requirements of the preliminary and final examinations is a fresh indication of a laudable spirit of progress in the Faculty, but, being gradual in its application, would subject the School to no sudden strain in its operation.

The disagreement as to the amount of money required to justify the adoption of the scheme was fair ground for further consideration, and, if need be, for compromise. It was well understood that the supporters of the movement would have found it difficult, if not impossible, to have raised \$200,000 to effect their cherished aim ; yet there is no reason to doubt that half that sum, or even more, would have been freely contributed.

It has been alleged, editorially, in the columns of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, that the promoters of this movement are disingenuous in alleging as their motive for this application to Harvard, "the total lack of means to obtain a proper medical education [for women] in this country." The success of the various medical schools for women is pointed at in proof that "abundant opportunity for a good medical education for women does exist in the country." Undoubtedly, some of these schools do present opportunities for study equal, and perhaps superior, to the average schools for men ; but the Harvard School stands pre-eminent for the thorough plan of its course of study, the rigor of its examinations, and the high standard of its requirements. If now women voluntarily seek for their sex such superior advantages for study and such severe tests of proficiency as there prevail, it is much to their credit, and not a fair subject for reproach. The question of the admission of women to the Harvard Medical School is not regarded in academic circles as definitely

settled, but will probably be left in abeyance until some public-spirited individual revives it by the offer of such a sum of money as will silence all opposition on this score.

An independent movement in favor of female physicians was inaugurated in 1878 by the petition of the Middlesex South District Medical Society for the admission of female practitioners into the Massachusetts Medical Society, of which it is a section. The committee appointed to consider and report upon the petition sent to the Fellows of the Society throughout the State a circular of inquiry as to their opinions. About 60 per cent replied; of these about 72 per cent were in favor of some sort of formal recognition of female practitioners by the Society, either by their admission to fellowship, or by a certified examination by the censors of the Society. There is every reason to believe that this ratio of 72 to 28 per cent fairly represents the sentiment of the Society. The New York State Medical Society has already pledged itself to women's interests by admitting several to its membership, and a similar step has, I believe, been taken by several of the other State societies. The American Medical Association in 1878 admitted three women to its membership, two of whom were graduates of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

What, in brief, are the inferences to be drawn from the above historical summary?

(1.) That there is a wide-spread and ever-growing movement in all parts of the world in favor of allowing women to study and practise medicine.

(2.) That their claims for admission to the existing medical schools for men have in many instances been acceded to, even in countries like Germany, where there is no considerable number of applicants for the privilege.

(3.) That nowhere, except in Zurich during the two years of Russian invasion, have the predicted social, moral, or educational calamities befallen the colleges or communities. The testimony as to these points is full, authoritative, and unequivocal.

(4.) That the extent and force of the demand for the medical education of women in the several countries is in direct ratio to the general enlightenment of the people, finding its loudest expression in England, and notably in America.

No observant person can fail to admit that all the larger cities of America contain many female practitioners, who, despite their general



lack of attainments and proper qualifications for the profession of medicine, are on the average as well patronized as those of the other sex. We have reached that absurd stage — and the sooner we recognize it the better — when the burning question is no longer, Shall women be allowed *to practise* medicine? They are practising it, not by ones or twos, but by hundreds; and the only problem now is, Shall we give them opportunities for studying medicine before they avail themselves of the already acquired right of practising it? It is clearly the interest of the community to give to women the fullest instruction in accordance with the most approved systems and under the most eminent teachers; and also that their proficiency should be tested by the most rigid ordeals before they finally receive certificates. By a recognition of these certificates, and their comparative values, the community would be able to protect itself from the impositions of ignorant or fraudulent pretenders to medical knowledge.

JAMES R. CHADWICK, M.D.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

AT the suggestion of friends, Captain Pierce tells us, this translation of the *Æneid*<sup>1</sup> is added to the many already published. The bold undertaking is worthy of a gallant officer, considering the fate of his predecessors. "Dr. Brady attempted in blank verse," an eminent critic has said, "a translation of the *Æneid* which, when dragged into the world, did not live long enough to cry. I have never seen it; but that such a version there is, or has been, perhaps some old catalogue informed me. With not much better success, Trapp attempted another blank version of the *Æneid*. His book may continue in existence as long as it is the clandestine refuge of school-boys." The task has been undertaken before and since, in verse and in prose, by Englishmen and Americans, by great poets and by small politicians, with varying success; but Virgil still seems to attract translators almost as much as Homer.

The present work is a version of a kind "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," being neither the one nor the other; and may serve to justify the preference, which the authority already cited has given in another place, to poetical prose over prosaic verse, observing that a man may like brandy in his tea, though not tea in his brandy. And certainly it is well to abandon regular metre and rhyme, and give the spirit of the original in well-chosen

<sup>1</sup> A Rhythmic-prose Translation of Virgil's *Æneid*. By Henry Hubbard Pierce, United States Army. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

language, rather than to sacrifice alike Roman sentiment and English grammar in the effort to make twelve books of lines of uniform length.

To write rhythmic prose with success, however, is given to but few ; and a distinct success has hardly been attained by our translator. His version is generally faithful and his language good ; he uses neither obsolete nor vulgar words, and his sentences are often well constructed, but to make them rhythmic and resonant throughout a long book is too hard a task, and one which the greatest masters of prose have never yet attempted. Yet it is almost of necessity imposed on the translator of an epic poem. If he tries this manner at all, there is no reason for abandoning it anywhere, or for distinguishing one passage from another ; and this necessity sometimes drives him to awkward expedients, especially in inverting the natural order of words, — an inconvenience often not to be helped in poetry, but one which it should be the very object of a prose translation to avoid. The following passage is perhaps hardly fair to quote as a specimen of Captain Pierce's skill, for he has to deal with some of the greatest lines in the Latin language, any rendering of which must be unsatisfactory ; but it is a good instance of his style. It is from Anchises' famous prophecy of Rome's greatness : "I doubt not other hands more deft shall mould the living brass ; from marble carve the human form divine ; plead causes with a smoother tongue ; and with a wand celestial orbits trace, predict the rising stars : be thine to rule, establish peace, the proud bring low, the suppliant spare ; these, Roman, be thy pride !"

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.  
Hæc tibi erunt artes : pacisque imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

The English does not give the effect of the Latin, to be sure ; but before finding fault, let any one try to do better. It is more material criticism to remark that hands do not as a rule plead causes, as Captain Pierce makes them do ; and that in the passage just preceding our quotation he deserts his text without excuse in making the spirit of Anchises talk of his "weary pen." To imagine the ghost of an ancient Trojan as writing is an idea worthy of a modern spiritualist, but which surely never occurred to Virgil.

We will give one other specimen, and a better one, of the style of this translation : "As when a prowling wolf raves round some crowded fold at midnight for a fatted lamb, enduring wind and rain ; the lambkins bleat, safe sheltered by their dams : the savage beast in anger snarls at prey he cannot reach ; want, whetted by delay, still goads the brute ; his famished jaws are parching for the taste of blood." (Lib. ix. v. 59). This is very close to the original, and spirited in itself ; and such on the whole is the character of this translation. If it is not destined to live as long as the original, it is at least a work of which a gentleman and a scholar has no cause to be ashamed.







L. FRAUT



# THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

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NOVEMBER, 1879.

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## THE PARIS SALON, 1879.

### I.

THE new elections and the resignation of Marshall MacMahon, while investing M. Grévy with the presidency of the Republic and putting men and institutions into harmony, have caused the French Government to enter the stage of logic and reason. It is evident that all perils are not yet definitively averted; but the French people may be compared to a torrent which, after a rough career over many obstacles, finds rest for the moment in a quiet pool.

The Republic! This word, once so terrible, now frightens nobody. The red flag which hostile parties wave above her as a bugbear does not even scare away the birds. Men in power think that the heroic era is at an end. Not only do they abhor a Republic, revolutionary and bloody, but they desire it to be literate, amiable, learned, moral, and artistic. They omit no opportunity of proclaiming that it has nothing more to do with the street, and that at length it is fit to enter drawing-rooms.

This year's exhibition abounds, as might be expected, with emblems of the Republic. She is represented on the earth and in the air; in painting and in sculpture; seated, standing, and reclining. Nearly all these types are common, sometimes ridiculous, often ignoble; one especially is swollen and gorged, displaying an apoplectic face, red draperies, and a bloody complexion.

M. Gautherin's statue of the Republic rises above this vulgar level; the arrangement is picturesque, the features are noble, and there is style in the *ensemble*. M. François Ehrmann's Republic is elegant

also, and this artist would have been blamable indeed not to endow her with a patrician distinction, as she is represented in a large decorative panel, inviting the nations to the pacific contests of arts and industry. It was an ingenious idea of his to place the scene against the sky in a sort of airy loggia, which seems supported by winged fairies vigorously blowing through their brass trumpets to the four corners of the world the programme of the feast. There is breeze in the draperies, a supple grace in the movements and attitudes. Some postures would be somewhat venturous anywhere else save in this empyrean where the composition is floating; yet they are not unbecoming, but the contrary. We feel in them the confidence belonging to beings who are endowed with wings; who believe in the ideal, and are not afraid of what a positivist critic exasperated by these airy travels called "*les culbutes dans le bleu*." All this is light, charming, and would be perfect, were it not for that azure bath which takes away the color from the skin and draperies like an acid.

M. Jules Simon desired merely a Republic attracting the affections, lovable, *aimable*; M. Gambetta exclaimed that he would have her to be "Athenian." But to found an Athenian republic we must make the people Athenian. The republicans have been greatly helped in their projects by the results of the last Universal Exhibition. The national vanity was touched by the success of some nations whose competition France had hitherto despised. A law will henceforth make the study of drawing an obligation in all the elementary schools of France. It is plain that such a law can aim only at distant results, since there cannot be at once a competent drawing-master for each school; a new generation of masters will have to be waited for, who after having learned drawing will be able to teach it. It may be observed that, while trying to come nearer to Athens, we only make the difference greater than it was. There was no gratuitous drawing-school at Athens, and each pupil paid his master. It is true also that Athens had an indisputable advantage over us, in that she was not obliged to make Athenians in order to possess them.

When one knows the rural districts of France and the incredible ignorance of the peasants, he wonders what will be the really Darwinian evolution which is to transform these coarse electors into Athenians. Centuries upon centuries will certainly pass before that female dealer in herbs will be found, even in Paris, who corrected, and justly, Demosthenes. I want no other proof than Voltaire's statue. The artist, M. Caillé, is the laureate of a competition opened by the city









of Paris, and the prize was delivered by the most competent and illustrious men. Why is the statue so bad? Have the jury been mistaken in their choice? Such errors have occurred occasionally. Or, is the surprise to be attributed to a difference between the clay sketch and the completed work? This also has often been the case: a pleasing *magnette* and a detestable statue. However this may be, M. Caillé's Voltaire, admired with so much confidence by provincials and even by Parisians, is not the Voltaire of literature; rather, it is a provincial actor who has taken his place,—an actor who grimaces and gesticulates, anxiously afraid of not being understood. Voltaire need not give himself so much trouble: his genius is all clearness; the thought is visible everywhere under the transparency of his words. He was also too clever and too much a man of the world not to laugh more discreetly, though his incisive way of laughing was one of the most terrible arms ever invented. Dr. Strauss, in a recent book about Voltaire, says that among all other causes of destruction which undermined the past, none was more corrosive than his light and implacable irony: royalty, religion, ancient beliefs,—it caused nearly all that old world to crumble down upon us. Madame de Genlis narrates in her *Memoirs* a visit which she paid to Voltaire. What surprised her most was the mildness of his look and the gross flattery in which a man of his delicate perceptions could take delight. Never king had to endure such shameless adulation. In a court there are certain limits of taste and refinements of good breeding; at Ferney there was nothing of the kind. As he tolerated these exuberant flatteries during his life, it may be just that he should have to suffer from indiscreet flatterers after his death.

Although the exhibition of sculpture was not so interesting as it had been of late years, a really beautiful work has maintained the renown of our artists. It is a decorative piece of superb movement and very fine character, which deserved the medal of honor and received it. There is still some haziness for us in the thought of M. de St. Marceaux, when he announces that he has represented a "Genius Keeping the Secret of the Tomb." We might feel tempted to imagine that the Genius protects this secret against modern science, for he displays an ardor which is generally shown only in questions of actuality. The Genius of M. de St. Marceaux belongs to an Ethiopian type, dear to modern sculpture. As soon as travellers had restored to our race the people of Abyssinia who were made negroes by their color, the sculptors immediately opened the doors of art to

these lost brothers. The ardor of the Genius causes all the muscles of his sinewy frame to come out, so tightly he presses the funeral urn with his arms, while he turns his head aside with an expression of alarm. He seems to be looking for an invisible enemy. He has been called by a sudden *alerte*; he has come in the midst of a storm; and while his arms hold the urn, his panting and trembling body still winds about the pedestal in its whirling movement.

There has been some rumor that the medal of honor would be given to M. Falguière's Saint Vincent de Paul. This would be rather to reward the long and honorable career of the artist than his hero, who holds disputable children in his arms with an exaggerated *bonhomie*.

The statue of Arago, by M. Mercié, is a work of a very superior kind. M. Mercié is one of our best sculptors, and Arago an illustrious astronomer whose name is likewise attached to great discoveries in magnetism and electricity. This learned man was also a man of the world; he knew literature, and tried to make science popular by speaking of his studies with great eloquence, and inviting everybody to these feasts of the sky and of the earth, with an overflowing admiration of his subject which he could not keep to himself alone. He did not think science was lost because he was misunderstood. The artist has represented him standing with one hand upon a celestial sphere, while the other finishes the natural gesture of a man who explains the sky and opens its marvels. There is a simplicity in the attitude, gesture, dress, and execution, and at the same time a dignity in the whole which cannot be analyzed. We feel that science did not remain shut up in this intelligent and expansive head. We must abandon the idea of explaining such effects, which seem to depend upon a superior world of harmony; they are music seen, carved, translated into harmonic curves by a marvellous instrument.

M. Guillaume is a Greek, but a Greek of Alexandria who has been brought up in libraries and has remained literary and subjective. His statue of Philippe de Girard speaks more to the mind than to the eye.

M. Paul Dubois is a Greek also, but a Greek brought up in Florence, who would have art to be a feast at once for mind and eye. Whatever could be expressed has already been said of his busts and his portraits of children. He puts into them, with a science tried in higher problems, the most delicate sense of what is fugitive in their physiognomies; and the success in likeness is so astonishing that it resembles divination. In each new work of this class he attains a success which artists generally enjoy only in the case of their own children.



These two sculptors sum up in their sympathetic personalities the forces which have contributed to civilize French artists, by converting them from their old exclusive art-worship, with its contempt for every thing outside. They have victoriously proved that there was absolutely no correlation between a wild beard, uncouth hair, and indescribable hats on the one hand and Art on the other; they have proved that talent is not irreconcilable with good dress and urbanity, and even that genius and learning are not incompatible with these same qualities. By discovering these truths they have prepared a generation of more cultivated artists, and created that ideal which is the glory of present French sculpture and the highest ideal which man may ever attempt to reach,—the pursuit of physical and moral beauty in simplicity.

One is really astounded to think of that small Athenian people, among whom the roughest seaman in the port was a better connoisseur than the most delicate of our amateurs. What treasures would have been lost to humanity if the army of Xerxes had reached Athens! It is therefore rightly that Michelet (for whose tomb Mercié, generally better inspired, offers a bas-relief) has called the day when Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans fell at Thermopylæ the "Good Friday of civilization."

But the Greek miracle is alone in history, and we may doubt whether French peasants will ever be transformed into Athenians. It will even be difficult to make *Parisiennes* out of our peasant-women, notwithstanding the recent law which commands the building of normal schools for girls in all the *chefs-lieux de canton*. Our statesmen have often bitterly attested that women are naturally not republican: they are members of the opposition. There may be some female-republicans in M. Gœneutte's "Dernier Salut," where the hearse is passing in the street; but none will be found in M. Béraud's "Condoléances," because the burial is finished, and in the vestry where friends are crowding, people accost each other with a correct grief and politely expressed regrets.

The charming young lady whose portrait M. Saintin has painted is not a republican either. She finishes dressing and buttons her glove with a patrician hand. All her furniture comes from the fashionable dealer, just as her toilet from the most celebrated dressmaker. She is reactionary because it is the fashion; she has chosen M. Saintin because he is a painter of taste, and M. Saintin has made a faithful picture which has the perfume and charm of this distinguished person:

but we must not claim from the one or the other more than they can give, — the distinction which is at once the ideal of a woman of the world and M. Saintin's signature.

Portraits of women are as calm, we might almost say as severe, as they were turbulent of late years in color, attitude, and toilet. Some of them are entirely monochrome, and the background itself is only the low and veiled part of a chromatic gamut played on one color. There are also symphonies in white, — for instance, Sarah Bernhardt's portrait by Bastien Lepage, — or in blue, like the portrait by Ehrmann of an actress of the Théâtre Français, — which give to the pictures the charm of a strange monotony, but require the painter to be a consummate virtuoso. Some women will even be painted entirely in the penumbra, with a simple ray slightly touching one side and illuminating the contour. Such is the young woman represented by M. Cot. These ladies will not abandon, even before painters, the clever chiaroscuro of their curtains, nor the well-fitting frame of their boudoirs, where they appear like goddesses in fairy plays in a theatre full of brick and machines. The profession of a painter will decidedly become impossible, if to all the difficulties already accumulated he must add the gift of guessing at his models in the shade, and is obliged to study them with an eye which can dilate in obscurity like that of a feline animal.

The *Parisiennes* are wrong to seek after such mysteries; their royalty does not want the mysterious prestige of the emperors of China or Japan; they possess a marvellous skill in respect of their own toilet, a skill well fitted to excite the admiration and surprise of the greatest artists. What a long education has been needed to bring them where they now stand! What profound meditations! Their prosperity might perhaps be explained by that force of success mentioned by Newton, which the imagination gains when concentrated on one point. This science of small things evades masculine perspicacity. What then when they must be painted, when their charm must be shown in a few summary touches, as it is by Miss Louise Abbéma? This artist has painted a girl, Mlle. Jeanne Samary of the Comédie Française, and a young woman, with a few strokes of the brush, as a *Parisienne* knows how to dress with a ribbon. But then this ribbon is a whole poem; it has its scientific color, and is put just where it ought to be, and with precisely the proper fold.

The *Parisiennes* have subjected the world to their taste, to their whims and their fashions; and their empire, much larger than that of



the Romans, is not threatened by the rage of vanquished nations, notwithstanding the ephemeral rebellion of the Prussian ladies. This is perhaps why the lady presented by M. Carolus Duran bears the triumphant appearance of a queen who knows that she excites jealousy, and is not displeased thereby. I know not what glory there is in this picture; it is at once a victory for the lady and for the artist. The gown of white satin is brushed with dashing freedom; the impasto is unctuous and strong, and every touch upon it rings like a crystal glass. Like the preceding pictures this portrait is painted in a summary way, but with so much art that this is not visible; to discover it one is obliged to seek for the secrets of this painting, which seems to have no secrets. If pure spirits set themselves to paint, it seems that they would paint so. The great lady is affirmed by this superb attitude, as the goddess of Virgil was revealed by her gait. I believe I hear these aristocratic lips which so proudly call the nation "the people" when it votes for her friends, and "the rabble" when it votes for her enemies. As to the greenish background which M. Carolus Duran has painted with so nimble a hand, imagination may construct from it what it likes. For my part, I distinguish a great severe drawing-room, antique tapestries, closed windows, an atmosphere which has not been renewed for a long time, and a firm resolution to exclude the present, so as to live in the dust of the past. The best means of always believing in the excellence of things is not to allow them to be tried by comparisons.

It was feared that the Salon would be meagre, and that the great show at the Universal Exhibition would have exhausted the crop and impoverished the soil. In fact, many celebrated artists have not exhibited; but this Salon is original, because it contains a remarkable effort of young artists to get out of the rut and affirm their own manhood. It is, so to speak, traversed by currents of youth which indicate a sort of spring, and give hopes of harvests to be reaped in good season.

Thus, M. Bastien Lepage, whose talent has been hitherto contested, has now received the approbation of everybody for two works, by which he assumes almost the position of the chief of a school. This place has not been filled in the young generation since the death of Henri Regnault, notwithstanding the luminous pictures of M. Clairin in the preceding exhibitions, and the admirable work which M. Benjamin Constant exhibits this year, — "Evening on the Terraces, Morocco," where the soul of the East lies lulled in the sumptuosities

of a dream. These gentlemen are the heirs of Alexander ; for if old moons are broken as Henri Heine says, such stars must be made out of their pieces.

But M. Bastien Lepage wishes to awaken artists from dreams and mirages of the imagination : he is a primitive man who would bring us back to Nature. In his two pictures, "*La Ramasseuse de Pommes de Terre*," and the portrait of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, there is the same simple, almost impersonal execution, the same sincere and violent effort, the same concentration of an intensely applied mind which wants to seize upon Nature and to fix its scattered and floating beauties ; he only stops when he has reproduced all he has seen in her, and has given all there was in himself. It is evident that with such a method the "potatoe reaper" must retain her rustic grace. As to the portrait of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, it is only one more note in the never-ending concert which celebrates the charming actress of the Théâtre Français. All the world knows that she is at the same time actress, painter, sculptor, writer, and orator. We take at random two instances of her activity. She wanted to learn English, and accordingly sent for a mistress. "I have only an hour a day to give you," she said, "after the theatre, between half-past twelve and half-past one in the morning." When she began writing, her productions appeared in five or six different forms, and in as many papers. Her portrait by M. Bastien Lepage is only one whim more among those which Paris applauds with a paternal indulgence. She is represented all in white, on a white background, with white lace and white furs. It is all froth and foam ; the face and the hands alone present some darker and more substantial spots.

Nothing can be more interesting than to compare this portrait with that of Victor Hugo, by Bonnat. On the one side a simple art which is isolated and absorbed in the contemplation of its model, which forgets tradition and despises science ; on the other, an art enriched with all the resources of a man who uses the industry of a world and of centuries to accomplish his purpose.

The Salon is full of excellent portraits ; among the most remarkable we must mention those of the painter Gérôme, by Léon Glaize, and of Gounod the composer, by Elie Delaunay.

CH. GINDRIEZ.



## THE DARIEN CANAL.

THE meeting of the "Interoceanic Canal Congress" which convened under the auspices of the Geographical Society of the city of Paris, and under the immediate direction of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, met in Paris May 15, 1879. The purpose of the Congress was to consider and determine upon a route for a ship-canal between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. To that Congress this Government sent, as its representatives and to take part in its deliberations, Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen and Civil-Engineer Aniceto G. Menocal, both of the Navy. They were not authorized to commit this Government to the choice of a particular route or to the assumption of material aid in the construction of the canal. These officers are of high character, of scholarly attainments, and each has taken part in repeated explorations and surveys of the several routes for a canal across the Central American Isthmus; and were thus especially prepared to take a prominent part in the deliberations of that body. It may well have been expected by the officers of this Government and by their countrymen that their opinions would have been received by the Congress as of high value. But the contrary was the fact. The official discourtesy with which they are reported to have been received at and by the Congress, and the slight weight given to their arguments has been, to say the least, distasteful to Americans. The adoption by the Congress of the Darien route, the "through cut" for the canal, the especially French character of the enterprise, and the several public utterances of M. de Lesseps have been the occasion of many telegrams from Europe to the Press of this country, and have engendered much bitterness here. The resolution offered by Senator Burnside in the Senate, June 25, 1879, upon the subject of the canal, was ordered printed, and was referred to the committee on Foreign Relations. It called out much comment in this country and in Europe. The following is the preamble and resolution:—

Whereas the people of this Union have for upwards of fifty years adhered to the doctrine asserted by President Monroe, "as a principle in which the rights and in-

terests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future occupation by any European power." Therefore *Resolved*, That the people of these States would not view, without serious inquietude, any attempt by the powers of Europe to establish under their protection and domination a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien; and such action on the part of any European power could not be regarded "in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

Judging from the tone of the Press of this country as expressed at the time the resolution was offered and since, in regard to the project of M. de Lesseps, we conclude the sentiment it announced was acceptable to the people of the United States. For these and for other reasons, which will appear, we propose to discuss the relation which the United States bears to M. de Lesseps and his associates, or to any other corporation, not American, which has been or may be organized, and which may construct a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Central America.

It is not our intention to give a description of any of the several routes from time to time brought before the public. Humboldt names five, Malte Brun nineteen, and Admiral C. H. Davis four. Secretary Evarts, in a communication made by the President to Congress June 13, 1879, names the following routes as surveyed by United States officers under authority of Congress:—

1. In 1858 Lieutenants N. Michlar of the Engineers and T. A. Craven of the Navy made a survey of the routes by the Atrato and Truando Rivers.
2. Elaborate surveys of the same route were made between 1870 and 1873 by Commander Thomas O. Selfridge of the Navy.
3. In 1871 Captain R. W. Shufeldt of the Navy made a similar survey of the Tehuantepec route.
4. In 1872 and 1873 a survey of the Nicaragua route was made by Commanders C. Hatfield and E. P. Lull of the Navy.

Commander Lull also made a survey of the Darien route which is the one fixed upon by the Inter-oceanic Canal Congress as the proper one for a canal. On March 15, 1872, the President appointed a commission composed of General A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Engineers, C. P. Patterson, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, and Commodore Daniel Ammen, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, to examine and report upon the different inter-oceanic canal surveys and the practicability of the construction of a ship-canal across the continent. This commission made its report February 7, 1879. It examined and reported upon ten routes, geographically situated from the



north towards the south as follows : (1) The Isthmus of Tehuantepec ; (2) The Nicaragua route *via* Lake Nicaragua ; (3) The Isthmus of Panama ; (4) The San Blas and Chepo route ; (5) Caledonia and Morti route ; (6) Caledonia and Sucubti route ; (7) The so called " Dupuydt " route ; (8) The Cacarica and Tuyra route ; (9) The Atrato and Ferondo route ; (10) The Atrato-Napipi route. From these ten the commission selected the Nicaragua route *via* Lake Nicaragua, as possessing " both for the construction and maintenance of a canal greater advantages and fewer difficulties, from engineering, commercial, and economic points of view, than any one of the other routes shown to be practicable by survey sufficiently in detail to enable a judgment to be formed of their relative merits." The cost of a canal on this route Engineer Menocal gives from detailed estimates as \$52,577,718. Admiral Ammen says " a true economy will be to consider the cost of the canal, including the interest on dormant capital, as double the estimated cost of construction, — in round numbers \$100,000,000." The commission says : " The cost of construction of the canal and harbors with all their necessary adjuncts — locks four hundred feet in length and twenty-six feet depth of water — may be set down as at least \$100,000,000." Of selecting this route in preference to any other it says : " The question was in its nature competitive, the most important points being economy of construction and maintenance with a sufficient water-supply to meet whatever demand might be made in the future upon its capacity. No doubt whatever exists that the Nicaragua route will fulfil these conditions more completely than any other route considered." Of the cost of construction by the Darien route it reports : " The cost of the whole work, including that necessary in the harbors of Panama and Aspinwall, is estimated to exceed by nearly fifty per cent that of the Nicaragua route," that is, nearly \$150,000,000.

The best recognized computations of distances saved, approximate saving to commerce in time and money, and the estimated revenues to the canal are as follows : Distance saved between New York and San Francisco, 14,000 miles ; to Shanghai, 11,600 ; to Canton, 10,900 ; to Calcutta 9,600. To English commerce the saving in distance over the present route is relatively the same. The saving in distance and the relative saving in time, in reduced insurance, interest on cargoes, wear and tear of ships, freight-money, wages, provisions, crews, &c. would by the use of the canal result in a saving to the trade of the United States of \$35,995,000 ; to the trade of Great Britain of

\$9,950,000 ; to the trade of France of \$2,186,000, — a total saving to the trade of these three nations of about \$48,000,000, or a sum equal to one half of the total cost of the canal saved by them in one year. The estimated tonnage which will pass through the canal the first year is 3,094,000 tons. A toll of \$2.50 per ton would realize \$7,735,000. Add to it ten dollars per head on one hundred thousand passengers, and the gross receipts to the canal will be \$8,735,000, — a gross revenue of a little more than eight and a half per cent on an investment of \$100,000,000. This estimate of tonnage and revenue is unquestionably low. In both there would be a rapid annual increase for several years, and the tolls would be accommodated to the interests of the company. We believe the canal cannot be other than a good financial enterprise. Whether it shall cost \$52,000,000 or \$150,000,000, it will pay sufficient dividends on the investment. Tolls will be accommodated to the money expended in construction. After the canal is completed, the commerce between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will seek it whether the tolls be large or small. They cannot be equivalent to the loss of time and expenditure of money required in doubling Cape Horn. All the sea-going commerce in the world will soon adapt itself to this shorter route through the Darien canal, as it has already done to that of the Suez canal.

We gather from the European telegrams sent to the daily Press of this country something of the movements of M. de Lesseps and of the various public sayings of that gentleman upon the subject of the canal. We will give a brief summary of a few of them. June 3, it is announced that M. de Lesseps will take immediate steps to organize a company, with a capital of four hundred million francs to construct a ship-canal from Colon to Panama ; that he has secured concessions from Colombia, from the Panama Railroad Company a surrender of all rival charters, and that he will commence work on the first day of January 1880. June 15, he announced that two million francs had been subscribed for the canal in three days without advertising ; that he was then ready to proceed in procuring concessions. July 8, he stated before the Geographical Society that he did not think the canal would cost more than two hundred and fifty million francs, — about \$50,000,000 ; that the work was not so formidable as the Suez canal ; that two million francs as caution money had been paid to Venezuela. July 14, it is stated that M. de Lesseps intends to ask General Grant to take the presidency of the company. July 23, he estimated the revenues of the canal as ninety million francs, and that the company will



pay dividends of eleven and a half per cent. July 25, he stated that American support had been secured, and that nine of the chief financial houses in Paris had offered their aid for a small commission. July 30, he said in a lecture that neither England nor America was opposed to his project, and that the apparent opposition came from persons who were disappointed in their personal schemes. These are a few of the remarkable sayings which the telegraph reports as being made by M. de Lesseps, and would indicate that he is much better adapted to speak to a French audience than to the American public.

That which now most deeply interests the people of the United States is, what relation the United States under its several treaties will bear to the company which shall construct a ship-canal between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This relation we will show. In doing so we shall make extracts freely from such official papers as will convey a full knowledge of it. Our present relation to a prospective work and our future relation to a completed canal are already provided for and stated in explicit terms. If these are not found satisfactory, the treaties will have to be either amended or ignored by the United States. The Constitution of the United States has this provision:—

ARTICLE VI. . . . The Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Supreme Court of the United States holds,—

Our Constitution declares a treaty to be the law of the land. It is consequently to be regarded in courts of justice as equivalent to an act of the Legislature whenever it operates of itself without the aid of any legislative provision.<sup>1</sup>

The initiation of the work of treaty-making, committing the United States to neutrality as to the whole question of the construction of a canal, was taken by the Senate, March 3, 1835. It adopted the following resolution:—

Resolved, That the President of the United States be respectfully requested to consider the expediency of opening negotiations with the governments of other nations, and particularly with the governments of Central America and New Granada, for the purpose of effectually protecting, by suitable treaty stipulations with

<sup>1</sup> See *Foster et al. vs. Neilson*, 2 Peters, 314. *United States vs. Arredondo*, 6 Peters, 735.

them, such individuals or companies as may undertake to open a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, by the construction of a ship-canal across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and of securing for ever, by such treaty stipulations, the free and equal right of navigating such canal to all such nations on the payment of such reasonable tolls as may be established, to compensate the capitalists who may engage in such undertaking to complete the work.

In pursuance of this resolution President Jackson employed Mr. Charles Biddle for "the purpose of making inquiries into the state of the projects for uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through the Isthmus of Darien." This resolution has been at several times supplemented by one or the other Houses, or by Congress itself: if not in word it has in spirit.

December 12, 1846, the first treaty upon this subject was concluded. It was between the United States and New Granada. It contains the following provision, and is in force:—

ARTICLE XXXV. . . . The government of New Granada guarantees to the government of the United States that the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama, upon any modes of communication that now exist, or that may be hereafter constructed, shall be open and free to the government and to the citizens of the United States, and for the transportation of any articles of produce, manufactures, or merchandise of lawful commerce, belonging to citizens of the United States; that no other tolls or charges shall be levied or collected upon the citizens of the United States, or their said merchandise, thus passing over any road or canal that may be made by the government of New Granada, or by the authority of the same, than is, under like circumstances, levied upon and collected from Granadian citizens; that any lawful produce, manufactures, or merchandise belonging to citizens of the United States thus passing from one sea to the other in either direction, for the purpose of exportation to any other foreign country, shall not be liable to any import duties whatever, or, having paid such duties, they shall be entitled to drawback upon their exportation; nor shall the citizens of the United States be liable to any duties, tolls, or charges of any kind, to which native citizens are not subjected for thus passing the said Isthmus. And in order to secure to themselves the tranquil and constant enjoyment of these advantages, and as an especial compensation for the said advantages, and for the favors they have acquired by the fourth, fifth, and sixth articles of this treaty, the United States guarantee, positively and efficaciously, to New Granada, by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned Isthmus, with the view that the free transit from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while this treaty exists; and, in consequence, the United States also guarantee in the same manner the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory.

The Darien route, adopted by the Inter-oceanic Canal Congress, lies in the United States of Colombia, formerly New Granada. The treaty applies to the present Government.



June 21, 1867, a treaty was concluded between the United States and Nicaragua, of which the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth articles relate to the construction of a ship-canal across that country. The following are the provisions of that treaty most pertinent to the present consideration. The treaty is still in force: —

ARTICLE XIV. The Republic of Nicaragua hereby grants to the United States, and to their citizens and property, the right of transit between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans through the territory of that Republic, on any route of communication, natural or artificial, whether by land or by water, which may now or hereafter exist or be constructed under the authority of Nicaragua, to be used and enjoyed in the same manner and upon equal terms by both republics and their respective citizens; the Republic of Nicaragua, however, reserving its rights of sovereignty over the same.

ARTICLE XV. The United States hereby agree to extend their protection to all such routes of communication as aforesaid, and to guarantee the neutrality and innocent use of the same. They also agree to employ their influence with other nations to induce them to guarantee such neutrality and protection. . . . And no higher or other charges or tolls shall be imposed on the conveyance or transit of persons or property of citizens or subjects of the United States, or any other country, across the said routes of communication than are or may be imposed on the persons and property of citizens of Nicaragua. . . .

ARTICLE XVI. The Republic of Nicaragua agrees, that, should it become necessary at any time to employ military forces for the security and protection of persons and property passing over any of the routes aforesaid, it will employ the requisite force for that purpose; but upon failure to do this from any cause whatever, the government of the United States may, with the consent or at the request of the government of Nicaragua, or of the minister thereof at Washington, or of the competent legally appointed local authorities civil or military, employ such force for this and for no other purpose; and when in the opinion of the government of Nicaragua the necessity ceases, such force shall be immediately withdrawn.

The treaties with Mexico and Honduras provide for the construction of railroads only.

The most important of the treaties relative to the canal is that with Great Britain, known as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, concluded April 19, 1850. We insert the most pertinent portions of the treaty. The spirit of the whole instrument will be fully gained from the following extracts: —

ARTICLE I. The governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either

make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any State or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same; nor will the United States or Great Britain take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection, or influence that either may possess, with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or the subjects of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be afforded on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other.

ARTICLE II. Vessels of the United States or Great Britain traversing the said canal shall, in case of war between the contracting parties, be exempted from blockade, detention, or capture by either of the belligerents; and this provision shall extend to such a distance from the two ends of the said canal as may hereafter be found expedient to establish.

ARTICLE III. In order to secure the construction of the said canal, the contracting parties engage that, if any such canal shall be undertaken upon fair and equitable terms, by any parties having the authority of the local government or governments through whose territory the same may pass, then the persons employed in making the said canal, and their property used or to be used for that object, shall be protected from the commencement of the said canal to its completion, by the governments of the United States and Great Britain, from unjust detention, confiscation, seizure, or any violence whatever.

ARTICLE IV. The contracting parties will use whatever influence they respectively exercise with any State, States, or Governments possessing, or claiming to possess, any jurisdiction or right over the territory which the said canal shall traverse, or which shall be near the waters applicable thereto, in order to induce such States or Governments to facilitate the construction of the said canal by every means in their power. . . .

ARTICLE V. The contracting parties further engage, that when the said canal shall have been completed they will protect it from all interruption, seizure, or unjust confiscation, and that they will guarantee the neutrality thereof, so that the said canal may for ever be open and free, and the capital invested therein be secure. . . .

ARTICLE VI. The contracting parties in this convention engage to invite every State with which both or either have friendly intercourse to enter into stipulations with them similar to those which they have entered into with each other, to the end that all other States may share in the honor and advantage of having contributed to a work of such general interest and importance as the canal herein contemplated. . . .

ARTICLE VII. It being desirable that no time should be unnecessarily lost in commencing and constructing the said canal, the governments of the United States and Great Britain determine to give their support and encouragement to such persons or company as may first offer to commence the same, with the necessary capital, the consent of the local authorities, and on such principles as accord with the spirit and intention of this convention. . . .

ARTICLE VIII. The governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not only desired in entering into this convention to accomplish a particular



object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the Isthmus which connects North and South America. . . .

The President in a communication to the House of Representatives June 13, 1879, transmitted a letter by Secretary Evarts upon the question of an interoceanic canal, in which the Secretary reaffirmed the policy heretofore pursued in making the several treaties above referred to. His language is :—

The policy of the United States on the general subject of isthmian transit is understood to have been, and to be, not to undertake the construction of a ship-canal on its own account, even if the practicability of such a work at a reasonable cost were to be shown, but to secure by treaties protection to capital of such citizens as might be disposed to embark in the enterprise.

It thus appears that the authorized officials of the United States have exhausted the Spanish and English languages in the endeavor so to embarrass the Government upon the subject of this canal, that it can do no more than express an opinion as to who shall construct the canal, where it shall be situated, or whether the interests of itself or its citizens will be advanced or impaired thereby. As we now stand under the law and the treaties, the nation is tied hand and foot. M. de Lesseps, or any other individual, or any corporation, may construct the canal when, where, and how he or it pleases. While no difficulties or complications arise to molest the builders or owners, this nation must be a passive looker-on. Should difficulties arise, then this nation is unable to take care of its own or its citizens' interests unless the most flagrant provocation is offered, by which it would be compelled to appeal to military force. The nation is pledged over and over again to strict neutrality.

It is true that when the treaty with Great Britain of April 19, 1850, was concluded, the possessions of the United States on the Pacific coast had not attained any commercial importance. That is no longer the case. The Pacific States now have a large population and great commercial, mineral, and agricultural wealth. No part of the world within the last thirty years has improved in all particulars as much as the Pacific coast of the United States. Whatever our interests might have been in an interoceanic canal in 1850 is not now pertinent. But because of our great Pacific possessions and our commerce on the Pacific Ocean, the canal is now of the first material importance to the nation. So it is to those Americans who have invested and are investing hundreds of millions of dollars in the internal improvements

of this country. The welfare of the people owning these great internal improvements must be well considered by this Government in determining a policy towards the projectors and builders of this canal. We are very far from assuming that the people of this country have no interest in it. The extreme opposite is the fact. Our interest is greater than that of all the world beside. But we have also other interests which must be protected. How they shall be protected is for the Executive primarily, and for the Executive and Legislature ultimately, to determine. That they should be guarded is evident.

To assume now that M. de Lesseps and his associates will not or cannot construct the canal because of engineering difficulties and cost of construction we consider premature. If the Darien route should not be found feasible, then some other one may be adopted. If this Government remains passive, we believe he will do what he has proposed. If sufficient private capital cannot be obtained, we do not doubt but at the proper time the French Government will come forward and lend its aid. If it should do so, the expense will then be a bagatelle compared with what it expended a few years since, in the attempt to secure the control of Mexico by placing Maximilian on the throne by military force. The military spirit of the French people has in no wise abated since then, but rather it has increased. It was an indirect effort then to secure control of the Isthmus ; it is so now. The ultimate object we believe to be the same. It was and is to get the territorial and commercial control of the central portion of this continent, place a permanent barrier across it, and prevent the territorial expansion of the United States south. France meanwhile would control this commercial stronghold and this highway of commerce. The action of M. de Lesseps was too arbitrary and too immature to have been actuated solely by a desire to prosecute a financial enterprise. The motive must be looked for in some ulterior plan. In a practical view, his acts at the Congress can only be satisfactorily explained by assuming that he was acting by government advice, and under governmental influence. If we consider him the responsible party and a competent man and engineer, his acts admit of no explanation. To select an impracticable route, present it for consideration, and then force its adoption by packing the Congress with his personal supporters does not look as though he alone was responsible for the execution of the enterprise. The French Government or governmental influence must have been the moving power back of M. de Lesseps. Had this influence been that of the bankers or mon-



eyed men, they would have considered the questions of cost and dividends, and not have rushed upon and adopted the most expensive of all the routes and that which can pay the least dividends upon the capital invested. What France failed to accomplish in the Maximilian-Mexican war, it proposes to accomplish now. The ambitions of the Empire and those of the Republic in military and material interests are the same. From all the light we have, it appears that to the projectors the cost of construction and financial success were minor considerations, — the primary one being the future possession of the Isthmus and the canal. The probabilities are that the commercial value of the canal will be equal to its cost. But when considered as a means by which to attain a given result, it will be a very inexpensive work.

The anxiety the French have, and have had, to take control of this work is shown by the fact that, in 1844, Louis Philippe had committed himself fully to the construction of the canal. In 1846, Prince Louis Napoleon advocated and attempted to raise the capital for the construction of it. As one of the results of this effort by Louis Napoleon, the British Government seized the country at the mouth of the San Juan River, thus closing the Nicaragua route to French enterprise. In 1848, the government of Nicaragua appealed to the United States to protect it from English aggression. In 1850, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was concluded by which the United States pledged itself to neutrality. Under its provisions the French people now again come forward to take control of the work. The cherished plan of the Americans to own the canal, or at least to have the government of the United States hold a preponderating influence over it for their protection, was abandoned by the treaty.

The people of the United States are in sympathy with all improvements for opening great commercial highways, but in opening the isthmian canal, as is now proposed by M. de Lesseps, their interests are in many ways involved. Its construction will increase the wealth of some, while it jeopardizes or destroys that of others. It will change the channels of commerce, and will to a certain extent change the sources of wealth. It is then proper that the Government should move with caution, and if necessary with promptness, that it may secure the greatest good to the greatest number of its people. In illustration of the changes which will occur in the value of property upon the opening of the canal, we will mention one species of which the values must be lowered; by this we can reach general conclusions upon the subject. We have now one railroad from the

Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. Two more are in process of construction, and these will be completed years before the canal can be opened to commerce. The value of the property of these railroad corporations will then be hundreds of millions of dollars. We shall have three competing lines at least, the present monopoly will have been destroyed, and the transcontinental transportation interest will be well if not fully provided for. The opening of the canal will transfer the carrying of nearly all through freights from the roads to ocean steamers through the canal. By the loss of the through carrying business, they will be reduced to the grade of roads for carrying local freights, and their business will be confined to the local business in the territories immediately along the lines. The consequent loss in values in railroad property and property adjacent to the roads will bankrupt thousands of people in all parts of the country. Americans will not invest their money in this French undertaking, and will have no interest in its management or profits. The revenues will pass into the hands of Europeans, mainly into the hands of the French. While the revenues from the railroads and the money expended in their construction and operation remains with the Americans, in those of the canal they will go to Europeans and to Europe. The revenues to the canal will be paid almost exclusively by our people, and for all money so paid by them this country will be the poorer and Europe will be the richer. The commercial cities which will be built up at the termini of the canal will be French cities, and the wealth accumulated in them will be the wealth of France. But on the other hand should the Americans own the canal, and the United States hold a governmental control over it and the territory adjacent, then the aggregate wealth of the United States will not be greatly reduced. What we shall lose by the railroads we shall in part gain by the canal and the carriage by American ships.

The government of the United States of Colombia is a weak and feeble one. The country has a population of two and a half millions of all races. It is in an almost chronic state of insurrection and revolution. It possesses no power of government which would be effective in protecting the property of the canal company, or within itself to preserve order or administer justice. The Province or State of Panama is very sparsely populated, having substantially no inhabitants except those dependent on the Panama Railroad. The thousands of laborers who will be imported for the construction of the canal,



necessarily of all nationalities and of a low and vicious order,—for none others will be obtained for this work in the worst and most unhealthy climate on this continent,—will require a strong government to control them. Disturbances will be frequent, and no power will be available to suppress them. The remedy for the evil is natural and inevitable. A treaty between France and Colombia, brought about by material inducements or by diplomatic presence, will authorize France to maintain a sufficient military force on the Isthmus to control the laborers and protect the property of French citizens. This military force once there will never be removed. Why should it be? It will act as a police while a police force is necessary, and as a garrison when it shall be for the interest of France to assume the possession and government of the province. The change of the flag may be preceded by a treaty. But such a treaty would be a farce. France can enforce its wish whether Colombia is willing or not. A reasonable payment of money down will be preferred by Colombia to a war in which it has no power to resist its antagonist. To assume that France will abandon the protection of this property to so feeble a power is absurd. To believe it will abandon the possession of the territory through which this great commercial highway shall pass, when it is once in actual military possession, is still more absurd. The canal will be the one great highway, or tunnel, through which the commerce and navies of the world must continually pass. By holding it, France can hold the commercial and military interests of the United States as in a vice. To shut a tide-gate, to build and equip a fortress, to plant torpedoes, or to blow up a tunnel will cut the commercial and naval fleets of any nation in two. France, or any other European nation, would not hesitate for an hour to do this if its national, commercial, or military interests could be advanced thereby. All the treaties of neutrality ever written would not keep the canal open, if the nation in whose control it is could promote its interests or prosperity by closing it. If France should become involved in a war with us, the canal would be closed against us, and our commercial ruin accomplished in a single day. The movements of all vessels, commercial or naval, will be accommodated to the change made necessary in commerce by the existence of the canal and the shorter routes. Our commerce through the canal will be greater than that of all the other nations, and the closing of it against us would cause a loss to the United States compared with which the total cost of its construction would be a trifle.

We have mentioned a few only of the very many results which will follow from the construction of this canal by a company, under a charter, with capital, and subject to national influences and control wholly foreign and wholly French. An interoceanic canal must be and soon will be built. The commerce of the world demands it. It will be constructed under the especial oversight and patronage of some one of the Great Powers. Shall that power be France, or shall it be the United States? The indications now are that if this country remains passive, M. de Lesseps and his associates will construct it. We are tied up by treaties to a policy of neutrality, whether wisely or unwisely is now immaterial. All the Great Powers of Europe have taught us, within the memory of men now young, that when a treaty compromises or jeopardizes the honor, the integrity, and the best interests of the nation, when its provisions are detrimental to the prosperity of its citizens, or when the movements of population and wealth have made it necessary, it is proper to seek the required modifications; and if such modifications cannot be obtained, then it should be ignored. The construction of the proposed canal in the manner, by the individuals, and under the influences now proposed will seriously compromise the national welfare, reduce the United States to a low standard of influence among the great nations, and interfere with the prosperity of its citizens. It will place the ability to ruin our commerce absolutely in the power of another nation. There must be a right and honorable course to pursue in order to enable the United States to protect all the interests involved. This course, whatever it may be, should be sought out. This nation is ambitious ultimately to obtain the control or preponderance in the carrying trade of the world. Our national growth and prosperity make the ambition reasonable and consistent with former successes. But what shall be the relation of the United States to this canal upon the control of which so much of our future commercial prosperity may turn? There are three alternatives for our Government to choose from, which particularly impress themselves upon us. But it does not appear to us that each of these three will equally guard the national honor and welfare, and preserve the happiness and prosperity of the people.

First, to adopt the word and spirit of the several treaties as they now stand, to enter into other treaties with other powers pledging them and ourselves to remain neutral as to the construction of the canal, and thus leave the control of it and of the territory through



which it shall pass to any nation whose citizens shall construct it. In this manner, if it is of any value, secure protection to such capital as the citizens of the United States shall invest in the construction of the canal; or, as more explicitly stated by the Secretary of State, "to secure by treaties protection to the capital of such citizens as might be disposed to embark in the enterprise." This is substantially doing nothing beyond permitting the State Department to employ honeyed words in diplomatic correspondence upon abstract questions of international justice. It will give to the capitalist no protection for the money he may invest under this French charter.

Second, to establish naval stations upon both sides of the Central American Isthmus. To fortify and strengthen these stations so that they may be implicitly relied upon in the most severe and trying military struggles. (The harbors possess every requisite, and are sufficiently near the proposed canal to be available; coal is abundant and adjacent, and all the land in and around these harbors is owned by Americans in fee.) To connect the forts at Key West with the railroad system of the United States by the way of the Florida peninsula, thus giving us the absolute military control of the strait of Florida between Havana and Key West. With these military precautions taken, and with our vast military resources in reserve, we can protect our commerce, influence the management of the canal, and exert a wholesome moral force over the feeble power through whose territory the canal will pass. "Wherever and whenever the canal is constructed, it will become the most sensitive and vital part of our interstate and international commercial system; and we must be prepared to protect it from the evils of local revolutions and foreign aggression, to seize it when necessary and successfully defend it against the two greatest naval powers in the world." The necessity of being able so to protect and defend it is the necessity of being able to prevent the ruin of our entire commerce by the whim or hostility of the power under whose control the canal may be. If we are ultimately to fight France, as we must if the canal is constructed as proposed, to protect our commerce from ruin, it is proper that we should be prepared in advance to do so.

Third, if the United States does not see its way clear otherwise to control this canal, then we should offer such inducements to the Central American States and Colombia as will make it the interest of all the country south of the southern boundary of Mexico, west of the Atrato and north of the Napipi Rivers, — that tract of country

between six and eighteen degrees north latitude, — to become a part of the United States either as a territory or as a State in the Union. Its civil and material interests would be advanced many fold by such union. This section contains 180,000 square miles, 2,800,000 people, of whom 800,000 are white. Its resources in gold, silver, and other metals are beyond computation. Its agricultural productions are great, its resources limitless. The coffee and sugar for the nation can be produced there. In 1877 its imports were \$9,489,000, its exports \$16,872,000. All property in the new State would increase greatly in value, and all property-holders be made richer. The poor are industrious, and labor would be abundant. With such a union, the material wealth would be increased whether the canal is constructed by M. de Lesseps or others, or whether situated in Nicaragua, Darien, or by the Atrato. Whatever national wealth we should then lose in one part of the United States we should more than gain in another. The material wealth would be increased, not diminished. The increase of the population of that country would be an increase of the population of the United States. The growth of wealthy commercial cities at the termini of the canal would be the growth of this nation. The stocks representing the capital invested in the canal would all, through the regular channels of commerce, soon flow into this country. Americans would own it and the several great transcontinental railroads; the revenues from both would accrue to Americans.

This is the sensible solution of this whole matter. It is the duty of the Government to take care of the honor and wealth of the nation, and to protect the rights and wealth of its citizens, — always to go forward, never back. Certainly if the executive officers of the United States so determine, the proper and necessary negotiations to accomplish this end can be undertaken and brought to a successful conclusion. No party politics should have influence upon this question; there is no partisan element in it. We believe Congress would lend its aid and co-operation to such a national movement. The only questions involved are the protection and welfare of the United States and of the American people, — and these are wholly national.

A European company, under a European charter, with European capital, by the patronage of a European nation, proposes to construct an interoceanic canal, to take absolute control of the line of commerce through which the majority of our ships will pass, and ultimately to



take possession of the territory through which the canal will run. Upon this question the people of the United States should be heard. They should fully and freely express their views. This should be done by popular meetings, political conventions, petitions to Congress, and by letters to individual members of Congress, members of the Cabinet, and the President. No greater national question is now before the country, for it involves the welfare of our commerce. If upon full representation and inquiry it should appear that the canal ought to be constructed under its present surroundings and auspices, then let it be done ; otherwise not. In all it shall do, let the Government protect the honor and wealth of the nation, the happiness and prosperity of its people.

T. W. OSBORN.

## THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE PARDONING POWER.

EARLY in January, 1879, there was in the city of Boston a noticeable public gathering. Under a stricter government it would have been a very private gathering, if the police had not found it out and dispersed it ; but its publicity may have had one good result, if it has called attention to a grievous and growing evil. This meeting consisted of certain obscure but noisy and offensive agitators, assembled in honor of one of their number who had attained distinction above the rest by public conviction and sentence as a criminal. This person, who was accustomed to make speeches on all occasions in support of every political and social craze, exercised, besides his functions of preacher of socialism and free-love, the distinct and doubtless more lucrative trade of peddling obscene books ; for the better prosecution of which, to increase the circulation and decrease the cost of his publications, he distributed them through the post-office. For this use of the United States mails he was indicted, convicted, and sent to jail for two years ; and there he would be now, to the great satisfaction of all decent people, had not President Hayes seen fit to grant him a free pardon : and it was this act of executive clemency which his friends and sympathizers met to celebrate. The burden of the speeches made on the occasion was, that it was proper and desirable for all present to go on and break the law as their persecuted brother had done,—a result which must have been highly satisfactory to the President if he heard of it. What motive induced him to grant the pardon is not known ; and such an act is hard to reconcile with the professions of our chief magistrate as a reformer of public and private evils. Perhaps the public does not expect of him any active steps in improving the management, executive or judicial, of public affairs ; but it would seem a small concession, which might well have been made to reform, if a low criminal who had got into jail had been allowed to stay there. And, as a matter of private morals, it can hardly be less sinful to promote the circulation of bad



books than that of good wine, — which latter iniquity is understood to be severely frowned upon at the White House.

This petty culprit and his unclean offence would perhaps be best left in the obscurity where they belong, were it not that they afford an example, more striking than usual, of the abuse of the sovereign power of pardon which is so common at the present day. This power exists, and perhaps must exist, in all communities ; but there is no reason why it should be used without regard to the proper motives which should control it, or the proper ends which it is designed to serve. The power of pardon is no doubt usually exercised in good faith, and according to such ideas of right and justice as the head of the Government may happen to have. Were it otherwise, the state of society would be terrible indeed. The life, the liberty, the estate, the reputation of every subject are in fact at the mercy of the chief magistrate, and enjoyed only by his grace and favor, so long as he possesses the power of dismissing free and unharmed any person who may have injured or destroyed any of these. The reflection of what might be done with this tremendous power in bad, corrupt, and malicious hands might well move legislators to put some restrictions on it. But its exercise, however conscientious, is still too often inspired by an ill-informed and inconsiderate conscience.

He who has the power of relieving criminals from the consequence of their crimes has several interests to consider ; those of the criminal, those of the public, and those of the persons injured by the crime. The last two are apt to be overlooked in favor of the first, which is the least important. Doubtless the prisoner finds it uncomfortable to be in jail ; but that is the reason he is put there. Perhaps he is ready to promise not to offend again : he is less likely to do so if he has suffered more for the first offence. Perhaps confinement does not agree with his health : it is not the business of the State to help felons to a sanitary change of air. He may plead that he was ignorant of the law when he broke it ; but the end of punishment is not satisfied merely by the improvement of his legal education. The governor may think the prisoner sufficiently punished already, and quite reformed. This is one of the commonest grounds of pardon : it would have more force if the criminal were punished only for his own good ; but apart from this, a complete reformation is easy to be pretended, and hard to be proved. A man is sent to prison for arson ; he does not set the prison on fire ; and therefore he “appears to be fully reformed.”

But what governors and councils overlook in their tender consid-

eration of the felons is that the interest of society at large requires the administration of justice to be prompt, adequate, and above all things certain. Capture and conviction of all offenders cannot be made sure; but it is possible, and desirable, to insure that those who are caught and convicted shall suffer accordingly. As it is, an acquittal is final; not so a conviction: the advantage is decidedly with the prisoner. If a verdict of a jury is once rendered in his favor, there is no power, under any government where trial by jury exists at all, which can set that verdict aside. No mistake however absurd, no fraud or corruption however gross, can be proved in order to impeach the finding of the jury; it is sacred and not to be disturbed. But if the verdict is the other way, any fraud, any mistake, almost any irregularity in procedure may be availed of for a new trial; and when this fails, and the opinion of the jury is confirmed by the solemn sentence of the court, there remains the application for a pardon. The verdict now is not a sacred thing; the governor will treat it very uncereemoniously, if he does not agree with the jury as to the prisoner's guilt, or with the judge as to the punishment which he merits. This tampering with the functions of the constitutional tribunal, to which belongs the power to try and to punish, is as needless as it is unreasonable.

In former times frequent remission and commutation of sentences were needed to mitigate the uniform and often excessive severity of the criminal law. When the punishment of death was incurred for every petty larceny, any excuse of extenuating circumstances or good character was naturally taken advantage of to obtain a commutation of the punishment for one more proportioned to the offence. The uncertainty thus created as to the result which would actually follow conviction of any crime was one of the most pressing reasons for amendment of the law; and reformers hoped by the introduction of a nicely graduated scale of punishments for offences of different grades to insure the application of each in cases which called for it. But the tradition of granting pardons on slight grounds has survived the reason for its existence; and the thief sent to jail for six months is as much an object of pity as if he had been sent to the gallows. The sword of justice has indeed been so tempered with mercy that it has become very brittle, and the effect with which it will strike in any particular case is almost as much of a problem as ever. The penalty of the law cannot fail to lose much of its effect in deterring the criminal class from offending, when they see how easy it is to obtain a



remission. But it is not this class alone which is made worse by this inconsiderate use of the prerogative of mercy. When an arbitrary power is seen to step in and defeat the deliberate course of justice, this is not only an encouragement to others to offend in like case; but a temptation to injured parties also to take the law into their own hands. The tendency of such acts often repeated is to confirm felons in crime, and to convert law-abiding citizens into felons: a more deplorable tendency cannot be. It is certain that those who have suffered by a crime will not always bear with complacency the escape of the criminal; and they will always have a peculiar interest in his punishment, greater than that which society in general has, though more uniformly overlooked in granting pardons. Modern philanthropists often consider that punishment is useless unless it reforms the criminal; if it has an effect also in frightening other would-be criminals, it seems to be thought that no more can be asked. But public punishment exists for another purpose yet. It exists as a substitute for private vengeance. When one man has injured another, why does not that other kill him, or maim him, or beat him, or seize his property, or lock him up in a coal-cellar, or at least attempt to do some of these? Because he believes that public justice will do it for him; and if there is not a reasonable likelihood that public justice will do it, he will surely do it himself,—as he must in a barbarous community. And this it is that makes barbarism where all society is unsafe, because no one can be sure that he will not suffer on insufficient inquiry for another's fault, or for his own fault to a disproportionate extent. This it is which in many civilized societies gives the sanction of public opinion to the practice of duelling, which is merely an irregular attempt to punish offences none the less real because the law takes no notice of them.

This personal interest of the injured party in making the offender suffer has been ignored by recent law-makers. Formerly it was otherwise. By the early English law malefactors were liable to prosecution by the injured party, or, in cases of murder, by his relations; and no proceedings by the public authorities, nor pardon by the king, could interfere with this private right of prosecution. This procedure has long been matter only of antiquarian learning; but more modern legislation has recognized and provided for the personal satisfaction to be derived by the prosecutor from the punishment of the felon. After considering the way in which forgers and swindlers are treated at the present day, it is refreshing to see the view which the General Court

of Massachusetts took of these people, when it enacted in the year 1788 "An Act for the Prevention of Frauds on the Massachusetts Bank." This bank was then the only one in the State. Whoever should be convicted of forgery of its notes, or of powers for the transfer of its stock, was to be set upon the gallows with a rope about his neck, or on the pillory for the space of two hours, and should forfeit all his personal estate and the issues and profits of his real estate during life to the use of the Commonwealth (after indemnifying the Bank for its losses), and should ever after be infamous and incapable of holding any office. But this was not all. The offender was likewise "subject to hard labor within this Commonwealth for the term of seven years, to be disposed of by the Directors of said Bank in such manner and under such confinement as they shall direct, for the use and benefit of said Bank." So by a law of 1804, if a convicted thief was unable to make restitution to the owner of stolen goods, the owner might "dispose of him or her to any person for not exceeding three years," as the court might order.

Legislation of this kind has disappeared from our statute-books, but the feeling which inspired it has not disappeared from human nature; and to ignore this feeling by the reckless granting of pardons, without consulting those who have suffered most from the crimes, is to give just cause of offence to the sufferers. Pardons should be granted, therefore, with due regard to the interests of the public in general, and of the parties injured by the crime in particular; and there ought to be a strong presumption in favor of the action of the course of justice, which should not lightly be disturbed. How and for what reasons pardons are in fact granted, it is not easy to ascertain. The law and practice vary in the different States; but it may safely be said that in all the law is very wide, and there is no uniform practice at all. Very rarely is there any publicity about the matter at the time; and very meagre are the records of it, preserved for the benefit of later inquirers.

Of the pardons granted by the President of the United States no record is published or kept in any form accessible to the public; at least so the writer was informed by a gentleman lately holding high office in the Department of Justice. In some of the States a little more information is to be had from printed returns made to the Legislature; but these are very defective. A slight examination of them, however, shows some rather extraordinary results. In the State of Illinois, for instance, it appears that during a period of twenty-one



years (1856-76) there were ninety-two convicts committed to the State Penitentiary for life ; during the same period ten died, and *thirty-six* were pardoned,—that is, considerably more than one-third. Surely this indicates an awful miscarriage of justice somewhere ! Of the prisoners confined under life-sentences at the end of that period all had been convicted of murder except one, whose sentence was for manslaughter. It does not appear by the Report of the Penitentiary Commissioners, from which these figures are taken, of what offences the pardoned prisoners had been found guilty, but no doubt many of these also were convicted murderers. Can it be that they were wrongly convicted ? Is it possible that in Illinois there is one chance in three that an innocent man accused of murder will be adjudged guilty in due course of law ? And if they were not innocent, why were they pardoned ? Why was it thought fit to let murderers loose on society at the rate of three or four for every one who served out his sentence ?—for during all this time only ten convicts died ; that is, ten fulfilled the limit of their sentence, while thirty-six were released. The lesser criminals do not seem to have had the same luck ; but 118 was a goodly number to be pardoned, against 657 committed in one year (1874-75),—being rather more than one in six. Since that time mercy has been less freely shown, insomuch that last year only thirty-five were pardoned, while more than a thousand were committed ; so that now felons dribble out of their receptacles only at the modest rate of three per cent. of the whole per annum. The remaining ones must sigh for the pleasant days of five years ago, when the rate was some seventeen per cent. These great differences, under different governors, show how uncertain is the use of this arbitrary and irresponsible power.

Another interesting fact may be deduced from a comparison of tables in these reports. Recurring to the table of life-sentences, it appears that none of these convicts who were in prison in 1876 were committed before 1866, and only one before 1868 ; so that only one of the whole forty-two had served more than ten years under a life-sentence. Another table shows what had become of the convicts committed more than ten years before : four had died ; the rest had been pardoned after a greater or less time. Thus in 1863 five were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. They were all pardoned ; two after one year, one after three years, one after six and one after eight years,—the average term of a life-sentence being thus reduced to less than four years. The like process goes on very regularly ; so that the small number of life-convicts of ten years' standing is not to be won-

dered at. Statistics like these ought to have weight with those who agitate for the abolition of capital punishment for murderers and the substitution of perpetual confinement, under the plea that society is as effectually rid of the murderer in one way as in another. The force of their argument would be much increased if they could restrict the power of pardon ; but as matters now are, it is reasonable to hold to the old-fashioned opinion, that, whether as a means of getting rid of assassins or of intimidating those who would like to be such, "Stone-dead hath no fellow."

The Illinois report furnishes nothing but figures ; and these, though very instructive so far as they go, are imperfect. The table already referred to, while giving the number of committals for life during twenty-one years, gives the number of pardons only during the last fourteen years of that time. If any were granted in the preceding seven years, reckoning them in would produce a result even more remarkable than that above stated.

A better understanding of the working of the pardoning power may be had when the reasons of its exercise in each case are given, however briefly. This is, or was, done in New York. The last return made to the Legislature of that State is a mere list of cases, with no statement of circumstances, — the only fact to be learned from it being that more than one hundred and sixty sentences were remitted wholly or in part by the Governor of New York last year. The return for 1875, however, gives the reasons of the executive action in each case ; and some of them are instructive. One prisoner was let out because he had become insane and fatally ill ; this seems reasonable. A month later, his accomplice was pardoned, the remark on his case being : "Previous to this transaction he had always been a hardworking man and good citizen. *An accomplice was pardoned a month ago*, and the officials hope that the prisoner will meet with a like favor, as the law in his case has been sufficiently vindicated." The "transaction"<sup>1</sup> in which this hardworking citizen had been engaged was an assault to harm ; and he got one year's imprisonment for it instead of two, because his accomplice was a lunatic. Perhaps the doctrine that insanity is an excuse for crime has seldom been extended so far.

J. C. was sentenced to fifteen years in the State Prison for robbery ; he "faithfully served seven years of his time," which was certainly dutiful behavior ; then he became sick and his recovery was very doubtful. So this faithful servant of the State was discharged from his engagement for the remaining eight years.

<sup>1</sup> *Transaction*. The doing or performing of any business. — *Webster's Dict.*



G. W. was sentenced for forgery ; the reason assigned for his pardon was that "it is generally believed that another person should have been punished for this crime." Whether the judge, jury, witnesses, or prosecutor believed this does not appear ; but from other cases in the report it seems probable that if any of them did, it would have been stated. In another case, "the officials and neighbors are satisfied that there was a conspiracy among prisoner's relatives to produce this conviction." It is fortunate that the right of appeal from judge and jury to officials and neighbors is confined to criminal cases ; even in these, however, such an appellate court is not provided for by the Constitution.

E. B. had the misfortune to be sent to Sing Sing for larceny, notwithstanding he set up an *alibi*, which the jury discredited. But the district attorney thought the jury ought to have believed the witness ; so their little faith was properly rebuked by the prompt release of the prisoner.

One case should not be passed over without notice. The prisoner had received a sentence of ten years' imprisonment for rape. There may have been good grounds for his pardon, as it was petitioned for by the district attorney, the inspector of prisons, and two judges ; but it is to be hoped that they alleged better reasons than those stated in the record, which are each and all most remarkable : "Prisoner's guilt is questioned. *He is a colored man about sixty-five years old, and during his imprisonment has conducted himself with strict propriety in every respect.*" Of course his guilt was questioned ; but by whom and why ? It was the business of the court to answer such questions ; and it did so by a ten years' sentence. Then was it the prisoner's age, or his color, or the heroic virtue he showed in not repeating his offence while in prison, that appealed so strongly to the governor ?

Such are some of the reasons for executive clemency in New York. In Massachusetts an annual return of the same kind is made to the Legislature, and a few examples from it may be of interest. They are selected from the returns of the last four years. From these it appears that a prisoner ought in the opinion of the governor and council to be pardoned, (1) Because the testimony on which he was convicted was unreliable ; (2) Because the complainant had a bad reputation ; (3) Because an accomplice had been pardoned ; (4) Because the prisoner was more unfortunate than criminal, by reason of his taste for liquor ; (5) Because he is thoroughly reformed (a very favorite reason) ; (6) Because the principal in the crime has escaped punishment.

One most fortunate felon was released on the extraordinary ground that "satisfactory evidence was presented to the council that he was not conscious of having committed the crime of which he was convicted." The council can hardly have had any evidence of the prisoner's consciousness, unless they took his word for it. This easy avenue of escape will no doubt be largely made use of in future. "You have committed a crime," says the court, after hearing the evidence. "Oh, no," the prisoner says, "I don't think so. I am not conscious of having done so." And thereupon he goes free. If he can only forget his offence, he will find a beneficent governor ready to forgive it. It may be that those numerous prisoners who "appear to be fully reformed" have merely attained to this convenient state of mental oblivion.

In one year two men "were indicted upon evidence given by them in a case of assault that occurred on their premises, and thus an unusual if not an unfair advantage was taken of them." But they appealed to the governor, and not in vain. He regarded such a prosecution much as an English fox-hunter regards the catching of a fox in a trap, and soon released the convicts, who will doubtless take care of themselves better hereafter. Pardons are often granted because the evidence in the case was too weak to suit the governor; but this is perhaps the only instance where it was too strong.

A thief who had been in prison five months was found to be in wretched physical and mental condition. The climate did not agree with him, and as "his mother stated that she had a comfortable home for him in Boston," there was evidently no further reason for detaining him at Concord, and he was handed over to his affectionate parent to be made comfortable.

In the return for last year, very recently published, the plea that the prisoner was "unconscious" of crime appears again. The crime was committed under the influence of liquor, says the report, was wholly unpremeditated, and he was *unconscious* of his criminal act. Here there may have been good cause for the lapse of memory, in the fact of intoxication, which seems to be often accepted by the governor and council as condoning an offence. A large class of people who believe the sale of liquor to be sin, hold also the somewhat inconsistent opinion that the use of it is an excuse for sin. If there is no legal or moral responsibility for crimes committed in a state of intoxication, it has become a truth of wider application than ever that "man, being reasonable, must get drunk."



Where this extenuating circumstance is not found, "a sudden and uncontrollable impulse" will do as well. Such an impulse led a young man in Worcester County to commit — of all crimes in the world! — arson. This offence is usually thought to imply a certain amount of premeditation and preparation; it is not apt to be committed in the heat of blood or on sudden provocation; but "all who were familiar with this case believed" that the prisoner was the victim of an uncontrollable impulse "which he had outgrown." And this belief sufficed for his liberation.

Instances like these might be multiplied indefinitely from the official returns. Where there are no such returns, it cannot be doubted that the pardoning power is employed at least as indiscriminately. Publicity, even the least, is some check. But in any case there is no great publicity about the matter; very few people know of the existence of the official returns, and fewer still read them; and there is no publicity at all till after the whole matter is determined, and the mischief done. An additional safeguard would exist if every petition for a pardon had to be advertised before any action was taken on it, with the names of the petitioners. This would tend to make people much more careful how they allow their names to be used, and would make it far more dangerous than it now is to forge signatures.

Some other precautions might be taken, without requiring legislation on the subject. The judge who tried a case might always be consulted on a petition for a pardon; and the complainant who prosecuted might have notice to appear and show cause against the petition. It might be recognized as a rule that ignorance of the law excuses no one; that a drunken thief is as much a thief as if he were sober; that when a felon escapes the law the principles of liberty and equality do not require the release of his accomplice; that if a prisoner says he is reformed, it does not follow that he is; and that if he is reformed, it does not follow that his sentence is too long. If those who have the power to pardon would keep in view some rules like these, existing abuses would be mitigated; and it is in this way that relief is chiefly to be looked for. The difficulties of putting any restraint on the exercise of the power by positive legislation are many and great; but such legislation will surely be called for, and that at no distant day, if the present uncertainty of punishment should continue. In the mean time it is to be hoped that the pressure of public opinion may do something to abridge the existing privileges of the criminal classes.

RUSSELL GRAY.

## THE ART OF CASTING IN PLASTER AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND ROMANS.

### I.

THE question whether the art of making moulds and casts in plaster was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans was discussed some years ago by Mr. Charles C. Perkins in an interesting pamphlet entitled "*Du Moulage en Plâtre chez les Anciens*,"<sup>1</sup> in which he has collected various passages from ancient writers bearing more or less on this subject, and endeavored by their authority to establish the fact that this process was known and practised at a comparatively early period in the history of art. After a careful examination of all his citations and arguments, as well as other authorities which he does not cite, we feel compelled to dissent entirely from his conclusions. We do not think he has made out his case. The question is, however, an interesting one, in an archæological point of view at least, and well deserves consideration.

The only passage among the writings of the ancients which would at first sight seem directly to affirm that the process of casting in plaster from life, from clay models, or statues in the round, in the modern meaning of that phrase, was known to the Greeks and Romans occurs in the Natural History of Pliny, and is as follows:—

"*Hominis autem imaginem gypso e facie ipsa primus omnium expressit, cераque in eam formam gypsi infusa emendare instituit Lysistratus Sicyonis, frater Lysippi, de quo diximus. Hic et similitudinem reddere instituit, ante eum quam pulcherrium facere studebant. Idem et de signis effigiem exprimere invenit, crevitque res in tantum, ut nulla signa statuæve sine argilla fierent. Quo apparet antiquiorem hanc fuisse scientiam quam fundendi æris. Plastæ laudatissimi fuere Damophilus et Gorgasus idemque pictores qui Cereris ædem Romæ ad Circum Maximum utroque genere artis suæ excoluerunt.*"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Du moulage en Plâtre chez les Anciens*, — par M. Charles C. Perkins, correspondant de l'Académie des Beaux Arts, &c. Paris: 1869.

<sup>2</sup> Pliny Nat. Hist. lib. xxxv. ch. xii.



Mr. Perkins, following in substance other translators, thus freely translates and develops this passage : —

“Lysistrate de Sicyone fut le premier à prendre en plâtre des moules de la figure humaine. Dans ces moules il coulait de la cire, puis il corrigeait ces masques de cire d’après la nature. De la sorte, il atteignit la ressemblance, tandis qu’ avant lui on ne s’appliquait qu’ à faire de belles têtes. Lysistrate imagina aussi de reproduire l’image des statues, procédé qui obtint une telle vogue, que depuis lors ni figure ni statue ne fut faite sans argile, et l’on soit en conclure que ce procédé est antérieur à la fonte du bronze.”

If this translation be correct, there seems to be no doubt either that Pliny was mistaken, or that the ancients knew and practised the modern art of casting in plaster.

Is then this translation correct? It seems to us to be an utter misapprehension of the whole meaning of the passage. Pliny says nothing about moulding or casting, and thus to translate and amplify the words he does use is to assume the very facts in question. What he really says is *literally* as follows : —

“Lysistratus of Sicyon, brother of Lysippus of whom we have spoken, first of all expressed the image of a man in gypsum from the whole person (that is, made full length portraits), and improved it with wax or color [for, as we shall see, *cera* means both] spread over the form. He first began to make likenesses, whereas before him the study was to make persons as beautiful as possible. He also invented expressing effigies from statues; and this practice so grew that no statues or signa [which were full-length figures either painted, modelled, cast in bronze, or executed in marble] were made without white clay. From which it would seem that this science or process was older than that of casting in bronze. The most famous modellers were Dampophilus and Gorgasus, who were also painters, and who decorated the temple of Ceres at Rome with both branches of their art.”

The first sentence, thus literally rendered, it will be perceived, has in many respects the same ambiguity in English as in Latin. The words “image,” “expression,” and “form” have all a double signification, and the question is what is their true meaning in this connection.

If it can be shown that this passage neither describes nor proposes to describe the process of casting in plaster, as we understand that phrase, the keystone of the whole argument that it was known to the ancients falls out. No other writer directly asserts that such a knowledge or practice existed, and all allusions to this matter contained in any ancient author are purely collateral, and have no force in themselves. Further, some well-known facts which we shall have

occasion to bring forward later are entirely opposed to the probability of such a knowledge and practice.

It is upon this passage in Pliny, then, that the whole case depends. Now, in a doubtful and obscure question like this, dependent upon the statement of any single author, we have a right to claim three things : first, that the statement should be clear and fairly susceptible of only one explanation ; second, that it should not be contradicted by a subsequent statement immediately following ; third, that the author himself should be trustworthy.

And in the first place, as to the author. The "Natural History" of Pliny is certainly a most interesting, amusing, and in many respects valuable book, but quite as certainly it is one of the most inaccurate that ever was written, abounding in half-knowledge, second-hand information, legendary statements, and rubbish of every kind. It is, in a word, the commonplace book of an agreeable, gossiping man, of a wide reading, who took little pains to be accurate, who reported every thing he heard with slight examination, who was exceedingly credulous, and who accepted as truth and fact the most ridiculous stories. All is fish that comes to his net. In his chapters relating to artists and art he is singularly devoid of judgment or accurate knowledge ; he constantly confuses things together which have no relation to each other, often contradicts himself, and becomes at times utterly unintelligible. Yet we are forced to turn to Pliny, to give a weight and authority to his words upon art, and to own a deep debt of gratitude to him, — not because he is trustworthy, but simply because he alone of all the ancient authors, with the exception of Pausanias, has given us a detailed account of the statues and artists of antiquity. His account of the ancient artists and their works is the fullest we have, and adrift as we often are in a wide sea of conjecture, we are glad to seize upon any straws and fragments "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*" of blankness and doubt ; seizing here a bit from Pausanias, Herodotus, or Lucian, there a waif from Cicero, or a floating fragment from one of the great tragic poets, and glad enough to get upon any such raft as that which Pliny gives us, however leaky and rickety. But seaworthy or trustworthy in emergencies Pliny certainly is not.

In the next place, as to the passage under discussion. So far from its being clear and distinct, its obscurity, confusion, and apparent contradiction are so great as to have baffled every effort to explain it satisfactorily ; and Dr. Brunn, one of the most accomplished of archæologists, in his history of Greek art, finding it impossible to rec-



concile the different sentences, does not hesitate to treat a portion as interpolation, or at least out of place where it appears. Two views are to be taken of the process described by Pliny. First, that by the term *cera* he means wax; and second, that he means color. Taking the first view, let us now consider the passage in question sentence by sentence, and endeavor to unravel its real meaning. Lysistratus, first of all, made likenesses of men in gypsum from their whole figure (that is whole-length portraits), and improved them with wax (or color) spread over the form (core or model) of gypsum. "Imaginem gypso e facie ipsa expressit" are the words of Pliny which Mr. Perkins in common with other translators supposes to mean "made moulds in plaster from the face," — "prendre en plâtre des moules." But this simple phrase cannot be twisted into such a meaning. "Exprimere," according to Forcellinus, is "effingere, representare, assomigliare, *ritrarre dal vivo*." "Exprimere" alone would therefore, be, according to this last definition, to make a portrait from life. The additional words, "imaginem e facie ipsa," make this meaning still stronger. "Imaginem" means a full-length figure or likeness, and not a mould, as would be required by Mr. Perkins's translation. "Exprimere imaginem" cannot be forced to mean "made a mould," whether in gypsum or in any other material. Suppose we translate the words literally "to express an image in plaster," and interpret "image" to mean mould, it is plain that the phrase is wrong: it should be *impress* and not *express*. You cannot express a mould. It is impressed on the face. In like manner when Plautus says "expressa imago in cera," or "expressa simulacra ex auro," he means making a portrait in color or in gold. Again "facies" does not mean face, but the total outward shape, appearance, or figure of a man. "Vultus" is the proper term for face, and is so used by Pliny himself; as when he speaks, for instance, of the portraits of the head of Epicurus, as "vultus Epicuri," and distinguishes them from the full-length figures of athletes, "imagines athletarum," with which the ancients adorned their palæstra and anointing rooms. In fact, the whole chapter in which this passage occurs relates to portraits, and is entitled "honus imaginum." If there could be any question on this point, it would be settled by a passage in Aulus Gellius (13. 29), in which he defines "facies" as the build of the whole body, "facies est factura quaedam totius corporis;" and Cicero, who in his treatise "De Legibus" (1. 9) says "that which is called 'vultus' exists in no living being except man," — "Is qui appellatur vultus nullo in animante esse præter

hominem potest.”<sup>1</sup> So Virgil in “rivos ducent de marmore vultus” means the face. “Imago,” on the contrary, and “facies” mean the whole figure; only “facies” means the real figure, and “imago” the imitation of it. Pliny himself so invariably uses them, and in one of his letters (ep. 7. 33, 2) he recommends that we should be careful to select the best artist to make a full-length likeness, — “Esse nobis curæ solet ut facies nostra ab optimos quoque artifice expremetur.” By the word “expremetur,” he certainly does not refer to casting. So mechanical an operation as this surely does not require the best of artists. “Imaginem e facie ipsa” means therefore a full-length likeness.

Again, “infundere” does not necessarily mean pour in, but is quite as often used in the sense of poured over or spread on; as when Ovid says, “infundere ceram tabellis;” or where Virgil says, “campi fusi in omnem partem,” or “sole infuso terris;” or again where Ovid uses the phrases “collo infusa mariti” or “nudos humeris infusa capellos,” it can only mean spread over. Wax cannot be poured into a flat surface like a tablet, or hair poured into shoulders.

Mr. Perkins, with Forcellinus before his eyes, after citing his definitions of “exprimere” says: “Explications qui toutes rentrent dans l'idée de représenter, de reproduire, de prendre sur le vif, comme on dit en français, et par conséquent dans l'idée du moulage.” But “ritrarre dal vivo” means nothing more than to make a portrait from life, whatever “prendre sur le vif” may; nor can any one of Forcellinus's definitions be tortured into any allusion to casting. “Mais,” he goes on to say, “cette idée surtout est accusée dans Tacite, qui dit en parlant d'un vêtement que dessinait les formes, un vêtement collant ‘*vestis artus exprimens*.’” But surely this phrase means simply a garment expressing, or as we should say showing, the limbs, and has nothing more to do with “casting” than “*dessinait les formes*” has to do with drawing, or a “*vêtement collant*” has to do with glue. He also thinks another phrase used by Pliny — “*expressi cera vultus*” — has a similar significance. If all our metaphors are to be subjected to this strict test, we must be very careful what we say. Yet these and similar examples, which he says he could multiply “*peuvent suffire*,” he says “pour nous autoriser à croire que Pline a voulu dire que Lysistrate était l'inventeur de la reproduction des statues par le plâtre, en d'autres termes qu'il était le premier qui avait eu l'idée de

<sup>1</sup> So also Tronto in his “*De differentiis Vocabulorum*,” published by Cardinal Mai from palimpsests, says: “*Vultus proprie hominis — os omnium — facies plurium.*”



se servir du gypse pour mouler." This, to say the least, is going very far. What would he think with such philologic views of this phrase, "vera paterni oris effigies," or "rivos ducent de marmore vultus," or "infans omnibus membris expressa?" Or to take an English line, what would he make of —

"The express form and image of the King"?

But if Pliny meant casting, why did he not use the appropriate Latin word for that process, — "fundere"? In the subsequent sentence, speaking of casting in brass, he says "fundendi aeris." "Fundere" meant "to cast," not "exprimere."

Besides, let us look at the practical difficulty in this process. After the moulds were made and the wax cast into them, as Mr. Perkins interprets Pliny to mean, we have still only wax impressions, and not plaster castings. And how were they got out of the mould after they were cast? We, in modern times, have learned no method of doing this; we should be obliged first to make the mould in plaster, then to make a cast in plaster in that mould, then on that cast to make a piece-mould with sections to take apart, — an elaborate process; and then we could get a wax cast, but not before. The fact that the cast mentioned by Pliny (supposing he means a cast) is in wax, not only quadruples the labor and skill required by the caster, but the process would be impossible, or next to impossible, if it were simply as he is supposed to describe it. If the cast were in plaster, it would resist, so that the mould could be broken off from it in bits; but with wax this would be entirely impracticable.

Let us still further consider the phrase "ceraque in eam formam gypsi infusa emendare instituit." What does "cera in eam formam infusa" mean? Simply to cover or spread wax (or color) over that model; just as Ovid says "infundere ceram tabellis," to spread wax over the tablets, not to pour wax into the tablets, for that was impossible, they being flat surfaces, nor to cast them. Again, Pliny does not say that Lysistratus introduced the practice of spreading wax over a core, or of pouring wax into a form, or casting; but only of improving the likenesses, or working them up in the wax after it was spread over the plaster: "instituit emendare," he says, not "instituit infundere." *Formam* here has not the signification of mould but of model or image. Undoubtedly the term "forma" in Latin was used to signify a mould as well as a cast, or a model, or a form; and in this respect it had the same ambiguity that the corresponding

term "mould" and "form" have in English. A "form" is a seat, as well as a shape and a ceremony. A "mould" is constantly, though improperly, used to signify a model or the thing moulded, as well as the real mould in which it is cast; and the phrase "to model" and "to mould" are often used as synonymes. So "forma" was used sometimes in its primary significance of figure, shape, and configuration, as when Quintilian says, "Eadem cera aliæ atque aliæ formæ duci solent." Various shapes may be given to the same wax; sometimes in the sense of images, as when Cicero speaks of "Formæ clarissimi morum," the images of distinguished men; sometimes to mean a model or shape over which a thing is wrought, as a shoemaker's last,—"Si scalptra et formas non sutor emat," as Horace says; and sometimes as a hollow mould in which bronze is cast, as for instance when Pliny says, "Ex iis (silicibus) formæ fiunt in quibus æra funduntur,"—"from these pebbles moulds are made in which brass is cast." But when used in this sense it will be observed that Pliny employs the term "fundere," to cast, and not "exprimere," nor "emendare." The word "forma" as used here would then probably seem to mean a last, model, or core, like the shoemaker's last, on which the wax was spread for the purpose of emending or improving something. What is that something which Pliny tells us he improved by this means? What can it be except the "imaginem," the likeness? There is no other word to which "emendare" can refer. If then we understand the passage as meaning that Lysistratus modelled a likeness in gypsum, and then improved it or finished it in wax which he spread over the gypsum, the statement is quite intelligible, and not a word is warped from its correct meaning. If we adopt, however, the other interpretation, we must force "imaginem gypso expressit" to mean he made a mould in gypsum, contrary to the direct meaning of the words; and by means of wax poured into that mould (making *formam* equivalent to *imaginem*, and referring to it) he emended, or improved—something. What? Why, the mould,—which is absurd. Again, we cannot begin by making "imaginem" mean the cast, before the "formam" or mould is made; not only because the practical process is thus reversed, but because then we should have a cast in plaster made by means of wax poured into the mould, which is even more absurd. Taking "forma" to have in this sentence any of its meanings except "mould," we have no difficulty in understanding it; taking it to mean "mould," we are forced to change the primary significance of "imaginem" and "expressit," and are involved in very serious questions.



In addition to these considerations, it must not be forgotten that this cast of gypsum, according to Mr. Perkins's interpretation of the sentence, was made not of the face alone (*vultus*), which is by no means an easy process, but of the whole figure (*facie*), which is a very hazardous one, and to which, with all the knowledge and experience of the present day in casting, few people would be willing to submit.

A passage of Alcimus Avitus, in his poem "De Origine Mundi" (lib. 1, 6, 75), throws a clear light on the process which seems here to be described as the invention of Lysistratus: —

"Hæc ait, et fragilem dignatus tangere terram  
Temperat humentem conspersa pulvere limum  
Molliturque novum dives sapientia corpus  
Non aliter quam opifex diuturno exercitus usu.  
*Flectere laxatas per cuncta sequacia ceras*  
*Et vultus complere rudes aut corpora gypso*  
*Fingere* vel segni speciem componere massa  
Sic Pater Omnipotens."

Here we have the body modelled (*ingere* is to model) in gypsum, and the "ductile cera" spread over all the undulations, and the rude face finished, just as Pliny describes it.

Let us now consider the next sentence in which he says, "Hic et similitudinem reddere instituit, ante eum quam pulcherrimum studebant." This certainly has nothing to do with casting. It is very important as throwing a reflex light on the previous sentence. The whole stress of the passage is to bring out the fact that Lysistratus made portraits. He used a peculiar process, perhaps, but his speciality was that he made portraits from life ("imaginem hominis e facie ipsa") which he worked up in wax ("emendare cera"); and not only this, but his portraits were exact likenesses ("similitudinem reddere instituit"), and not merely ideal figures like those of the artists who preceded him ("quam pulcherrimum ante eum facere studebant").

A slight glimpse at the history of art will clear up this matter. In the early period of sculpture, only statues of divinities were made, and up to a comparatively late time these archaic figures were copied for religious and superstitious reasons, and the old formal hieratic type was strictly observed. It was not until the fifty-eighth Olympiad that iconic statues began to be made in honor of the victors in the national games, and these for the greater part were rather portraits of the peculiarities of general physical developments than of the face. Portrait statues of distinguished men now began to be made, but they were very few in number and only exceptionally allowed by the State.

The first iconic statues, representing Harmodius and Aristogeiton, were made in 509 B.C. by Antenor. Phidias followed (480 to 432 B.C.), and during his period the grand style was in its culmination, and for the most part divinities or demi-gods only were thought worthy subjects for a great sculptor. Iconic statues were, however, executed during this period; and among the legendary heroes and divinities which formed the subjects of the thirteen statues erected at Delphi and executed by Phidias out of the Persian spoils, the portrait of Miltiades was allowed.<sup>1</sup> The erection of public portrait statues was, however, very rarely allowed, and the introduction by Phidias of his own portrait and that of Pericles among the combatants wrought upon the shield of his ivory and gold statue of Athena occasioned a prosecution against him for impiety. It is said that Phidias, in his statue of a youth binding his hair with a fillet, made the portrait of Pantarces, an Elean who was enamored of the great sculptor and who obtained the victory at the Olympian games in the eighty-sixth Olympiad (B.C. 435). But this story which is given by Pausanias rests, even by his own account, purely on tradition, and was apparently founded upon a supposed resemblance between Pantarces and the statue. Portraiture in its true sense, however, now began, and soon after the death of Phidias, about the ninetieth Olympiad, Demetrius obtained celebrity as a portrait sculptor. He it was who first seems to have introduced the realistic school of portraiture, copying so carefully from life, particularly in his likenesses of old persons, that he was reprov'd for being too faithful to Nature. Quintilian accuses him of being "nimius in veritate" (xii. 10), and Lucian in his "Philopseudes" calls him an *ἀνθρωποποιός*; and, describing a statue by him of Pelichus the Corinthian, says it was *αὐτοῦ ἀνθρώπου ὁμοῖον*, — like the very man himself. Callimachus, also, at the same period obtained the nickname of *Κατατηξιτέχνος*, on account of the extreme detail and finish of his works. These artists flourished nearly a century before Lysistratus; and Pliny therefore is incorrect in his sweeping statement that before the time of Lysistratus sculptors had only endeavored to make their statues as beautiful as possible, and not to give accurate portraits. Still, these men must be considered as exceptions to the general practice, and it was not until the time of Alexander that portrait-sculpture in the sense of accurate likeness

<sup>1</sup> According to Æschines, in his oration against Ctesiphon, Miltiades desired that his name should be inscribed on this portrait statue which was placed in the Pæcile; but the Athenians refused their permission.



was developed. Up to that period it still was heroic, generalized, and ideal in its character, with comparatively little individuality or detail. The portrait statues, for instance, of the Royal Family by Leochares (372 B.C.), and that of Mausolus (about 350 B.C.) on the famous Mausoleum erected by Artemisia, were treated in this style. Lysippus, however, during the reign of Alexander of Macedon, by his great talent gave a new impulse and development to the school of portraiture, and while retaining the heroic character he gave a more realistic truth to his works. Pliny speaks of him as distinguished for the finish of his work in the remotest details, — “*argutiae operum custoditae in minimis rebus.*” In his portraits of Alexander he represented even the defects of his royal patron, such as the stoop of his head side-ways. Such was his skill, that Alexander declared “that none but Apelles should represent him in color, and none but Lysippus in marble.” Lysistratus was the brother of Lysippus, and Pliny says that he introduced the practice of making portraits which were not merely heroic and ideal likenesses, but faithful representations of the real men. In attributing to Lysistratus the introduction of this practice of individual portraiture, Pliny undoubtedly goes beyond the real facts. He did not introduce the practice, he merely developed it by a peculiar process, giving additional verisimilitude thereby. This process was by modelling roughly the likeness in plaster, and then finishing the surface and details in the *cera* with which he covered it.

In painting, the sphere of portraiture was larger than in sculpture, and subject apparently to no such restrictions. The earliest portrait on record by any great painter was neither of hero, philosopher, nor athlete, but of Elpinice, the daughter of Miltiades and the mistress of Polygnotus, who painted her portrait as Laodice, one of the daughters of Priam, in his famous picture representing the “Rape of Cassandra,” in the Pœcile at Athens. This picture was executed about 463 B.C. when Elpinice must at least have been thirty-five years of age. Dionysius of Colophon was also a distinguished portrait-painter and celebrated for his excessive finish. Nicephorus Chumnus, the grammarian, describes Apelles and Lysippus as making and painting *Ζῶσας εἰκόνας καὶ πνοῆς μόνῃς καὶ κινήσεως ἀπολειπόμενας*, — being likenesses only wanting breath and motion. For one of his portraits of Alexander he received twenty talents of gold (£5,000), which was measured, not counted, out to him. He also painted the portraits of Campaspe and Phryne in the character of Venus, taking the face from

Campaspe and the nude figure from Phryne. Speaking of Apelles, Pliny himself relates in his 36th book that "he painted portraits so exact to the life that one of those persons called *Metoscopi*, who divine events from the features of men, was enabled, on examining his portraits, to foretell the hour of the death of the person represented." And this monstrous story Pliny apparently accepts. At all events, he does not question it. Parrhasius, "the most insolent and arrogant of artists," says Pliny, "painted a portrait of himself and dedicated it in a public temple to Mercury; and though the Athenians had publicly proceeded against Phidias for so doing, they allowed it to Parrhasius, thus plainly showing that the dignity of sculpture was higher than that of painting."

But to return from this digression to the consideration of the passage of Pliny relating to portraiture in modelling and sculpture. In the sentence immediately following, Pliny goes on to say, "*Idem et de signis effigiem exprimere invenit, crevitque res in tantum, ut nulla signa statuæve sine argilla fierent,*" — Lysistratus also made copies from statues, and this practice came so into vogue that no statues in brass or marble were made without white clay. What the meaning of this sentence is we can only guess; as it stands, it is quite unintelligible. Perhaps he intended to say that Lysistratus set the fashion of making small copies in clay or terra cotta of all the statues that were executed. But it is quite possible that he meant nothing of the kind. It is plain, however, that if he had already invented casting in plaster, it would have been very unnecessary to copy statues in clay, except for the purpose of reduction to statuettes. Mr. Perkins thinks he may have intended to speak of "*esquisse d'argile [maquettes] dont se servent les sculpteurs comme point de depart, esquisse reproduite plus tard en marbre et avec la mise aux points.*" But there was nothing new in this; and certainly Lysistratus could not be said to have invented, or set the fashion of, a process which certainly had been employed very long before his time. And again, why make a small statue in clay and enlarge it proportionally in marble, if you can make it at once in full size and cast it? Nor does Mr. Perkins seem to be aware that in adopting this view, and translating as he does "*de signis effigiem exprimere,*" — to make a small model or maquette in clay, — he abandons his explanation of the sentence referring to gypsum. For, if "*effigiem argilla exprimere*" mean as he says to make a model in clay, why does not "*imaginem gypso exprimere*" mean to make a model in plaster? Besides, the fact that Pliny applies the



same terms to a process in clay as to one in plaster puts at once an end to the matter so far as the question of casting goes. Clay is not a material to cast with in any proper sense of that term.

Another objection to this interpretation that Pliny meant a maquette, "esquisse," or sketch is that "effigies" does not mean sketch. It carried with it nearly the significance of our own word effigy, — of great reality of imitation. "Imago" was vaguer in its meaning, and might mean a delusive resemblance as by painting; but "effigiem" was ordinarily employed to designate a more absolute imitation. Thus Cicero says, "Nos vere juris germanae justitiae que solidam et expressam effigiem nullam tenemus. Umbra et imaginibus utimur."<sup>1</sup> And again, "Consectatur nullam eminentem effigiem virtutis sed adumbratam imaginem gloriae." "Effigies" would, therefore, carry no such idea as that of sketch.

Besides, not only "effigies" is not the correct word for sketch, but Pliny would scarcely have used it in this sense, when immediately afterwards speaking of the sketches of Arcesilaus, which he sold for more than the finished works of other artists, he employs the appropriate term for sketches, — *proplasma*. In the translation of Pliny, published by Mr. Bohn, and made by Mr. Bostick and Mr. Riley, this term is translated "models in plaster;" but it simply means sketches or antijicta, in whatever material they were made. The words *plastae* and *plasma* have nothing to do with plaster. *Plastae* were simply modellers, and *πλαστική* the art of modelling, — the plastic art.

Again, Pliny would scarcely have intended to say that Lysistratus invented modelling sketches of statues in clay before executing them in plaster, since he tells us explicitly that Pasiteles used to say that *plastice* was the mother of *statuariæ sculpturæ et cœlaturæ*; and, though he was distinguished as first in all these arts, he never executed any thing in them until he had first modelled it in clay, — "*nihil unquam fecit, antequam finxit.*"

Before leaving this sentence, let us take a different view of its possible meaning. May he not use the words *signa* and *signis* to mean pictures and not statues? Undoubtedly it had this signification, as where Plautus speaks of a "*signum pictum in parieti,*" — a "picture painted on the wall;" or where Virgil speaks of a "*pallam signis auroque rigentem,*" — a mantle stiff with embroidered figures and gold. In this sense the passage would mean that Lysistratus made effigies from pictures as well as from statues, and that thenceforward not only

<sup>1</sup> See Cicero ad Atticum, xii. 41.

no statues but no pictures were made without being copied in bas-relief, or in the round, argilla, or white clay. This would account for the use of the word "effigiem," which has a stronger significance of reality than "imaginem."

The succeeding sentence is even more obscure ; and, unless it be interpolated or out of its proper place, is quite unintelligible. In the connection in which it now stands it is absurd. It is as follows : " Quo apparet antiquiorem hanc scientiam quam fundendi æris ;" by which it seems that this knowledge or practice was older than that of casting in bronze. What is the "scientiam" to which he refers ? He has previously only spoken of two : first, that of making portraits in plaster and wax ; second, that of making copies of statues in clay, — both, as he says, invented or introduced into practice by Lysistratus. But to say that that artist could have invented any process older than that of casting in bronze is not only ridiculous in itself, but inconsistent with what he has previously told us ; since at least two centuries previous to the time of Lysistratus, Rhœcus and Theodorus of Samos — as we learn from Pausanias, Herodotus, and even Pliny himself — exercised the art of casting in bronze. Pausanias,<sup>1</sup> indeed, tells us that these sculptors invented this art ; but Pliny, with his usual inaccuracy and carelessness, says that they invented "plasticen," or the art of modelling (" In Samo primos omnium plasticen invenisse Rhœcum et Theodorum," ch. xxxv.), — an art which from the very nature of things must have been practised from the very earliest and rudest ages, from the time almost when the first child made the first mud-pie.

Dr. Brunn,<sup>2</sup> in commenting on this passage in Pliny, accepts the first sentence as describing the art of casting in plaster, but, finding it impossible to reconcile it with the subsequent sentences, ingeniously suggests that it was an addition inserted in the margin, and afterwards interpolated into the text by the copyists in the wrong place. Throwing out this first sentence about Lysistratus from this place, he still accepts it and interprets it to mean that Lysistratus invented the art of casting. The subsequent sentences he connects with a previous passage in Pliny, in which he gives an account of Dibutades of Sicyon, a potter by trade, and relates the legend that this artist drew the outline of the face of a girl whom he loved from her shadow on the wall, and his father pressed clay upon it within those outlines, and made a *typum* which he baked. The passage, according to Dr. Brunn, then

<sup>1</sup> iii., 12, § 13 ; viii., 14, § 5.

<sup>2</sup> Geschichte der Griechischen Künstler, vol i., p. 403.



would continue: "He [Dibutades] also invented the making of effigies from signa, and this practice so increased that thenceforward no statues or signa were made without argilla; so that it appears that this art was more ancient than that of casting in bronze." By accepting this suggestion of Dr. Brunn we certainly relieve Pliny of the absurdity of stating that any "scientiam" or practice invented by Lysistratus was older than casting in bronze, since centuries before his time bronze figures of colossal proportions had been cast. But even supposing these sentences to refer to Dibutades and not to Lysistratus, they are far from being clear or accurate. Is it possible to believe that, while the making of brick and earthenware utensils and fictile vases is so ancient that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, no person previous to Dibutades had ever attempted to model a figure or face in clay, or to put it into a furnace and bake it? All history is against such a supposition. Images in *terra cotta* were made by the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, and Ephesians centuries before Dibutades. The ancient Etruscan *terra cotta* previous to his epoch were scattered, as Pliny himself says, all over the world: "Signa Tuscanica per terras dispersa." The capitol was decorated with earthen statues at the time of the first Tarquin, and Pausanias mentions many clay statues of gods and demigods executed in the earliest ages of Greece itself.

Again, by the very passage itself it is clear that Pliny himself admits that there were *signa* and *statuæ* already existing at the time of Dibutades, of which he first made effigies. What did Dibutades invent? Certainly not the art of modelling in clay, or of baking the clay. His statement, also, that thenceforward no statues were made without clay, is scarcely intelligible, unless we suppose him to mean that clay models were made thenceforward before executing statues in stone or other materials. But he does not say this. Again, he cannot mean that Dibutades first invented taking impressions from indented outlines, or *intaglii*, for this was as old as the first primitive seal, and was no more invented by Dibutades than by Lysistratus.

Dr. Brunn interprets the statement in respect to Dibutades as showing that he was probably the first inventor of casting, at the same time that he also interprets the sentences referring to Lysistratus as declaring that he first invented casting, — the only difference being that the process of the one was in clay, and of the other in plaster.

But is it clear that Dibutades, according to Pliny, ever made even a

stamp in clay from indented outlines on the wall? The passage is ordinarily so interpreted, but is this interpretation correct? Pliny says that Dibutades, having traced the shadow on the wall in outline, his father impressed clay within that outline, and thus made a *typum* which he baked with other articles of earth, and which was long afterwards preserved in the Nymphæum at Corinth. His words are, "quibus lineis pater ejus impressa argilla typum fecit." What then is the meaning of "typum"? Evidently not a mould, or impression, but a relief. Had it been a mould, he could have stamped from it a hundred impressions, since it would have been merely a seal with an irregularly relieved outline; and in order to have the repetition of what was on the wall he must perforce have stamped from it an impression. This he evidently did not do, or at least nothing is said to indicate any thing of the kind. He preserved and baked what he first obtained, which, if it was merely a mould, would have produced, to say the least, no effect. The true as well as the literal translation of this passage would seem to be, "within the outlines by putting on clay he made a relief." This clay he probably modelled as well as he could, keeping within the lines, and then removed it from the wall and baked it. The same interpretation of this passage is given by Giovanni-Battista Adriani, in a remarkable essay or rather letter addressed by him to Georgio Vasari in 1567, in which he gives a summary of the most celebrated Greek artists and their works. "Typus" in Latin had the double significance of "intaglio" and "relievo," as our word "type" has of the type itself and the printed impression; and sometimes it was used in one sense and sometimes in the other, but it was usually employed to mean a relief. Thus Cicero, in one of his letters to Atticus (lib. i. ep. 10) writes, "Præterea typos tibi mando quos in tectorio atrio possim includere," — "I commission you also to procure me some reliefs to be inserted in the plaster of the anteroom." And Pliny in this passage would plainly seem to use it in the same sense; otherwise he would probably have employed the word "forma" as he did in other cases when he meant a mould. Not that even that word would be free from all ambiguity, but it would more appropriately signify a mould.

But however ingenious is the suggestion of Dr. Brunn that the passages relating to Lysistratus ought to belong to Dibutades, the fact is that in all editions of Pliny they are connected with Lysistratus; and as this suggestion does not dispose of all difficulties and clear up the matter, we will proceed to consider them in that relation, and see if any thing can be made clearly out of them.



Plainly, if the "scientiam" here spoken of refers to the invention of Lysistratus, and is interpreted to be the art of casting in plaster, it is ridiculously incorrect to say that it was older than casting in brass. If that invention be of modelling in plaster, it is also entirely incorrect. At least a century previous we know that this was practised, — as, for instance, in the construction of the great statue of Zeus at Megara, the body of which was of plaster and clay, the head alone being cased in gold and ivory; and also of the Bacchus in painted plaster, of which Pausanias speaks.

The only mode in which the statement that any "scientiam" or process described by him as used by Lysistratus was older than the art of casting in bronze, is by supposing he meant to say that the process he employed was in itself an old one, and that it was only in the practical application to the making of portraits that there was any novelty, — the process of covering a core of plaster with wax being older than casting in bronze, while covering a sketch of plaster with wax and then working that surface up from life was new. The statement so understood would be intelligible at least, and, as far as we know, perfectly correct. The method of the ancients in casting bronze statues is not described by any ancient writer, but it is supposed to be this: A fire-proof core was first built up of plaster, clay, earth, or other materials, and over this a thin and even coating of wax or pitch was spread; or perhaps, which is not so probable, the surface was rasped down to the thickness intended for the bronze, and afterwards covered with a thin coating of wax. In either case the result would be the same. The outside of this wax being then completely covered with sand or packed clay-dust, there would be a thin coating of wax enclosed between the two surfaces, which, melting away before the fused metal, would allow that metal to take its place. This would account for the remarkable thinness and evenness of the ancient bronzes; for by such a method the core would be perfect, and the artist would naturally put on as little wax as possible. If we suppose the statue, after it was nearly completed in plaster or clay, not to have been rasped down but simply to have been covered with wax, we shall see that the result would be that the bronze cast would be a little fuller in size and thicker in proportions than the original model. And this is a peculiar characteristic of the ancient bronzes, especially to be observed in the limbs and joints which are generally larger and puffier in bronze than in marble statues.

Now if Pliny meant to say of Lysistratus that his method of modelling portraits by making a plaster figure or core, and covering the surface with wax, was older than that of casting in bronze, he was quite right; for undoubtedly the first process of covering a core with wax must have preceded the second of casting in bronze, or at all events been coincident with it. But at the same time this method had previously only, or at least chiefly, been used in casting; whereas Lysistratus was the first to use it for modelling from life and carefully finishing every part. The process was old; the application was new.

Thus far in considering this passage we have proceeded on the hypothesis that the "cera" spoken of was wax. But another and quite different view is also possible, and seems in all probability to be the correct one. Pliny may mean to refer to quite a different thing, and by the term "cera" may have meant not wax but color. "Ceræ" was the common term for a painter's colors, and Pliny himself thus uses it in defining encaustic painting: "Ceris pingere et picturam inurere." Varro also says, "Pictores locutulas magnas habent arcu- las ubi discolores sunt ceræ." Statius also uses the same term when he says, "Appelleæ cuperent te scribere ceræ." Anacreon, in his odes, constantly uses κηρός for picture; as, for instance, —

Ἔρωτα κήρινόν τις  
Νεηνίης ἔπῳλει.

Here it is not a waxen figure, but a wax, or oil, — that is, a painting of Eros, not an ἀγάλμα. And in the same ode the youth replies in Doric, "Οὐκ εἶμι κηροτέχνης," — "I am not a painter;" or even more manifestly in the ode beginning, —

Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε,  
γράφε, ζωγράφων ἄριστε,  
Ῥοδίης κοίρανε τέχνης,  
ἀπεοῦσαν, ὡς ἂν εἴπω,  
γράφε τὴν ἐμὴν ἐταίρην.  
γράφε μοι τρίχας τὸ πρῶτον  
ἀπαλὰς τε καὶ μελαίνας·  
ὁ δὲ κηρὸς ἂν δύνηται,  
γράφε καὶ μύρου πνεούσας.

And again, —

ἀπέχει· Βλέπω γὰρ αὐτήν.  
τάχα κηρὲ καὶ λαλήσεις.

Wax was the common medium or vehicle of painters. After being purified and blanched, their colors were mixed with it just as ours



are with oil; and in like manner, as we speak of painting in oils, they spoke of painting in wax. A head done in chalk would no more necessarily mean a head modelled in chalk or plaster, than "*imaginem [or effigiem] cera expressam*" would mean a likeness modelled in wax.

The substances on which the ancients painted were wood, clay, plaster, stone, parchment, and perhaps canvas. The best painters, however, rarely painted on any thing but tablets or panels. "*Nulla gloria artificum est nisi eorum qui tabulas pinxere,*" says Pliny (xxxv. 37). These panels were of wood, and prepared for painting by spreading over them chalk or white plaster (gypsum), and were called on that account "*λεύκωμα*." All the paintings on walls were also on plaster covered with a composition of chalk and marble dust, as is fully described by Vitruvius.<sup>1</sup>

Let us now apply these facts to Pliny's statement. May he not intend to say, and is not this a legitimate meaning of his words, that Lysistratus first of all modelled portraits in gypsum from life, and then increased the likeness by color laid on to the plaster bust. He also made colored copies or *effigies* from brass statues (which were called, as we know, "*ceræ*"), and these came so into vogue that thenceforward there were no statues without white clay or chalk, which, as we have seen, was a preparation for the wax color as shown by Vitruvius. In this view of his meaning the statement that this peculiar process is older than that of casting in bronze becomes intelligible, if we suppose him to intend to say that coloring statues was a very old process, while coloring portraits in exact imitation of life was the invention of Lysistratus. The succeeding sentence then becomes clear, in which he says that the most famous *plastæ* were Damophilus and Gorgasus, who were also *painters*, and who decorated the temple of Ceres at Rome in both these arts, since it is plain that these works were both modelled and painted.

That portraits in effigy were made and colored in imitation of life had been, as we know from Pliny himself, a common practice in Rome, and there, because they were colored, were technically called "*ceræ*" as well as "*imagines*." It was the custom of the great families to set up these colored figures in their atria, and on particular festivals to carry them in procession through the streets of Rome, draped with actual robes such as were worn by the persons whom they represented. Pliny expresses his regret that in his time this custom

<sup>1</sup> vii. 3, ii. 8. See also Pliny, xxv. 49.

had fallen into disuse, tending as it did to keep fresh and alive the personal memory of great men who had passed away from this life.<sup>1</sup>

It will be useful here to consider the character of the whole chapter in which this passage appears. It is entitled, "*Plastices primi inventores, de simulacris, et vasis fictilibus et pretio eorum.*" The object of the chapter is to give an account of modelling and modellers, not of casting. In a previous chapter, where he is speaking of some early products of the plastic art, and particularly of the *signa Tuscanica*, or earthen-ware statues, he says: "It appears to me a singular fact, that, though the origin of statues was of such great antiquity in Italy, the images of the gods, which were consecrated to them in their temples, should have been fashioned of wood or earthen ware, until the conquest of Asia introduced luxury among us. It will be most convenient to speak of the art of making likenesses (*similitudines exprimendi*) when we come to speak of what the Greeks call 'plastice,' for the art of modelling was prior to that of statuary [of bronze and marble] (*prior quam statuaria fuit*). But this last art has flourished in such an infinite degree that to pursue the subject thoroughly would require many volumes." Thus he announces clearly beforehand what he intends to speak of in this chapter which we are now considering on *Plasticæ*. It is the art of "making likenesses, of the first invention of modelling, of fictile vases, and of their price," but not of casting or of any such invention. The previous chapter, in which this announcement is made of his subsequent intention, is devoted to casting in bronze and brass-work, or *statuaria*. After making this statement he goes on to enumerate the principal works in bronze, and then says that portrait statues were long afterwards placed in the Forum and in the atria of private houses; that clients thus did honor to their patrons, and that in former times the statues thus dedicated were dressed in togas: "*Togatæ effigies antiquitas ita dicabantur;*" or ought not "*dicabantur*" to be *dicebantur*, — meaning that these statues were called "*Togatæ effigies*"?

In the chapter we are now considering he begins by saying that, having already said enough about pictures, he now proposes to append some account of the plastic art. Then he speaks of Dibutades, and relates the story of his making the portrait of the girl he loved; and adds that he first invented a method of coloring his works in pottery by adding red earth, or red chalk. Then follows the passage about Lysistratus, who used plaster instead of clay to make portraits,

<sup>1</sup> See also an account of these "imagines" in Polybius vi. 53.



— covering with wax or color to improve the resemblance ; and after the passages cited goes on to mention other celebrated modellers (*Plastæ Laudatissimi*), among whom were Damophilus and Gorgasus, who were also painters, and who adorned the Temple of Ceres at Rome by the exercise of both their arts. According to Varro, every thing in the temples, he says, was *Tuscanica*, — that is, ancient pottery of the Etruscan school ; and when they were repaired the painted coatings of the walls were removed and framed. Chalcosthenes he also mentions, who executed in baked earth several works. Varro again he cites as saying that Possis at Rome executed grapes, fruit, and fishes with such truth to Nature that they could not be distinguished from the real things. Dibutades, he also says, invented a method of coloring plastic composition by adding red earth.

Throughout the chapter he is not speaking solely of modellers, but most of those he mentions colored their works. The grapes, fruit, and fishes of Possis, the works of Damophilus and Gorgasus, the *Tuscanica* in the temples, — all were colored in imitation of the objects represented. And besides these he also mentions particularly the Jupiter of Pasiteles made in clay, — *et ideo miniari solitum*, — and therefore proper for painting in vermilion ; and he also speaks of *figlinam opus*, — encausting earthen-ware painted in encaustic, which were on the baths of Agrippa in Rome. All this seems also to lend probability to the interpretation of *cera* to mean color and not wax ; at all events, there is not a word about casting, unless the words relating to Lysistratus can be tortured into such a meaning. What adds still more to the probability that this was the real meaning of Pliny in the passage cited is the use of the words *effigies* and *argilla*. *Effigies* in Latin is distinguished from *simulacrum* (which may be a picture as well as a statue), both being representations indicating something which shows they are not life itself, the one being flat and the other colorless ; while *effigies* carries the idea of deception with it, so far as resemblance goes. Thus Cicero says, “Vidistis non fratrem tuum nec vestigium quidem aut simulacrum, sed effigiem quamdam spirantis mortui.” So, also, *argilla* means “white clay,” and not ordinary clay out of which terra-cotta images were made ; and Pliny may have meant by these two words to express the idea that after Lysistratus had made effigies or colored copies of brass or marble statues, white clay was constantly used, for the reason that it was manifestly better for coloring. This would relieve them from the absurdity of saying that Lysistratus invented or led the way in modelling in clay, but rather in the use of white clay which he

colored. Argilla and gypsum would then be nearly the same thing, both used as a basis for colored walls, upon which *cera* or color was laid or infused; and would clear up the subsequent passage that this art was older than casting in bronze, since it is plain that coloring statues was very ancient. Pausanias mentions two, — one of the Ephesian Diana and one of Bacchus in wood, gilt except the faces, which were painted with vermilion. So, also, in the "Wisdom of Solomon" (ch. xiii. and xv.), images of wood and clay are spoken of painted in red and vermilion and stained with divers colors; and in 630 B. C. there were images in gold, silver, stone, and wood in Babylon (Baruch, ch. vi. xiii.), also painted and gilded and dressed, and colored purple.

In his chapter entitled "Honos Imaginum," — the honor attached to portraits, — Pliny says it was the custom of the Romans to adorn their palæstra and anointing-rooms with the portraits of athletes (*imagines athletarum*), and to carry about on their persons the face of Epicurus (*vultus Epicuri*), and that they also prized the portraits of strangers (*alienasque effigies colunt*); and afterwards contrasting the habit of the Romans of his own day with those of the ancient Romans, he says: "And since the former have no longer in them any likeness to the minds of their ancestors, they also neglect the likeness of their bodies. How different it was," he continues, "with our ancestors, who placed in their atria to be gazed at these *imagines*, and not statues by foreign artists in brass or marble, and kept colored portraits of their faces, each in its separate case, to serve as *imagines* to accompany their funerals."<sup>1</sup> It would seem from this that, besides the draped images or effigies in the halls, modelled and colored busts of others of the family, probably of less distinction, were also kept to be dressed up on occasion, made into effigies, and carried in procession. Other *imagines* of the most distinguished personages in the family were placed outside at the threshold of the house, hung with the spoils of the enemy.

It is of these *expressi cera vultus* and these *imagines* kept by the Romans as proofs of their nobility, and on which their pedigrees were inscribed, that Ovid speaks when he says, —

"Per lege dispositas generosa per atria ceras."

On the sale of the house they were not allowed to be destroyed or removed, but passed with it, and were bought by *novi homines* (men of

<sup>1</sup> Et quoniam animorum imagines non sunt, negliguntur etiam corporum. Aliter apud majores, in atriis hac erant quæ spectarentur, non signa externorum artificum nec æra nec marmore. Expressi cera vultus singulis disponebantur in armariis ut essent imagines quæ comitarentur gentilia funera. — Book 21, ch. 49.



no family), and passed off by them as the portraits of their own ancestors, — just as the portraits of Wardour Street are at the present day. Cicero in his invective against Piso cries out, “Obrepisti ad honores errore hominum, commendatione famosarum imaginum quarum simile habes nihil præter *colorem* ;” and Sallust in his Jugurtha says, “Quia imagines non habeo, et quia mihi non nobilitas est.”

Nor were the Romans singular in this custom of draping figures with real stuffs. The images of the gods in early Greece were also draped and dressed in clothes, and crowns were placed on their heads. They also had false hair which was dressed regularly by attendants, and at stated times they were washed and adorned with jewels and had their dresses arranged, just as if they were alive. In later times this custom died out ; but the colossal Athena’s solid drapery of gold was washed at a certain festival appointed for the purpose, called *Plyntheria*. In Rome, however, the custom was maintained to a late day. The images of the temples were adorned with real drapery, and purple mantles were hung on the statues of the emperors. The Greeks, however, did not thus treat their portrait statues, and in this the Romans were peculiar.

The Roman *imagines* and *ceræ* were probably executed in plaster or some such material, certainly not in marble, or otherwise they would have been too heavy to be carried about in procession. Apparently they resembled the figures which Lysistratus first began to make, and the process of coloring them, if we understand *cera* to mean color, was little else than the old practice, called “*circumlitio*,” of covering marble statues with an encaustic varnish of color so as to give them a delicate and tinted surface. The most salient example of this is to be found in the anecdote told of Praxiteles, who, when he was asked which of his statues he most admired, answered, “Those that Nicias has colored,” — *quibus Nicias manum admovisset*, — Nicias, who in his youth was celebrated as a painter of statues, ἀχαλμάτων ἐγκανστής, having assisted him “*in statuīs circumliendis*.” A similar process, called *καύσις*, was also employed in finishing walls, and is thus described by Vitruvius : After the wall had received its color, it was covered with Punic wax and oil, which was laid on evenly with a hard brush, and then half melted or infused into a smooth surface by moving a *cauterium*, or pan of hot coals, close over it ; and after that it was rubbed with a candle and a clean linen cloth.

This process then was old as applied to marble statues and to plaster walls. What was new in the process of Lysistratus was that he

united the two processes together, by modelling in plaster the general likeness and then finishing the surface in encaustic. It was an old process with a new application.

To explain such a process, what could be clearer than the words Pliny uses? We do not need to warp a word from its ordinary significance. Lysistratus made portraits in plaster from life, and improved them by color laid on to the model. He thus made realistic, exact resemblances, whereas before him artists had sought only to make heads as beautiful as Porsira.

What, then, were the "*effigies de signis*" that he made? We have already seen that the term *effigies* had a significance of reality and absolute imitation, and corresponded in great measure to the English word effigy, meaning colored effigies with real dresses, — like those of Madame Tussaud for instance. The *imagines* and *ceræ* of the ancient Romans were very much like them; and does not Pliny mean to say that Lysistratus copied marble or brass statues, or pictures, and made these effigies from them, coloring them so as to add to the likeness, and clothing them with real draperies; and that this so grew into vogue that thenceforward there were no statues which were not thus copied in plaster or *argilla*, using the term *argilla*, or white clay, as equivalent to that of gypsum, and with which it possibly was mixed? As *argilla* was the foundation with which the ancient panels were prepared for painting, this would in such case seem most appropriate.

Such would be the figures alluded to by Lucian or Lexiphanes, when he says, "If you cull the flower of all these various beauties, you will in your eloquence be like those makers of figures in wax and clay [or *argilla*] in the forum, colored outside with minium and blue, and inside only fragile clay."

According to this interpretation of the passage in Pliny, it not only becomes intelligible as a whole, but is consistent and without contradiction; whereas, if we suppose that he meant to indicate the process of casting in plaster, his statements are not only entirely obscure and inconsecutive, but ignorant and contradictory.

In a subsequent paper we propose to enter upon general questions bearing upon this subject.

W. W. STORY.



## THE DAWN OF BETTER TIMES.

**A**FTER five years of commercial depression and distress, there seems to be a wide-spread feeling that better times are dawning in the United States. Favorable reports flow in from all parts of the country. From the far West come accounts of the discoveries of rich mines, and the active exploration of those already known. The North-west has witnessed the development of a new wheat-growing district of such extraordinary extent, that it is hardly possible to believe the most trustworthy reports of its novel and unexpected growth. The great industrial centres of the country are one by one like huge giants awakening from their slumber, and will soon be straining every sinew to supply the active demand springing up on all sides. The bountiful promise of the crops continues, and every European mail brings fresh evidence that the demand for American breadstuffs will be larger than ever before. Bankers are willing to make time-loans at low rates of interest, and no stringency in the money market is expected this Fall. The earnings of the great belt railroads for the past seven months exceed those of the corresponding months last year. Working-men find it less difficult to obtain employment, and the general outlook is that our shattered business interests will soon be restored to health.

On the first day of January, 1879, specie payment was resumed. The banks of the country then held upward of \$125,000,000 of legal-tender notes. The New York clearing-house adopted the following propositions for the guidance of the banks in the transaction of business after that date:—

(1) Decline receiving coin as a "special deposit," but accept and treat it only as "lawful money."

(2) Abolish special exchanges of gold checks at the clearing-house.

(3) Pay and receive balances between banks at the clearing-house either in gold or in United States legal-tender.

The clearing-houses of other large cities followed the example set by the bankers of New York. Gold declined, and thirty days before the date fixed by law resumption had, in fact, been reached. But the financial marvels of the first four months succeeding resumption day are certainly without precedent. I am inclined to agree with Comptroller Knox, when he says that no nation ever before within one hundred days sold \$537,000,000 of bonds at so low a rate of interest as four per cent; and no nation ever before in one hundred days made an annual saving of \$8,000,000 in interest upon the public debt; and lastly, no nation ever before resumed specie payment with \$668,000,000 of paper-money in circulation. The past six months have truly shown what an unbounded faith the American people have in the credit of the nation. It would be difficult, indeed, to find the man in all this wide land who, since the resumption of specie payments, has demanded a dollar of coin because he lacked faith in the issues of the Government or of the banks.

The number of failures for the year 1878 was more than double that of 1872. The following table<sup>1</sup> shows the mercantile failures in the United States for a period of seven years:—

YEAR.	Number of Failures.	Total Liabilities.	Average Liabilities.
1878 . . . . .	10,478	\$234,383,132	\$22,369
1877 . . . . .	8,872	190,669,930	21,491
1876 . . . . .	9,092	191,117,786	21,020
1875 . . . . .	7,740	201,060,353	25,977
1874 . . . . .	5,830	159,239,000	27,313
1873 . . . . .	5,183	228,499,000	44,086
1872 . . . . .	4,069	121,056,000	29,750

The above statement indicates a constant annual increase in the number of failures. There was, however, during the last three years a decrease in the average liabilities. The quarterly statements for 1878, combined with the two quarterly reports published for 1879, show a decided improvement:—

<sup>1</sup> These figures are from the Annual Reports of the Mercantile Agency of Dunn, Barlow, & Co.



	Failures.	Liabilities.
First Quarterly Report for 1878 . . . . .	\$3,555	\$82,078,826
Second Quarterly Report for 1878 . . . . .	2,470	48,753,940
Third Quarterly Report for 1878 . . . . .	2,853	60,378,363
Fourth Quarterly Report for 1878 . . . . .	1,800	37,172,003
First Quarterly Report for 1879 . . . . .	2,524	43,112,673
Second Quarterly Report for 1879 . . . . .	1,534	22,666,725

The failures during the last three quarters have gradually decreased, and there is every reason to anticipate that the showing will be much more favorable at the close of the year. The failures for the second quarter in the present year were 1,534 in number, and \$22,666,725 in amount of liabilities. A careful examination of the quarterly returns for the past five years shows that these figures are less than in any single quarter since the panic. If a comparison is made between the second quarter of 1878 and the second quarter of this year, the difference is very marked. It shows a decrease of no less than nine hundred failures in that period and a decline in liabilities of more than \$26,000,000 in three months, — a decreased loss, or lock-up by bad debts, of over \$2,000,000 per week. Below I have prepared a tabulated statement showing the number of mercantile failures during the second quarters of this and the three preceding years, and also the total number and the amount of liabilities for the first six months of the same years : —

YEAR.	SECOND QUARTER.			SIX MONTHS.	
	No. of Failures.	Amount of Liabilities.	Average Liabilities.	No. of Failures.	Amount of Liabilities.
1876 . . . . .	1,794	\$43,771,273	\$24,398	4,600	\$108,415,429
1877 . . . . .	1,880	45,068,097	23,972	4,749	90,606,171
1878 . . . . .	2,470	48,753,940	19,738	5,825	130,832,766
1879 . . . . .	1,534	22,666,725	14,776	4,058	65,779,398

The facts revealed by these figures show a complete reversal of the condition of trade. In 1878 Dunn, Barlow, & Co., in referring to

the failures for the six months ending June 30, 1878, said: "These figures of increase in failures and liabilities are of very grave import, for never before in an equal period in the history of the country have business misfortunes been so numerous, or aggregated an amount of loss by bad debts so great." Last June, in contradistinction to the above gloomy picture, the Agency makes the following comment: "Never before in our experience in the compilation of these statistics has the decrease in mercantile casualties been so marked; in no previous period has the comparison of losses by bad debts been so favorable as at the present hour."

The statements presented show that at the close of the year 1878 there was a fairer prospect for coming prosperity in commercial and financial affairs than there had been at the close of any year since the crisis of 1873. In December, 1878, the commercial failures in New York City involved liabilities of about \$1,850,000, against liabilities in December, 1877, of about \$8,000,000. There can be little doubt that influences had been at work, prior to 1878, calculated to restore activity to the depressed business interests of the country. January 1, 1878, found the country waiting for the removal of all uncertainty as to the future of the currency. The withholding of the great desideratum of the moment, and the agitation in Congress for months of the bills for the repeal of the specie resumption Act and other matters of minor importance, all of an unsettling character, had a decided tendency to retard the coming prosperity. Horace White said, in 1876, that what followed the panic, and what to a large extent continued until that time, was the painful and impossible effort to pay a very large amount of indebtedness with a relatively small amount of capital.<sup>1</sup> The portion which could not be paid had to be sponged out by the bankruptcy courts, or by compromise. The duration of the hard times depends for the most part on the percentage that bankrupt estates are able to pay, and on the expeditiousness of the payment. The average yield of bankrupt estates is estimated at thirty-three and one-third per cent, though under the operations of the national bankruptcy law it fell short of that. The actual loss to capital account by the failures of the year 1878 stand about \$156,255,420.<sup>2</sup> But this being the highest number of failures, and

<sup>1</sup> Fortnightly Review, June 1876, — "The Financial Crisis in America."

<sup>2</sup> "Estimating the average yield of failed estates to be thirty-three and one-third per cent, the actual loss to capital account by the failures of the year (1875) will stand at about \$120,000,000. This amount is equivalent to the value of one-half of the cotton crop, and



the decrease beginning immediately after the wiping out of this immense debt and continuing until now, it furnishes the first glimmering of the coming dawn in business affairs.

The Hon. Abraham S. Hewitt says that the revival of the iron trade is the legitimate result of the revival of business generally.<sup>1</sup> The same gentleman said in Congress a few months ago, that, as soon as the country should come down to a basis of solid values (that is, measured by gold), prosperous times would set in. There was capital enough, but no confidence. Values are now fixed, and on all sides we see signs of returning prosperity. Railroads are being constructed, and factories are in progress of completion. Iron is needed to carry on all this work, and hence it is fair to presume that the revival of the iron trade indicates the approach of a permanent period of prosperity. In 1872 the production of pig iron reached the very large quantity of 2,854,558 tons;<sup>2</sup> and in 1873 even this product was slightly exceeded, 2,868,278 tons being then produced. But from 1873, when the financial and railroad panic occurred, until 1876 the production of pig iron gradually declined to 2,093,236 tons. In 1877 it increased to 2,314,585, and in 1878 the production was 2,577,361. The increase in 1877 over 1876 was 221,349 tons; and in 1878 over 1877 it was 262,776 tons. If a similar rate of increase is maintained during the present year, the production will equal that of 1872 and 1873.<sup>3</sup>

In an inquiry of this character too much importance cannot be attached to the iron industry; and more especially is this the case when we remember that the United States is now the second great

is more by thirty per cent than the entire yield of all the gold and silver mines in the country. It is a serious loss that individuals have to bear, to be deducted from the profits of business, or to trench on the accumulations of former years. This one hundred and twenty millions of loss represents a profit of ten per cent on twelve hundred millions of dollars of business; in other words, that amount of business of the country for the past year has been done for nothing, the profits being absorbed by losses. This loss of one hundred and twenty millions of dollars is luckily diffused over a good many centres of trade, and has been pretty equally divided between individual concerns; but it is safe to infer that, coupled with the decline in values, the loss by bad debts must have caused a shrinkage more apparent than in any year since the panic." — *R. G. Dunn & Co's Annual Circular for the year 1875.*

<sup>1</sup> New York Sun, August 10, 1879, — interview with Hon. A. S. Hewitt.

<sup>2</sup> In this calculation the ton of two thousand pounds is used.

<sup>3</sup> "If a similar rate of increase in the Iron Trade of the United States be maintained in 1879, as we have no doubt it will be, the production this year will equal that of the exceptionally productive years of 1872 and 1873; while a much less rate of increase will carry our production in 1880 above 3,000,000 tons." — *Report of James M. Swank, Secretary American Iron and Steel Association.*

iron-producing and iron-manufacturing country in the world. The following tabulated statement, taken from the report of the United States commissioner to the Universal Exposition of 1878 at Paris, shows the amount of cast and pig iron produced in the world:—

COUNTRY.	Year.	Production in tons of 2240 lbs.	Percentage of Total.
Great Britain . . . . .	1878	6,300,000	45.63
United States . . . . .	1878	2,301,215	16.67
Germany . . . . .	1876	1,816,672	13.16
France . . . . .	1878	1,417,073	10.26
Belgium . . . . .	1876	562,086	4.07
Austria and Hungary . . . . .	1876	443,689	3.21
Russia . . . . .	1875	420,035	3.04
Sweden . . . . .	1876	346,955	2.51
Other countries . . . . .	1877	200,000	1.45
Total . . . . .	. .	13,807,725	100.00

Below I present a table compiled from the latest statistical data, showing annual production of steel in the same countries:—

COUNTRY.	Year.	Production in tons of 2240 lbs.	Percentage of Total.
Great Britain . . . . .	1878	1,100,000	39.70
United States . . . . .	1878	735,000	26.53
Germany . . . . .	1876	384,159	13.87
France . . . . .	1878	281,801	10.17
Belgium . . . . .	1877	100,000	3.61
Austria and Hungary . . . . .	1876	113,152	4.08
Russia . . . . .	1875	12,720	.46
Sweden . . . . .	1876	23,692	.86
Other countries . . . . .	1877	20,000	.72
Total . . . . .	. .	2,770,524	100.00



It will be seen that the United States now produces nearly seventeen per cent of the pig iron of the world, and upwards of twenty-six per cent of all the steel. The production of rails of all kinds in the United States in 1878 was 882,685 net tons. This product has only been twice exceeded in the history of the country, in 1872 and 1873, as the following statistics <sup>1</sup> of production during the past eight years will show :—

1871.	1872.	1873.	1874.	1875	1876	1877	1878
775,733	1,000,000	890,077	729,413	792,512	879,629	764,709	882,685

The increased production of iron and steel rails in 1878 over 1877 was 117,976 tons. The product of 1878 was composed of 550,398 tons of Bessemer steel rails, 322,890 tons of iron rails, and 9,397 tons of open-hearth steel rails. The production of Bessemer steel rails was 118,229 tons greater in 1878 than in 1877. It has been aptly observed that nothing could better illustrate the abounding faith, the resolute courage, and the business sagacity of the American people, or more pointedly show the real wealth of the country both in material and pecuniary accumulations, than the rapid increase in the manufacture of Bessemer steel. The following figures show how this industry moved forward during a period of wide-spread and paralyzing depression :—

Years.	Bessemer steel rails, net tons.	Years.	Bessemer steel rails, net tons.
1867 . . . . .	2,550	1873 . . . . .	129,015
1868 . . . . .	7,225	1874 . . . . .	144,944
1869 . . . . .	9,650	1875 . . . . .	290,863
1870 . . . . .	34,000	1876 . . . . .	412,461
1871 . . . . .	38,250	1877 . . . . .	432,169
1872 . . . . .	94,070	1878 . . . . .	550,398

The next step is to ascertain if this increased production of iron and steel, of which so much has been said during the past two months in the newspapers, is of a temporary or a permanent character. At

<sup>1</sup> Statistics of the American Iron Trade, 1879, — James M. Swank, Philadelphia

the close of 1874 the first systematic attempt was made to collect the statistics of stocks of unsold iron in the hands of the makers and agents. Below I give the figures<sup>1</sup> for that year, and also for the years which have intervened :—

1874.	1875.	1876.	1877.	1878.
795,784	710,908	686,798	642,351	574,565.

Here we have a steady decrease in the quantity of pig iron unsold at the close of each of the four years. The same authority<sup>2</sup> from which the above figures are taken points out the fact that hypothesized stocks and stocks held by creditors passed generally into the hands of consumers last year. Purely speculative movements were trifling, and imports small. Consumers bought only as their necessities required. Thus it will be clearly seen that the reduction of maker's stocks at the close of 1878, combined with the increased production of the year, are both exceedingly hopeful signs for the pig-iron branch of the American iron trade, because they indicate increased consumption and comparatively bare markets. The other day, in reply to the question whether the prosperity in the iron trade would continue, the Hon. Abraham S. Hewitt said :—

I think it is bound to continue. We shall have no era of high prices, but simply a healthy remunerative business, with moderate prices, that will enable consumers to go on with their enterprises. This is true prosperity. High prices check progress. We have reached that stage when every thing will go on without a rise in prices. Furnaces that are now going into blast are those that can make iron cheaply. Those that from their situation or any other causes cannot make iron for less than \$15.00 a ton cannot begin work. The United States can now produce about 4,000,000 tons of pig iron; about 2,000,000 tons of this can be made under \$15.00 a ton; the other 2,000,000 cannot be made for less than \$20.00. Thus it will be seen that pig iron cannot go above \$20.00; when it does, the importer steps in. First-grade gray forge-iron is imported for \$19.00 a ton, including the payment of a duty of \$7.00 a ton.

Mr. James M. Swank, of Philadelphia, one of the best informed men in all matters relating to the iron trade, said to the writer, a few days ago :—

<sup>1</sup> They represent only unsold stocks at the close of each year in the hands of makers or their agents, and do not embrace stocks that have been bought on speculation, imported, or held by consumers. Tons of two thousand pounds are used.

<sup>2</sup> Statistics of the American Iron Trade, 1879, — James M. Swank, Philadelphia.



There will be more iron and steel turned out in the United States this year than in any one year in the annals of the country. When I speak of iron and steel, I embrace categorically more rails, more bar iron, more plate and sheet iron, more Bessemer steel, and more crucible steel. What is better, this large production is in answer to the demand, and manufacturers are not, as in many past years, piling up stocks to keep the furnaces in blast.

Mr. Hewitt thinks that "high prices check progress," and in his opinion we have reached a period in our affairs where every thing will move on without an era of high prices. From 1872 to 1876 the price of American pig iron declined almost fifty-five per cent, and the total decline from 1872 to 1878 was sixty-four per cent. The highest price quoted in 1872 was \$53.87½, and the lowest in 1878 was \$16.50. It is said on good authority that, under the most approved plans, iron can be made in the United States as low as thirteen dollars a ton. The profit of four or five dollars a ton is not great, but it is remunerative; and if the demand continues brisk, and the price remains firm at its present figure, the revival now in progress may be safely considered the precursor to a permanent and prosperous development of the iron trade.

With the decrease in failures and the revival in the iron trade comes an increase in the earnings of the railroads. The gross earnings of all the roads, whose operations have been reported for 1878, have equalled \$490,103,351 against \$472,909,272 for 1877. The following tabulated statement<sup>1</sup> shows the general result of the operations of our railroads for the last eight years:—

Year.	Miles operated.	Capital and Funded Debt.	Gross Earnings.	Net Earnings.	Dividends Paid.
1878 . . . . .	78,960	\$4,589,948,793	\$490,103,351	\$187,575,167	\$53,629,368
1877 . . . . .	74,112	4,568,597,248	472,909,272	170,976,697	58,556,312
1876 . . . . .	73,508	4,468,591,935	497,257,959	186,452,752	68,039,668
1875 . . . . .	71,759	4,415,631,630	503,065,505	185,506,438	74,294,208
1874 . . . . .	69,273	4,221,763,594	520,466,016	189,570,958	67,042,942
1873 . . . . .	66,237	3,784,543,034	526,419,935	183,810,562	67,120,709
1872 . . . . .	57,323	3,159,423,057	465,241,055	165,754,373	64,418,157
1871 . . . . .	44,614	2,664,627,645	403,329,208	141,746,404	56,456,681

<sup>1</sup> Poor's Railroad Manual of the United States, 1879.

A marked feature in the railroad operations of the country for several years past has been the enormously increased tonnage in the face of a large falling-off of earnings. This decline, according to Henry V. Poor, has been due to the very great reduction in charges for transportation. Within the last decade the tonnage traffic of our railroads longest in operation has been fully doubled, while there has been only an inconsiderable increase in earnings from this source. For example, the tonnage of the New-York Central and Hudson-River Railroad in 1867 equalled 3,190,840 tons; in 1873, 4,393,955 tons; in 1878, 8,175,535 tons. The earnings from freight on this road in 1867 equalled \$14,066,386; in 1873, \$19,616,017; and in 1878, \$19,045,830. The tonnage for the past five years increased over eighty-six per cent, while the earnings were slightly reduced. In 1873 the rate for the transportation of freight equalled 1.572 cents per ton per mile; in 1878, .910 of a cent per ton per mile. This increase of tonnage forms one of the most encouraging features of the railroad business of the past five years. With a revival of business the railroads will soon have ample tonnage traffic, and with firm or only slightly advanced rates the net earnings will be greatly increased. This point may be made still clearer by a glance at the earnings of the New-York Central and Hudson-River Railroad. Had the rates of 1873 been maintained on that road, the earnings for the past year from freight would have equalled \$31,000,000 in place of \$19,045,830, the amount actually received.

From the July reports of railroads I learn that the gross earnings of twenty-four of the principal roads of the northern and middle regions of the Mississippi Valley show a net increase in earnings for the month of July, 1879, of \$704,963 over the corresponding month last year, while the gross earnings from January 1 to July 31 show a net increase of \$1,596,007 over the corresponding months of 1878. The year 1877 was undoubtedly the worst year the railroads of this country ever experienced. The second quarter of 1877, from April to June inclusive, witnessed the culmination of the long depression in the railroad securities which set in after the crisis of 1873. The comparatively small crops of 1876 furnished a light business to the railroads in the first six months of 1877, and a decrease in earnings from this cause, as well as the decline in passenger traffic as compared with the Centennial Year 1876, made them show a large falling off in earnings.<sup>1</sup> Immediately after the strike of 1877 a recovery in

<sup>1</sup> Financial Review for 1878 and 1879.



railroad securities set in, which has been maintained with a few temporary interruptions until the close of July 1879. The abundant crop of this year will add greatly to the earnings of railroads, and the end of the year will undoubtedly find the most favorable balance on the right side of the ledger. During the year ending December 31, 1878, twenty-six hundred and forty-nine miles of new line were opened, the total mileage in operation in the United States at that date being 81,841 miles.<sup>1</sup> The construction of these routes has again been entered upon with renewed activity and spirit, and will probably continue. As not over half the public domain is yet occupied, it is fair to presume that not one-half of our future railroad mileage has been built. There have been constructed in the United States since the crash in 1873, and within a period of five years, 11,563 miles of railroad. The continued extension of railroads, which I have shown will be proportionally greater this year, has had much to do with the present revival in the American iron trade.

Mr. B. F. Nourse, one of the most eminent authorities in regard to the cotton trade of the United States, writing<sup>2</sup> under date of June 6, 1879, says:—

Since a year ago a decided improvement in the business of cotton manufacturing has taken place. Production has increased, and profits have gained a little. The accumulations of goods, which three or four years ago were so depressing upon prices have almost entirely disappeared.

Another equally distinguished gentleman<sup>3</sup> sees in the present competition with England, in supplying the markets of Asia, Africa, and South America with cotton goods, the best criterion by which to gauge our ability to compete in other branches of manufacture. It has often been assumed in England that the increasing shipments of cotton goods from this country have been forced by necessity, and consisted only of lots sold below cost as a means of obtaining ready money; but there is no ground whatever for this general assumption, even though some small shipments may have been made at first with this view. Our exportation of cotton fabrics is not great, but it is not made at a loss; and it constitutes a most important element in the returning prosperity of our cotton mills.<sup>4</sup> The goods of the class

<sup>1</sup> Poor's Manual of Railroads of the United States, 1879.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to New-York Herald, July 28, 1879.

<sup>3</sup> Edward Atkinson, — Fortnightly Review, March 1879.

<sup>4</sup> "The facts concerning the sales of the goods produced by the Wamsutta Mills of New Bedford, Mass., give a notable illustration of preference for American cloth. This cloth

mentioned by Mr. Nourse in his letter, and by Mr. Atkinson in the "Fortnightly Review," are, according to the latter, mostly made by strong and prosperous corporations, paying regular dividends. They consist mainly of coarse sheetings and drills,<sup>1</sup> and are sold by the manufacturers to merchants, who send them to China, Africa, and South America in payment for tea, silk, ivory, sugar, gums, hides, and wool. These goods are not made, as I shall presently show, by operatives who earn less than the recent or present rates of wages in England, but in most departments of the mills by those who earn as much or more. "This competition," says Mr. Atkinson, "had been fairly begun before the late war in this country, but it is now continued under better conditions. The mills of New England are now relatively much nearer the cotton fields than they were then, owing to through connections by rail. Prior to 1860, substantially all the cotton went to seaports of the cotton States, and from there the cost of moving it to the North or to Liverpool varied but little; but at the present day a large and annually increasing portion of the cotton used in the North is bought in the interior markets and carried in covered cars directly to the mills, where the bales are delivered clean and much more free from damage and waste than those which are carried down the Southern rivers on boats and barges, dumped upon wharves, and then compressed to the utmost for shipment by sea." These advantages are beginning to tell their own story, and our successful competition in cotton goods finds reluctant acknowledgment in English publications. One of the leading periodicals recently alluded to the danger of American competition in this way: "The competition of the United States is certainly real. It has not only virtually deprived us of its 40,000,000 of people as customers, but it

is of high reputation for superior quality, is of medium weight, made of average thirty-two yarn, and for its excellence received a gold medal at the last great exposition in Paris. Yet during the depression of trade some years ago consumption fell off, and the goods piled up in the hands of the producers. To find a market for the surplus, a shipment of these goods was made to Manchester, England; which, resulting satisfactorily, other consignments followed down to the present time. All went to Manchester, whence they were distributed over the kingdom, finding sale at prices which made returns quite as profitable as the returns from home sales. This experiment, made in the years when similar goods of English production were under extreme depression of price, is surely a severe test of the alleged preference at equal cost." — *B. F. Nourse's Letter to the New-York Herald.*

<sup>1</sup> "American manufacturers do not produce the finest qualities of cotton cloth such as muslins, fine cambrics, etc., not because they cannot (finer thread having been spun here than any ever produced by machinery in England), but because the available markets for such cloths would not sustain a manufacture of sufficient magnitude to be profitable." — *B. F. Nourse's Letter to the New-York Herald.*



threatens us with permanent active rivalry in outside markets.”<sup>1</sup> The same unquestioned authority admits that the American textile manufacturers have increased their consumption of cotton under the influence of protection to such an extent that their imports of cotton goods have steadily declined from 227,000,000 yards in 1860 to 61,000,000 yards in 1877, and less than that in 1878; while on the other hand, especially during the last five years, their exports have undergone an entirely opposite process.

The general stimulus in foreign trade has its bearing in an inquiry of this sort, and cannot be overlooked. For more than four-score years the excess of imports over exports has kept drawing out a long balance of our national account against us, until in 1875 the total reached \$1,728,637,547. Within the last three years the tide has turned, and the balance is now \$488,582,539 in our favor. It would seem from this, that, with the return of prosperous times at home, we have entered on a new era in our export trade. It is a well-known fact that American cutlery is sold in Sheffield ten per cent cheaper than it can be manufactured there. It has been shown in this article that our cotton goods are sold in Manchester, a city which has held the supremacy of the world in cottons, for half a cent a pound cheaper than the same quality can be produced in that city. Our coals are sold in Newcastle, and one enterprising American gives away a stove with every ton of American coal.<sup>2</sup> American street-cars are sold in New Zealand, and our locomotives find a ready market in Italy. The English war-office uses American locks, while Continental post-offices have introduced the Yale lock-box. Russia has declared American scales the standard scales of the Empire. We have invaded the German markets with our nickel plating, and the Prince of Wales, in purchasing American plate for his own use, reminded the British dealer that in at least one “high industrial art” he had found a new competitor. Bottled products of St. Louis and Milwaukee distilleries triumphed over Bass, McGuinness, and one hundred brewers of Austria and Bavaria at Paris, while a Philadelphia firm captured the grand prize for lager beer in casks. All these statements are supported by the best authorities, and may afford some explanation of the enormous increase in our export trade. The total amount of domestic merchandise exported during the year ending June 30, 1878, was \$580,683,798; the amount of foreign merchan-

<sup>1</sup> London Quarterly Review, October 1878, — “The Lancashire Cotton Strike.”

<sup>2</sup> The New-York Exporter is our authority for this statement.

dise exported for the same period was \$14,154,698: total, foreign and domestic, \$594,838,496. This shows an increase since 1875 of \$488,582,539. The domestic exports consist of about eighty per cent of raw materials and agricultural products, and about twenty per cent (\$136,000,000 worth) of manufactured goods.

With these facts before them, well may those in high official position publicly declare that for the first time our manufactures are assuming international proportions. At a time of universal depression we have met those nations which held a monopoly of the world's markets, met them in their strongholds, and established the fact that American manufactures are second to the manufactures of no other nation; and that, with a proper and patriotic understanding between capitalists and laborers, we can command a fair share of the buying world's patronage, and command that patronage with larger profits to the capitalists and higher wages to the laborer than can be made or paid in any other country.<sup>1</sup> It is the improved methods, increase of capital, and greater resources that will give the United States the advantage over foreign competitors. The item of cheap labor is by itself an impediment to our success. For economic as well as moral and political reasons, we cannot afford to have our labor as poorly paid as is the labor of England. Degrade labor, and the prosperity of the country is interrupted; the injury is greater than the gain. Fair wages are conducive to prosperity; low wages mean poor food, scanty clothing, impoverished homes. No true American desires to compete with foreign countries at such a cost. The table on page 545 is a compilation, showing the present weekly rates of wages paid to working-men in Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, England, Scotland, and the United States.<sup>2</sup>

A glance at the following table shows that the rates of wages in the United States, roughly estimated, are more than twice those in Belgium; three times those in Denmark, France, and Germany; once and a half those in England and Scotland; and more than three times those in Italy and Spain. It is impossible within the limits of this article to give in detail the prices of the necessities of life in the various countries represented in the tabulated statement already given. The report issued from the State Department indicates that the cost of living is less in the United States than in any of the coun-

<sup>1</sup> State of Labor in Europe in 1878: Report from the State Department, pp. 36, 37.

<sup>2</sup> State of Labor in Europe in 1878: Reports from United States Consuls, etc., Washington, D.C., 1879.



OCCUPATIONS.	BELGIUM.	DEN- MARK.	FRANCE.	GERMANY	ITALY.	SPAIN.	ENG- LAND.	SCOT- LAND.	NEW YORK.		CHICAGO.
BRICKLAYERS . . . . .	\$6.00	. .	\$4.00	\$3.60	\$3.45	\$5.12	\$8.12	\$9.63	\$12.00 to \$15.00	\$6.00 to \$10.50	
CARPENTERS . . . . .	5.40	\$4.25	5.42	4.00	4.18	4.88	8.25	8.12	9.00 " 12.00	7.50 " 12.00	
GAS-FITTEES . . . . .	5.40	. .	. .	3.65	3.95	. .	7.25	8.40	10.00 " 14.00	10.00 " 12.00	
MASONS . . . . .	6.00	4.45	5.00	4.30	4.00	4.80	8.16	8.28	12.00 " 18.00	12.00 " 15.00	
PAINTERS . . . . .	4.20	4.15	4.90	3.92	4.60	. .	7.25	8.16	10.00 " 16.00	6.00 " 12.00	
PLASTERERS . . . . .	5.40	. .	. .	3.80	4.35	7.20	8.10	10.13	10.00 " 15.00	9.00 " 15.00	
PLUMBERS . . . . .	6.00	. .	5.50	3.60	3.90	. .	7.75	7.13	12.00 " 18.00	12.00 " 20.00	
BAKERS . . . . .	4.40	4.25	5.55	3.50	3.90	5.40	6.50	6.60	8.00 " 12.00	8.00 " 12.00	
BLACKSMITHS . . . . .	4.40	3.90	5.45	3.55	3.94	4.65	8.12	7.04	10.00 " 14.00	9.00 " 12.00	
BOOKBINDERS . . . . .	. .	3.72	4.85	3.82	3.90	3.60	7.83	6.50	12.00 " 18.00	9.00 " 20.00	
BRASS-FOUNDERS . . . . .	. .	4.20	. .	3.20	5.49	. .	7.40	6.90	10.00 " 14.00	8.00 " 15.00	
BUTCHERS . . . . .	4.50	4.50	5.42	3.85	4.20	. .	7.23	4.75	8.00 " 12.00	12.00 " 18.00	
CABINET-MAKERS . . . . .	4.80	. .	6.00	3.97	4.95	4.20	7.70	8.48	9.00 " 13.00	7.00 " 15.00	
COOPERS . . . . .	. .	4.10	7.00	3.30	4.35	4.95	7.30	6.10	12.00 " 16.00	6.00 " 15.00	
COPPER-SMITHS . . . . .	. .	3.85	. .	3.30	3.90	. .	7.40	7.10	12.00 " 16.00	15.00 " 20.00	
CUTLERS . . . . .	. .	3.85	4.63	4.00	3.90	. .	8.00	6.25	10.00 " 13.00	15.00 " 20.00	
ENGRAVERS . . . . .	. .	. .	. .	4.00	4.00	. .	9.72	8.75	15.00 " 25.00	9.00 " 30.00	
HORSESHOERS . . . . .	. .	3.85	5.40	3.25	3.50	. .	7.20	7.00	12.00 " 18.00	15.00 " 25.00	
MILL-WRIGHTS . . . . .	. .	4.00	. .	3.30	4.95	. .	7.50	7.50	10.00 " 15.00	12.00 " 20.00	
PRINTERS . . . . .	. .	4.62	4.70	4.80	3.90	. .	7.75	7.52	8.00 " 18.00	12.00 " 18.00	
HARNES-MAKERS . . . . .	4.80	3.85	5.00	3.60	3.90	. .	6.80	6.15	12.00 " 15.00	6.00 " 12.00	
SAIL-MAKERS . . . . .	. .	4.85	. .	3.30	3.90	. .	7.30	6.33	12.00 " 18.00	12.00 " 15.00	
SHOE-MAKERS . . . . .	. .	3.30	4.75	3.12	4.32	3.99	7.35	7.35	12.00 " 18.00	9.00 " 18.00	
TAILORS . . . . .	. .	4.10	5.10	3.58	4.30	3.90	7.30	7.00	10.00 " 18.00	6.00 " 18.00	
TIN-SMITHS . . . . .	4.80	3.90	4.40	3.65	3.60	3.90	7.30	6.00	10.00 " 14.00	9.00 " 12.00	
LABORERS . . . . .	3.00	. .	. .	2.92	2.60	3.00	5.00	4.50	6.00 " 9.00	5.50 " 9.00	

tries reported. Europe cannot purchase the necessities of life, which are common to the American working people, so low as the same can be purchased in the United States. For example, the price of food in Great Britain, according to the figures furnished by the Consuls, is fully twenty-five per cent higher than at New York, and fifty per cent higher than at Chicago. Fresh meat in England is put down at fifteen to twenty-six cents per pound, against twelve to sixteen cents at New York, and eight to thirteen at Chicago. Perhaps the most striking picture of the comparative condition of the American working-man and of his fellow laborer abroad may be had by a comparison of his condition in New York City and in the city of Brussels. The following table will show the weekly wages paid in Belgium compared with those paid in New York:—

TRADE.	Brussels.	New York.
Bricklayers . . . . .	\$6.00	\$12.00 to \$15.00
Masons . . . . .	6.00	12.00 to 18.00
Carpenters . . . . .	5.40	9.00 to 12.00
Gas-fitters . . . . .	5.40	10.00 to 14.00
Painters . . . . .	4.20	10.00 to 16.00
Plasterers . . . . .	5.40	10.00 to 15.00
Plumbers . . . . .	6.00	12.00 to 18.00
Blacksmiths . . . . .	4.40	10.00 to 14.00
Bakers . . . . .	4.40	5.00 to 8.00
Cabinet-makers . . . . .	4.80	9.00 to 13.00
Saddlers and harness-makers . . . . .	4.80	12.00 to 15.00
Tinsmiths . . . . .	4.80	10.00 to 14.00
Laborers . . . . .	3.00	6.00 to 9.00

And now, as in every country wages have so close a connection with the cost of living, let us see from the following tabulated statement the comparative prices of the necessities of life in Brussels and New York:—



ARTICLE.	Brussels. Per pound, cents.	New York. Per pound, cents.
Bread . . . . .	4 to 5	4½
Beef . . . . .	16 to 20	8 to 16
Veal . . . . .	16 to 20	8 to 24
Mutton . . . . .	16 to 20	9 to 16
Pork . . . . .	16 to 20	8 to 16
Lard . . . . .	20	10 to 12
Butter . . . . .	20 to 50	25 to 32
Cheese . . . . .	20 to 25	12 to 15
Coffee . . . . .	30 to 40	20 to 30
Sugar . . . . .	15 to 20	8 to 10

While better times are, I trust, dawning for the working-men of the United States, their brethren in Europe have no "better days" to look forward to: they must either toil and mourn to the end, or emigrate. As the old ballad of twenty years ago runs, —

And the Smith complains to the anvil's song,  
 Complains of the years he has toiled and pined;  
 For the priest and the ruler are swift to wrong,  
 And the mills of God are slow to grind.

But a clear, keen voice comes over the sea;  
 It is piercing the gloom of the waning night:  
 Time was, time is, and time shall be  
 When John o' the Smithy shall come by his right!

Another fact brought out in the Consuls' reports is the superiority of the American workman. The average American mechanic performs from one and a half to twice as much work in a given time as the average European workman. In our competition with foreign nations, this superiority is a great advantage.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> DENMARK. "Another evil is the diminished worth of wages, the descending quantity and quality of work now obtained by employers for wages higher than those paid ten years ago." — *From report of Consul at Copenhagen.*

FRANCE "At his work the French laborer or mechanic lacks the energy of the American of the same class, and the amount of work executed by him is much less in the

Professor Thorold Rogers recently pointed out the fact that the genuine agricultural laborer of middle, eastern, and southern England has just begun to emigrate from his home to distant parts of the world.<sup>1</sup> If Professor Rogers's predictions turn out true, as I have no doubt they will, the English laborer will turn toward the vast Northwestern wheat-fields which exist on both banks of the Red River of the North, and on both sides of the international boundary between Canada and the United States. The increase of immigration in 1878 over 1877, and the continued increase this year, is evidence that, with the improvement in business, immigration is again flowing Westward. During 1878 the number of persons of foreign birth who emigrated to the United States was 153,207, the number who arrived in 1877 was 130,526; the increase in 1878 over 1877 was therefore 22,681. A table has been prepared by the General Land Office showing the number of entries upon the public lands made in each State and Territory, under the homestead and timber-culture Acts, since the passage of the original homestead Act, May 20, 1862, to June 30, 1878. The aggregate number of entries in each year was as follows:—

same number of hours. The hours of labor are from eleven to twelve, but an average American workman will accomplish as much in nine hours." — *From report of Consul at Bordeaux.*

GERMANY. "I am satisfied that an ordinary working-man in the United States will do as much again as will one in this district in the same time." — *From report of Consul at Chemnitz, Saxony.*

"An active American workman will do as much work in a given time at any employment as two or three German workmen." — *From report of Consul at Leipsic.*

"There can be no question that, speaking in general terms, the quality as well as the quantity of the work of the German artisans is inferior to that produced by the American. The workman here is inclined to be sluggish, and what he accomplishes is relatively small. — *From report of Consul at Sonneberg.*

<sup>1</sup> "The bulk of emigrants from the United Kingdom go from the manufacturing towns and agricultural districts of the North, — from Scotland, and from the Irish cottiers. But before long the exodus of agricultural laborers from the South will commence; and the farmers and land-owners will learn, when it is too late, that the laborers which are left are the weakest, least enterprising, and least trustworthy of the peasantry, and that what is left is further deteriorated by a large percentage of hereditary pauperism, insanity, and vagabondage. When they are gone they will not be recalled. I remember half-a-dozen years ago that I saw a score of strong young English peasants who had resolved on emigration won back to their home by the tears of their female relatives. Before long these entreaties will have lost their efficacy, even if those who urged them to remain do not then urge them to depart." — *Princeton Review, July, 1879.*



Year.	No. of Entries.	Year.	No. of Entries.
1863 . . . . .	13,356	1871 . . . . .	42,694
1864 . . . . .	7,921	1872 . . . . .	33,514
1865 . . . . .	12,968	1873 . . . . .	34,670
1866 . . . . .	15,973	1874 . . . . .	25,179
1867 . . . . .	19,369	1875 . . . . .	22,230
1868 . . . . .	23,542	1876 . . . . .	21,886
1869 . . . . .	30,054	1877 . . . . .	23,036
1870 . . . . .	34,443	1878 . . . . .	24,013
Total . . . . .		384,848	

Year by year the number of farms is increased in the United States, and the percentage of unimproved land grows less. The total number of farms in this country in 1870 was 2,659,985, the sizes of which are thus graded:—

Under 3 acres . . . . .	6,875	Between 50 and 100 acres . . . . .	754,221
Between 3 and 10 acres . . . . .	172,021	Between 100 and 500 acres . . . . .	565,054
Between 10 and 20 acres . . . . .	294,607	Between 500 and 1000 acres . . . . .	15,873
Between 20 and 50 acres . . . . .	894,614	Over 1000 acres . . . . .	3,720

The average acreage of farms in the United States in 1850 was 203; 1860, 199; 1870, 153. Percentage of unimproved land in farms to total land in farms: 1850, 61.5; 1860, 59.9; 1870, 53.7. During the ten years which closed June 30, 1879, the Government sold for cash 57,666,970 acres of land, beside the large grant to homesteaders. An eminent writer recently remarked that the present immigration, especially perhaps that into Minnesota, is utterly unparalleled in the history of any of the States; and it is accompanied by a rush for railroad and public lands beyond any precedent.<sup>1</sup> The offices of the Northern Pacific, St. Paul and Sioux City, and other railroads with land to dispose of are daily crowded with applicants for the purchase of the new wheat-fields of the Dakota region; while the Government offices are literally besieged by claimants under the homestead and pre-emption laws, in a manner surpassing all previous

<sup>1</sup> Nineteenth Century, July, 1879, — "New Wheat-fields of the North-west," by T. T. Vernon Smith.

experiences even of the great immigration rush from 1854 to 1857. During the three months ending November 30, 1877, the different land-offices of the United States Government in Minnesota disposed of 429,467 acres. The railroad companies sold in the same time 539,136 acres of land in Minnesota and Dakota. In all, over a million acres of land were appropriated to actual settlers in the two Red River States in these three months, and most of it in the immediate watershed of that river. The general summary<sup>1</sup> for the quarter ending March 31, 1878, in this district of Minnesota was as follows:—

	Acres.
Sales by Northern Pacific Railroad . . . . .	119,300
Sales by St. Paul and Pacific Railroad . . . . .	120,356
Sales by St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad (about) . . . . .	56,000
Sales by West Minnesota Land-Office . . . . .	497,215
Sales by Tay's Land-Office (estimated) . . . . .	415,000
Total . . . . .	1,207,871

In 1871 there was scarcely a settlement along the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad, either in Dakota or the Red River Valley. Within the past year or two all has changed. The district it traverses, according to recent travellers, is now enlivened by the influx of settlers, whose houses, stores, schools, churches, and other appliances of civilized life are dotting the surface in all directions; and during the past year a quarter of a million acres of land have been opened for cultivation, and sixty-five thousand souls have been brought into the country, to which hundreds are being added every day.

It would seem from these facts that the country is fairly launched upon a period of better times,—a period in which we may fairly look for less failures, a greater demand for iron, renewed activity in the cotton industries, a more prosperous time for railroads, continued increase of exports, and a rush for Western lands. The past five years of depression, from which the figures show that the country is just recovering, have taught the lesson of economy, and we are ready to begin again with renewed energy. There are dangers on all sides which will make our onward march difficult, and which can only be overcome by the most vigorous and persevering efforts. England, our greatest manufacturing rival, is not going to give up the contest without a desperate struggle; and unless our international carrying trade receives early and firm treatment to restore its departed

<sup>1</sup> Nineteenth Century, for July, p. 13.



strength, we shall find ourselves excluded from some of the most profitable markets, if not actually handicapped in the race. In the iron trade, the most we can hope to do is to hold the home markets. There are some important foreign markets that the United States ought to and will supply with cotton goods ; but here again our future success is largely dependent upon the facilities which the next ten years will develop for carrying our manufactured goods to distant ports. We may have to rest upon the laurels of having deprived England of forty millions of customers without seeking to invade, to any great extent, her foreign markets. If a tidal wave of emigration is likely to roll over the country, an extension of railroads may be looked for ; but past experience will guard against the enthusiasm which prompts the building of railroads far in advance of the needs of population. There is abundant proof that a change in the tide of our affairs has set in. We can see the coming of better times by the extraordinary decrease in commercial failures ; by the light of the furnaces of our iron-producing States. It is echoed through the land by the hum of busy machinery, and by the clatter of the looms ; it is heralded by the keen ring of the hammer as it binds down the iron rail ; by the increasing balance of our exports ; by the demand for our products, and by the opening up of vast areas of our country. Standing as we do, to-day, on the firm ground of a sound currency, surrounded by all the evidences of returning prosperity, the United States may reasonably look forward to a continued and healthful growth of population, and a more permanent development of its resources.

ROBERT P. PORTER.

## VICTORIEN SARDOU.

**M.** VICTORIEN SARDOU is perhaps the most prominent of the French dramatists of to-day. He is probably better known, both in and out of France, than any of his rivals. He has written some two score plays, good and bad, in half as many years; at least ten of those plays have met with emphatic public applause, and twenty of them, more or less, have at one time or another been acted in the United States. He is not yet fifty; he is very rich; he is the youngest member of the French Academy; and it is to his plays that he owes his riches and his seat with the forty immortals.

M. Sardou was born in Paris, Sept. 7, 1831. His father was a teacher and the author of elementary text-books. The son was early entered as a medical student, but he soon gave up medicine for history. Both of these early inclinations have left their mark on the work of the dramatic author: the larger and ampler literary style of his two historical dramas, "Patrie" and "La Haine," is no doubt the result of his youthful reading; and the scientific marvel which is the backbone of "La Perle Noire" possibly came within his experience while he was preparing to be a physician. His change of front just as he began the battle of life did not lighten the struggle. The ten years between 1850 and 1860 were years of misery and want. M. Sardou taught, served as an usher in a school, did hack writing for dictionary makers and in cheap newspapers, and wrote various plays which were refused right and left. But in 1854 the Odéon accepted a three-act comedy in verse, and on April 1,—ominous date,— "La Taverne des Etudiants" was hissed. Like Scribe and Victor Hugo, and many another successful dramatist, M. Sardou saw his first play damned out of hand. After the failure of this comedy he fell back into obscurity. He planned a series of semi-scientific tales, after the manner of Poe's, and in some sort anticipating M. Jules Verne's fantastic inventions; but only one or two of them ever saw the light. "La Perle Noire" is one of these. It is a neat little story, from which he afterwards adapted a play; and a translation of it was recently published in "Lippincott's Maga-



zine." In 1858 M. Sardou married Mlle. de Brécourt, an intimate friend of Déjazet. At the house of the celebrated actress he met Vanderbuch, who had written several plays for Déjazet; and, one day struck by M. Sardou's intelligence, he proposed a collaboration. The two dramatists wrote together "*Les Premières Armes de Figaro*," and the play was at once accepted by Déjazet, for whom the leading part had been contrived. But the actress was out of an engagement, and vainly offered her services and her new play to manager after manager. At last, toward the end of 1859, she took a theatre herself, called it the Théâtre-Déjazet, and on its stage acted the part of the young Figaro. The play was a great success, and it was soon followed by others of M. Sardou,— "*M. Garat*," a study of the French revolutionary epoch, a period he is especially interested in; and "*Les Près St. Gervais*," which in 1874 was rearranged to serve as a libretto for the light and tuneful music of M. Lecoq. These three neat little pieces, like all plays written for Déjazet, are not so characteristic of the author as of the actress. They are cast in the Déjazet mould, and one seeks vainly for the Sardou trade-mark. Strong or original dramatic work was out of the question, and the most the author could do was to show his ingenuity in variations on the accepted air. The dramas written for Déjazet by M. Sardou were the only new plays in which the sexagenarian actress was successful; and their success drew their author from his former obscurity, and proved his possession of the dramatic faculty,— the rare gift of shaping one's work exactly for the exigencies of the modern theatre; a gift which the greatest genius may be without, and without which the greatest genius cannot hope for success on the stage.

The doors of the Parisian theatre having thus been opened by Déjazet to M. Sardou, with long repressed energy he at once rushed in, and produced within five years (1860–1864) nearly twenty plays of one kind or another,— comedy, farce, drama, or opera. This haste was its own punishment. "*La Papillonne*," brought out in 1862 at the Théâtre-Français, failed, and M. Sardou has not since attempted to write for the first theatre of the world. This is significant, as the two other most prominent dramatists of France are in great favor at the Comédie-Française,— M. Emile Augier's best work is kept constantly in the repertory; and M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, having written one piece for the house of Molière, has seen two of his finest comedies, "*Le Demi-Monde*" and "*Le Fils Naturel*," transferred there and represented with popular approval. But while some fifteen

of these rapidly produced plays failed more or less dismally, two at least achieved an instant and lasting success. "*Les Pattes de Mouche*" and "*Nos Intimes*" were both brought out in 1861, and the triumph they won compensated in a measure for the less favorable reception of their fellows. These are, perhaps, the two plays of their author best known in England and America. Each has been adapted to our stage more than once. "*Nos Intimes*" was turned into "*Friends or Foes*" by Mr. Wigan, whose version has been given of late in New York as "*Bosom Friends*." Another adaptation called "*Peril*" has recently been running at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London, while at the other theatre, the Court, which seeks to rival the Prince of Wales's as the home of the higher comedy in London, there was at the same time presented "*A Scrap of Paper*," a skilful alteration of "*Les Pattes de Mouche*." It is no small testimony to the author's skill as a playwright, that two pieces written by him in 1861 to please the public of the Vaudeville and Gymnase theatres in Paris should in 1877 hit the fancy of the audiences of the Court and Prince of Wales's theatres in London.

In the next seven years (1865-1871) M. Sardou produced in Paris only seven plays, including three of his best pieces. His literary frugality during this time reaped its due reward, as not one of these plays made a fatal failure, and most of them had a warm reception. In 1865 was brought out "*La Famille Benoiton*," the first of a series of satires of society as it exists nowadays in France, and in many ways the best of them. It is a very vivid and vigorous sketch of the demoralization and extravagance of men and women, young and old, amid the corrupting influences of the second Empire. It was revived at the Vaudeville during the Exhibition of 1867 to keep company with another play of M. Sardou's at the Gymnase, "*Nos Bons Villageois*," which was the second in the series of satires, and sought to portray French provincial life much as the typical Benoiton family pictured the manners and morals of the monopolizing metropolis. These two comedies — which with the "*Grand Duchesse de Gérolstein*" were the three great theatrical attractions Paris offered to the thousands of strangers who came there from all quarters — contain some of M. Sardou's cleverest writing. They bristle with hits at the times, — sharp enough witticisms many of them, but somewhat out of place surely in a play which hopes to outlive the year of its birth. The success of both pieces seems, however, to have encouraged M. Sardou to form the practice of alluding to contemporary politics, art, and



society, — forgetting apparently that much of what is contemporary is rarely more than temporary. But no trace of this bad habit is to be found in “Patrie,” — an historical drama brought out at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in 1869, and likely to remain as the firmest and finest specimen of M. Sardou’s skill. Its scene was laid in the Netherlands during the struggle for independence, and the drama was appropriately dedicated to the late John Lothrop Motley.

A little over a year after the performance of “Patrie” the war with Germany broke out, and Paris was besieged, first by the Prussians and again by the French. When peace was at last restored, the first play M. Sardou presented to the public of Paris was “Le Roi Carotte,” a trifling and tawdry spectacular fairy tale, set to music by M. Offenbach. It was not literature at all, excepting only one scene in which a sudden recalling to life of Pompeii, with its gladiators, soldiers, citizens, slaves, and hetairae, all skilfully contrasting with the same classes as they exist nowadays, served to show that the ruling motives of human nature then and now are one and the same. The second, play M. Sardou brought out after the war was “Rabagas.” During the rule of the Commune the playwright’s lovely villa on the Seine had been destroyed; for this reason, and for others, he hit back hard, and made in “Rabagas” a powerful but brutal assault on M. Gambetta, the leader of the Republican party in France. Warming to his work he wrote a second attack on republican institutions, setting his scene this time in this country. Already in an early comedy, “Les Femmes Fortes,” he had compared the manners and customs of America with those of France, greatly to our disadvantage. In “L’Oncle Sam” he laid on the blacks and whites with so heavy a hand that the censors forbade the production of the play, as insulting to a friendly nation. But one of the enterprising managers of the friendly nation procured the piece, and it was brought out here in the land it insulted while still under the ban in France. When acted here it was at once seen to be the result of the most amusing ignorance, giving us good occasion to laugh at the author instead of laughing with him, and showing but little of his customary smartness.

The words which Matthew Arnold uses to criticise the manner of an English historian toward the French generals in the Crimean war can fairly be used here to characterize this incursion of a French dramatist into America: “The failure in good sense and good taste reaches far beyond what the French mean by *fatuité*. They would call it by another word, — a word expressing blank defect of intelli-

gence ; a word for which we have no exact equivalent in English, — *bête*."

"Andréa," which served as a stop-gap pending the raising of the interdict on the satire on American society, was a hastily-revised edition of a play written to order for an American actress, and originally brought out in New York as "Agnes." So that M. Sardou had cause to be thankful to America, especially as the censors soon allowed the performance of "Oncle Sam." But the comedy was received with no great favor ; and, indeed, for the next five years M. Sardou saw little of success. A farce failed at the Palais Royal in 1873, another at the Variétés in 1874, and in the same year his strong but repulsive historical drama "La Haine" was brought out for but few nights at the Gaiété. In 1875 "Ferréol" had a little better luck ; and in 1877 "Dora" met with an enthusiastic reception, as a return to his characteristic manner, and as a worthy successor of "La Famille Benoiton" and "Nos Bons Villageois." Turned into English none too skilfully, and disfigured by the needless thrusting in of jingoism, "Dora" as "Diplomacy" has been acted with popular applause throughout England and America. In 1878 M. Sardou sought to repeat his success of 1867, and to set before the visitors to the exhibition a dramatic dish resembling closely the fare which had proved acceptable to their predecessors of eleven years before. "Les Bourgeois de Pont d'Arcy" was made on the same lines as "Nos Bons Villageois," and satirized in the same style the petty politics of country life. But the later play was not so well made as the earlier one ; its fundamental situation was most unpleasant ; and Parisian and provincial playgoers felt, with Joubert, that comedy ought never to show what is odious. The piece failed in Paris, and was acted in New York for a while with much the same result.

In this brief survey of M. Sardou's career as a dramatist during the past twenty years, only those plays have been dwelt on which demand especial attention. The first thing which suggests itself, when one looks down the list of his two score of pieces, is the great variety of the styles the author has striven to succeed in. M. Emile Augier and M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, have confined themselves to comedy, — a comedy, it is true, which sometimes crosses the line of drama ; but the apparent intention has always been comedy. M. Sardou has written comedies, historical dramas, farces, and operas. In farce and in historical drama his success has been slight. Opera, which he has attempted half-a-dozen times, has been but little more advantageous



to him. Only "Piccolino," a recent setting by M. Guiraud as an opéra-comique of an early play, seems likely to last. "Le Roi Carotte," with the music of M. Offenbach, and "Les Près St. Gervais," with the music of M. Lecoq, are already forgotten. "Patrie" has been used by an Italian composer as the libretto of an opera called "La Comtessa di Mans."

On recalling M. Sardou's work in comedy and in the other departments of the drama, with the idea of detecting what his dominant quality may be, one cannot avoid the deduction that it is cleverness. Henry James, Jr., called him a "supremely skilful contriver and arranger." And no one who has at all studied M. Sardou's plays will quarrel with Mr. James's other assertion, that he is "a man who, as one may phrase it, has more of the light and less of the heat of cleverness than any one else." That is to say, M. Sardou is very clever; he has cleverness raised to the *n<sup>th</sup>*, if I may so express it, — and he has little or nothing except cleverness. But it is the cleverness of a man who has the dramatic faculty, the theatrical touch, the dramatizing eye. And just what this precious faculty is M. Sardou himself has told us, in his speech when received as a member of the French Academy. "The gambler is not more haunted by dreams of play," said he, "nor the miser by visions of lucre, than the dramatic author by the constant slavery of his one idea. All things are connected with it and bring him back to it. He sees nothing, hears nothing, which does not drape itself at once in theatric attire. The landscape he admires, — what a pretty scene! The charming conversation he listens to, — what good dialogue! The delicious young girl who passes by, — the adorable *ingénue*! And the misfortune, the crime, the disaster, he is told of, — what a situation! what a drama!"

And this dramatic faculty has another side: the author who has it, besides unconsciously dramatizing all he hears and sees, has also an innate power of so setting upon the stage what he has written, that the spectators are affected by it as he was. The days when a dramatist needed merely to write are now gone, — gone with the placards which may have served to indicate the place where the action of any scene in Shakspeare's plays passed. The dramatic author of our day has to fill the eyes, as well as the ears, of his audience. The stage setting, the scenery, the furniture, the costumes, the movements of the actors, the management of the many minor characters often mingled with the action, — in short, the *show* part of the play, — all this is now of importance, second only to the play itself, and often

thrust into the front place, to the almost certain failure of the production. Play-goers are both audience and spectators, they like to see as well as to hear ; but they do not care to see a show at the expense of the drama they have come to hear. Now, expert as M. Sardou is in all details of stage management, and of *mise-en-scène*, — to use a French phrase, impossible to render in English with exactness, — he sometimes has pushed the merely spectacular into undue prominence. “La Haine,” an historical drama, and “Les Merveilleuses,” an historical farce, both failed because the play was smothered into insignificance beneath the splendor of the show. In “The Rehearsal” the First Player declares that “for scenes, cloaths, and dancing we put ’em quite down, all that ever went before us : and these are the things, you know, that are essential to a play ;” and in “La Haine” and “Les Merveilleuses,” M. Sardou seems to have thought that the essentials of a play were scenes and clothes, and to have forgotten to put in enough human interest, — enough either of the strong passions warring in man’s soul, or of the humorous clash of character on character, — to counterbalance this excess of external adornment. These plays were overladen with gold, and they sank when they sought to swim.

But in general M. Sardou’s extreme cleverness does not thus overreach itself ; in general his skill in setting his subject on the stage serves him to great advantage. Consider this scene in “Patrie” : we are outside the gates of Brussels, with snowy rampart and tower, and frozen moat glistening in the moonlight ; a Spanish patrol crosses, — the patriots, who are in consultation, hide as best they may ; another patrol is heard approaching, — the patriots will be taken between two fires ; prompt action is needed ; as the second patrol passes across the stage every man in it is silently seized and killed, and his body is thrown through a hole in the ice of the moat, — a hole at once filled with masses of snow, so that when the first patrol returns it walks unsuspectingly over the icy graves of its fellow soldiers. Not only in the heavier historical dramas, like “Patrie,” is this skill in stage setting useful, for it is almost as imperatively demanded in the comedy of everyday life. Here there are no adventitious aids, no moonlight, no snow, no frozen moat ; the variety which charms the eye of the spectator must be sought in the constant and appropriate movement of the actors. A long scene between two characters is broken by numberless changes of position, by crossing and recrossing the stage, by rising and sitting down, now right and now left, by taking advantage of the conformations of the scenery and the placing of the furni-



ture. And all this must not be overdone; every movement must seem to be unpremeditated, and to spring naturally from the dialogue. To assist in the delusion, the scenery and the accessories are all carefully considered by the author; they are to be found set down on his manuscript; and they and the movements of the actors which they assist are as truly part of his play as the words he puts into the mouths of his characters. M. Charles Blanc, the eminent art critic to whom was allotted the duty of replying to M. Sardou's reception speech at the Academy, took occasion to declare that M. Sardou possessed this talent of *mise-en-scène* in the highest degree. It is a talent, "perhaps," he says, "too highly praised nowadays. . . . But I admire the skilful ordering of the room in which passes the action of your characters, the care you take in putting each in his place, in choosing the furniture which surrounds them, and which is always not only of the style required, — that goes without saying, — but significant, expressive, fitted to aid in the turns of the drama."

In this as in many another way M. Sardou suggests Scribe, who was also a supremely skilful contriver and arranger. Scribe was passing slowly out of sight as M. Sardou came into prominence; but without Scribe M. Sardou was scarcely possible. In the rapidity with which they gained wealth, in their many successes, in their willingness to suit the public taste rather than to serve any rigid rules of true art, in their conservatism, in their *bourgeois* respectability with its thousand "gigs," in their mastery over stage technicalities, in their frequent borrowing of material from a neighbor, in the dexterity with which they can play with an audience, — in all these respects the two dramatists are alike. If the habit obtained nowadays of naming one writer after another, some few of whose obvious qualities he might have, — as Irving was at one time the American Goldsmith, and Klopstock was hailed as the German Milton (a *very* German Milton, as Coleridge suggested), — if this habit obtained now, M. Sardou would be the later Scribe. But the points of unlikeness are almost as many and as marked as the points of likeness. It is in technical skill and in the resulting success that the essential similarity lies. But M. Sardou, who has doubtless studied Scribe to the end, early saw that the simple and *naïf* style of dramatist of the citizen-king was not best suited to please the new Paris of the lower Empire; so he doubled the French playwright with the Athenian dramatic poet, and sought to be Aristophanes and Scribe at the same time. It can scarcely be said however that he wholly suc-

ceeds : he is at best but little more than a sort of Pasquin-Scribe. Yet he wields a lively wit ; and I think Heine, who hated Scribe, whom on his own deathbed he would willingly have hissed, might now and then have shaken hands with M. Sardou.

The essential similarity between the two playwrights is, as has been said, the extreme cleverness of each and the success which rewards that cleverness. In another important point is the likeness between them almost as striking, — in a willingness to make over old material. Scribe made use of many an idea originated by others ; he was assisted by many a collaborator, and he laid under contribution every book he read ; the “ Lionel Lincoln ” of Cooper, the “ Simple Story ” of Mrs. Inchbald, the “ King René’s Daughter ” of Herz, — all was grist that came to his mill ; and whenever a play of his failed he smiled and said, “ I shall do it over again next year ; ” and in time he did serve up again the same dish with a new sauce, the same situations with new dialogue and a new disposition of characters. Here again M. Sardou treads in Scribe’s footsteps ; but while the old dramatist was open and honest and never claimed what was not his own, the younger one has been more than once sued because he was bearing away in his literary baggage another man’s property. It has been shortly and sharply said that M. Sardou “ has shown real power in the creation of types, while unhesitatingly using in his plots the commonest effects ; he carries through a play with a *verve* and a rapidity of movement, for the sake of which he has been pardoned the frequency of his rememberings and borrowings.”

These rememberings and borrowings are not a few. The germ of “ Les Pattes de Mouche ” (1861) is to be found in Poe’s story of the “ Purloined Letter ; ” the fourth act of “ Nos Intimes ” (1861) is singularly like a vaudeville called “ Le Discours de Rentrée ; ” “ Les Pommes du Voisin ” (1864) is taken from a tale of Charles de Bernard ; “ Patrie ” (1869) owes something to a play of Méry ; “ Séraphine ” (1868) seems to owe its inspiration to Diderot’s “ Réligieuse ” and to Bayard’s “ Mari à la Campagne ; ” the story of “ Fernande ” (1870) is to be found in Diderot’s “ Jacques le Fataliste ; ” “ Le Roi Carotte ” (1872) was greatly indebted to Hoffman ; the American “ Uncle Sam ” (1873) would not have existed had it not been for two stories of M. Alfred Assolant, who however lost the suit he brought against M. Sardou for a share in the profits of the play ; in “ Andréa ” (1873) is a situation from M. Dumas’ “ Princesse Georges ; ” many a hint for “ Ferréol ” (1875) was derived from M.



Jules Sandeau and from M. Gaboriau ; " L'Hôtel Godelot " (1876), a comedy by M. Crissafulli of which M. Sardou was anonymously joint author, was founded upon Goldsmith's " She Stoops to Conquer ;" and the final act of " Dora " (1877) has more than one point of resemblance to the end of the " Aventurière " of M. Emile Augier.

And besides borrowing freely from his neighbor M. Sardou has more than once repeated himself, and is evidently fond of falling back on his early works and presenting them anew. The two-act " Près St. Gervais," a comedy in 1862, becomes a three-act *opéra-bouffe* in 1874. The comedy of " Piccolino " played in 1861 reappears in 1876 as an *opéra-comique*. These are of course avowed reproductions, but there is no lack of unconfessed but almost equally obvious repetition. There is in " Les Vieux Garçons " (1865) a strong situation, — a father, whose child is ignorant of his relationship, is so placed that he dare not declare himself ; the same situation reappears in " Séraphine " (1868) : in the former case the child is a boy, and in the latter a girl.

The first acts of " La Famille Benoiton " (1865) and of " Oncle Sam " (1873) are almost exactly alike. The fast Frenchwomen in the first play and the impossible American girls in the second are exhibited one after another ; a clever French-woman (a part taken in both pieces by Mlle. Fargueil) acts as showman, while a witty Frenchman asks the right questions at the right time. And the characters of the two comedies resemble each other singularly. The witty Frenchman and the clever Frenchwoman take part in both ; the Oncle Sam himself is a first cousin to M. Benoiton ; his son is only the calculating young Formichel, and the trick young Formichel plays on his father finds its counterpart in the trick Oncle Sam's son plays on him. In fact, on a careful comparison of the two comedies it seems as though M. Sardou, in his absolute ignorance of this country, thought that all he need do to satirize America was to push his satire of fast French society a little further. " Oncle Sam " is " La Famille Benoiton," only the dose is stronger, more pungent, more acrid. In M. Sardou's first assault on the bad habits of the United States, " Les Femmes Fortes " (1860), we see Americans who are just like those in " L'Oncle Sam " of fourteen years later, and who, like them, seem to have walked straight out of the pages of " American Notes." And there is to be seen in " Les Femmes Fortes " the same clever woman of great common sense, who reappears in both " La Famille Benoiton " and " Oncle Sam." In each of these pieces she plays the part of

Greek chorus. In "Rabagas" she is the *dea ex machina*. In "Les Pattes de Mouche," perhaps the cleverest of all of M. Sardou's clever comedies, the wise and witty woman is the protagonist. In each of these five plays the same woman appears under different names; and in each M. Sardou lauds her cleverness, and skilfully lays her traps for her and obligingly insists on the victims walking into them blindfold. In "La Famille Benoiton" and in "Oncle Sam" the clever woman is accompanied and assisted by a clever man; and in "Patrie" and "Fernande" and "Nos Intimes" and "Dora" the clever man is all by himself, and has to get things settled and straightened out without any aid from a clever woman. In "Fernande" he is a lawyer; in "Patrie" he is a soldier and a Huguenot, — and so he gets a backbone and a solidity lacking to his equally clever brothers and sisters. I am not sure indeed that the Marquis de la Trémouille, the Frenchman in "Patrie," is not the most charming of all M. Sardou's characters. He is strong and manly, and true to life. His courtly grace and vivacity lighten and brighten the sombre gloom of "Patrie;" and it has been suggested that if he had appeared also in "La Haine," the fate of that powerful and painful play might have been more happy.

But these repetitions, these frequent rememberings of himself, and borrowings from others are pardoned, because in the rushing rapidity which M. Sardou imparts to his play there is scarce time to think of them. And the sin at worst is but venial; we are always willing to forgive an author's theft if he but steal at the same time the Promethean spark to give life to his creatures. And this M. Sardou seems certainly to do. His characters are full of motion and as life-like as may be, although they are rarely really alive and human. His clever men and women are always seen with pleasure, because M. Sardou is clever himself and he understands cleverness, and these characters are but projections of himself. And all his minor humorous characters are skilfully sketched; he has a keen eye for the ludicrous, and a genuine gift of caricature. This latter quality, the keen, quick thrust of the caricaturist, was used in moderation and with great effect in the village apothecary and the rustic louts of "Nos Bons Villageois," and in the professional revolutionist and other self-seeking political agitators of "Rabagas;" but the dramatist's political animosities blunted his artistic perception when he cast the central figure of the latter play in the same mould which had served for its minor characters. In structure, the piece is weaker than any other of its author's important plays; and the character of Rabagas himself is an over-charged,



self-contradictory caricature. It is very clever of course, and one can readily understand its startling success at first ; but when one thinks over the conduct of Rabagas, its weakness is manifest. He is represented as a type of the uneasy political lawyer, using the tools of state-craft to carve his way to fame and fortune, —

“Ready alike to worship and revile,  
To build the altar or to light the pile.  
Now mad for patriots, hot for revolution ;  
Now all for hanging and the Constitution.”

This is a fine subject for a comic dramatist. Patriotic hypocrisy gives as good an occasion for grave and thoughtful humorous treatment as religious hypocrisy. Rabagas might have been worthy to hang in the same gallery with Tartuffe. But Molière's creation is firm and broadly handled, and consistent to the end. M. Sardou's is cheap, and sacrifices again and again his consistency for the sake of making a point. It is a Punch-and-Judy show : the figure is the figure of Rabagas ; but we know the hand of M. Sardou is inside it and makes it move, and we recognize the voice of M. Sardou whenever it speaks. Its movements are amusing, and what it says is entertaining ; and we must needs confess that the showman is very clever. But Molière was something more than clever when he drew Tartuffe. And if this comparison be thought too crushing, M. Emile Augier was more than clever when he created Giboyer ; and M. Alexandre Dumas, *fil's*, was more than clever when he set before us “Le Fils Naturel.” Molière and M. Augier and M. Dumas worked with heart as well as head ; they put something of themselves into their plays. M. Sardou relied solely on his cleverness and — if the assertion may be ventured — on his spite.

In the preface to “La Haine” M. Sardou declares his respect for woman and his worship of her. And here is perhaps as good an opportunity as any to say that M. Sardou's plays are for the most part as moral as one could wish, not only in the conventional reward of virtue and punishment of vice, but in the tone and color of the whole. He has his eccentricities of taste and of morals, such as we Anglo-Saxons detect in any Frenchman ; but he never panders to vice, never pets it and plays with it seductively, as M. Octave Feuillet is wont to do. With the present method in France of bringing up young girls and of marrying and giving in marriage, the dramatist is forced frequently to seek for his love-interest in the breaking, actual

or imminent, of the seventh commandment. But more often than any other French dramatist of standing has M. Sardou sought to confine himself to the honest love of a young man and a young woman. In "Dora," in "Les Ganaches," and in more than one other of his comedies there is, if one strikes out a few grains of sharp Gallic salt, nothing to offend the most fastidious Anglo-American old maid. M. Sardou's young girls are charming. One does not wonder at the fondness of the Frenchman for the lily-like innocence of the *ingénue*, if all *ingénues* are really as innocent and as delicious as those in M. Sardou's comedies. To the healthy American the *ingénue* seems almost an impossibility; but M. Sardou endows her with a frankness and grace which relieves the somewhat namby-pamby, goody-goody innocuousness of a bread-and-butter miss whose only preparation for the duties of life is a complete ignorance of the world, the flesh, and the devil. In M. Sardou's hands the *ingénue* is neither sickly nor unwholesome; she is confiding and engaging and timid, if you will, but charming and delightful. M. Sardou in announcing his great respect for woman says he has always given her the best part in his plays,— "that of common sense, of tenderness, of self sacrifice. I say nothing of my young girls. They form a collection of which I am proud. Aside from one or two Americans and the Benoitons, you could marry them all: and this is no slight praise."

And he is right to be proud of them. It would be hard to find a more charming scene in recent comedy than the one in the last act of "Nos Bons Villageois," in which Geneviève (the *ingénue*) with girlish frankness confesses to her brother-in-law, the Baron, that she is in love, and that her lover is coming in a few hours to ask for her hand, — this same lover being the man with whom the brother-in-law is about to fight a duel because the lover has been apparently intriguing with Geneviève's sister, the Baron's wife. And the daughter of Séraphine is almost equally charming; her presence in the play does much toward atoning for the odiousness of her mother, that despicable creature, a female hypocrite, a Lady Tartuffe, but not as delicately drawn as Mme. de Girardin's. And the tender and clinging grace of the fragile daughter of the Duke of Alba in "Patrie" must be accepted as some compensation for the wretchedly vicious heroine. He acknowledges that these two, Séraphine and Dolorès, are dark spots in his white list of women, — "and especially Dolorès. Imposed on me by the action of the play, she long haunted my sleep to reproach me for having made her so guilty."



These words — “imposed on me by the action of the play,” (*imposée par la donnée même*) — let in a flood of light on M. Sardou's methods of work. His characters are the creatures of his situations. He contrives his plot first, and afterwards looks around for people to carry it out. And here is again the difference between M. Sardou and M. Augier. The author of “Le Gendre de M. Poirier” invents and contrasts characters, and then lets them work out a play. The author of “Nos Bon Villageois” happens on a striking situation, and then puts together characters to set it off to best advantage. M. Augier is interested in human nature, and trusts for success on man's interest in man. M. Sardou relies for the most part on the mechanical ingenuity of his situations. As the proper subject of comedy is to be found in the ever varying phases of human nature rather than in the external and temporary accidents of life, it seems as though M. Augier's method is truer than M. Sardou's.

In the preface to “La Haine,” from which quotation has already been made, M. Sardou tells us how the first idea of a play is revealed to his mind: “The process is invariable. It never appears otherwise than as a sort of philosophic equation, from which the unknown quantity is to be discovered. As soon as it is fairly set before me, this problem possesses me and lets me have no peace till I have found the formula. In ‘Patrie’ this was the problem: What is the greatest sacrifice a man can make for love of his country? And the formula once found, the piece followed of its own accord. In ‘La Haine’ the problem was: In what circumstances will the inborn charity of woman show itself in the most striking manner?”

This confession, which is probably as exact as Poe's account of the way he wrote “The Raven,” confirms the assertion that he always starts with a situation. In “Patrie” he sought to find the situation which would show in action the greatest possible sacrifice a man could make for love of his country. In “La Haine” he looked for the situation in which the inborn charity of woman would be most strikingly revealed. In neither case did he set out with a strong character, and ask what that man or that woman would do in a given situation. In both plays he started with a situation, meaning to fashion afterward a man or a woman to fit it.

But it is to be said that the reliance M. Sardou places in his situations is not misplaced. In general they are very strong, and they admit of effective theatrical handling. Although one is indisposed to admit that in “Patrie” we have the greatest sacrifice a man may

make to his country, still the situation is beyond doubt powerful and pathetic. The patriot leader of a revolt, loving his wife only second to his country, discovers, on the eve of the rising against the oppressor, that she is untrue to him, and that her lover is his second in command, — a man whose services are indispensable to the triumph of the insurgents. He does not hesitate, but sacrifices at once his private vengeance to his patriotism, and fights side by side with the man who has wronged him. In "Nos Bons Villageois," a young man found in a lady's dressing room at night, under suspicious circumstances, seizes her jewels and allows himself to be denounced as a thief, sacrificing himself to save her reputation. In "Dora," a young girl on her wedding morning is accused, and the proof is overwhelming, of having stolen an important official document from her husband to send it to an emissary of the enemy. In "Les Bourgeois de Pont d'Arcy" the situation is equally dramatic; but it is fundamentally disgusting, and suggests the reflection that M. Sardou morally has no taste, — to use the apt phrase of Henry James, Jr., about George Sand. And this lack of moral taste affects us unpleasantly in other of his plays, — in "La Haine," for instance, in "Le Diable Noir," and in "Maison Neuve," in all of which the strength of the situations is beyond dispute.

Few playwrights have ever had more skill in handling a situation than M. Sardou. He has, as M. Jules Claretie neatly puts it, "better than any one the *fingering* of the playwright" (*la doigté du dramaturge*). He prepares his situation slowly and presents it with full effect; leaves you in doubt for a while, and then cuts the knot with a single unexpected stroke. After he has got his characters into a terrible tangle, and there is seemingly no way of loosing the bands which bind them, M. Sardou either shows us that the tangle was only apparent and the slipping of a single loop will set everybody free, or else he whips out his pen-knife and, as has just been said, slyly cuts the cords, getting his knife safely back into his pocket while we are all astonished at the sudden falling of the ropes. In this super-subtle ingenuity M. Sardou again resembles Scribe, but the disciple has improved on the master. Both dramatists take delight in producing great effects from little causes, but the methods are different. Scribe had the ingenuity of the travelling conjuror at a country fair; he showed you a pellet under this cup, in a second it is passed under that, and before you know it he raises the third, and there it is again. The trick is done and the three acts are over, leaving the pellet-



people very nearly where they were when he began. But the art of magic has made great progress of late. The village conjuror has given way before the court prestidigitator. M. Sardou disdains a simple cup-and-ball effect; he has at his command an electric battery and a pneumatic machine, and he can do the second-sight mystery. He is a wizard of the North, not like Scott, but like Andersen. He handcuffs his hero, seals him in a sack, locks the sack in a box, has the box heavily chained, then lowers the lights and fires a pistol, — and hi! presto! the prisoner is free and ready to play his part again.

M. Charles Blanc, in his witty and graceful reply to M. Sardou's reception-oration at the Academy, — a reply in which, as is often the case in the Academic ceremonies, cutting criticism and biting rebuke were courteously sheathed in suavity, politeness, and compliment, with no dulling of the edge of their keenness, — M. Charles Blanc satirically praised M. Sardou's skill in "using small means to arrive at great effects. Among these small means there is one, the letter, that you use with preference and always with good fortune. The letter! it plays a part in most of your plots, and all of it is important, the wrapper as well as its contents. The envelope, the seal, the wax, the postage-stamp and the post-mark, and the tint of the paper and the perfume which rises from it, not to speak of the handwriting, close or free, large or small, — how many things in a letter, as handled by you, may be irrefutable evidence to betray the lovers, to denounce the villains, and to warn the jealous!" And then M. Blanc continues by pointing out that in "Les Pattes de Mouche" a letter is the basis of the plot; it is a long time hidden under a porcelain bust, then turn by turn it serves half-burnt to light a lamp, then to prop a shaky table, then as wad in a gun, then as a box for a rare beetle, and then at last for a proposal which settles all things to everybody's satisfaction. In "Dora" the traitress is exposed because of a peculiar perfume which she alone uses, and which clings to the letter she has touched. In "Fernande," in which M. Sardou, as M. Blanc says, "has so well depicted the exquisite elevation of a young soul which has preserved itself pure in the midst of all the impurities of a wretched gambling-hell, the heroine on the eve of marrying a gentleman, the Marquis des Arcis, writes him a letter avowing the ignominies she has passed through without moral stain; but this letter, intercepted by an old mistress of the Marquis, does not arrive at its destination in time, and the Marquis learns when it is too late that his marriage was dishonoring. However, as Fernande had loyally confessed *before*

what he had only learned *after*, he consents to forgive all ; he wishes to forget all ; he easily persuades himself that he ought to love her whom he does love, — and thus a letter, because it was a day too late, makes happy a girl whom an involuntary stigma does not prevent from being charming." In "Les Bourgeois de Pont d'Arcy" it is a letter again which a son will not allow his mother to see because it convicts his father of sin ; and this refusal forces the son finally to confess himself guilty of his father's fault. In "La Famille Benoiton" and in "Séraphine," letters are again to be found in the very centre of the plot.

In spite of his frequent use of apparently inadequate and trifling means to untie the knots of his story, no playwright has ever shown more skill in getting the utmost possible effect out of a situation. But the situation is nearly all there is. The characters are made to fit it and the dialogue is sufficient to display it. The skeleton may be supple and well-jointed, but it is not clothed with living flesh and blood. In spite of all the cleverness there is no real feeling. There are few words which come straight from the heart, such as abound in M. Augier's work. The language of any of the characters in the moments of intense emotion is always to the point, and vigorous, and all that is needed by the situation ; but it is the clever language of M. Sardou, not the simple words of a heart torn by anguish or racked by suspense. The characters do not rule events, they are ruled by them. For the most part they are little more than puppets to be moved mechanically so as to bring on the situation, or else they are vehicles for the author's wit and his satire.

For M. Sardou is really a journalist-playwright. He tries to put the newspaper on the stage. He is never content to rely on his dramatic framework, good as it may be, but he seeks always to set it off by an appeal to the temper of the time and an attempt at reflecting it. And to enable him to combine this dramatizing of editorial articles and the latest news with the proper presentation of a strong situation, M. Sardou has a formula of dramatic construction. And what this formula is can be seen on even slight consideration of any two or three of his five-act comedies, "— Dora," or "Oncle Sam," or "Nos Bons Villageois." He does not always employ this formula ; "Patrie" is an exception, and so in a measure is "Fernande." Indeed, as the Paris correspondent of the "Nation" once said, "Sardou is not obstinate ; he changes his manner, not in the course of a few years like the great painters, — he can change it three times a year. He rather



likes to change it, to jump from one thing to another, to alter his system : he is a sort of dramatic clown."

But in spite of these frequent changes of system there are nearly a dozen of M. Sardou's plays, and the best known of them, constructed according to a definite formula. This formula is evidently the result of a sort of compromise arrived at between the two different men contained in M. Sardou, — the satirical wit and the situation-loving playwright : Pasquin and Scribe. The wit writes the first half of the comedy, and it rattles along as briskly and as brightly as a revolving firework ; and then the playwright seizes the pen, and the story suddenly takes a serious turn, and the interest grows intense. It is characteristic of his cleverness that he is able to join two acts and a half of satirical comedy to two acts and a half of melodramatic strength so deftly that at first glance the joint is not visible. The first act of any one of his plays rarely does more than introduce the characters and develop the satirical motive of the play. Often there is absolutely no action whatever. This is the case in both " La Famille Benoiton " and " Oncle Sam," the first acts of which, as has been said, are almost exactly alike. In the second act the satire and the wit and the comedy continue to be developed, and possibly there is an indication of a coming cloud, but it is not larger than a man's hand. In neither " Dora " nor " Nos Bons Villageois " do we get much nearer the action of the story in the second act than we were in the first. During these earlier acts M. Sardou is quietly laying his wires, and in the third act the change comes, the masked batteries are revealed, and strong situation and sensation follow each other in rapid succession. Even in the caustic " Rabagas " M. Sardou seemingly had no confidence in his pure comedy, and so lugs in by the ears an extraneous intrigue of the prince's daughter with a captain of the guards.

For this inartistic mingling of two distinct styles of play M. Sardou has good reasons. In the first place it pays better to write five-act plays than plays of any other length. A dramatic author in Paris takes fifteen *per cent* of the gross receipts every night. If his play is short he only gets his proportion of this, sharing it with the authors of the other pieces acted the same evening. But if his play is long and important enough to constitute the sole entertainment, he naturally takes the whole fifteen *per cent* himself. Having thus a motive for writing five-act plays, M. Sardou knows the temper of Parisian playgoers too well to believe that either five acts of satirical comedy or five acts of pathetic interest will please as well as five acts in which

both tears and smiles are blended. Five acts of humor would probably begin to pall long before the fifth act was reached, and five acts of pathos would probably prove too lugubrious ; so he combines the two. Now the Parisian play-goer has a very bad habit, he dines late ; and if he goes to the theatre after a dinner he arrives certainly after the first act, possibly after the second. Therefore, clever in this as in all things, M. Sardou delays the real movement of his play until the third act, when he is certain to have all his spectators assembled, and in the first two acts he gives free rein to his satirical instincts.

To amuse the many spectators who may have come in time he has much bustle, much coming and going, little or no dramatic progress, but much effective theatrical movement, all accompanied by a running fire of witticisms and hits at the times. His plays are written so distinctly to suit the taste of the moment, that when they are revived in after years they seem faded, and have a slightly stale odor as of second-hand goods. Indeed, it would not be difficult for any one familiar with politics and society in France for the last score of years to declare the date of almost any of M. Sardou's five-act comedies from a cursory inspection of its allusions. "Fernande," we note from a remark in the first act, was written about the time a bottle of ink was broken against the Terpsichorean group of statuary which adorns the new opera house ; and "La Famille Benoiton" marks the fashionable corruption of the lower Empire just before the exhibition of 1867. As M. Jules Claretie has neatly said, "Sardou is a barometer dramatist, rising and falling with the weather, as it changes or is about to change. . . . Turn by turn, liberal or reactionary, as liberty or reaction may happen to be at a preminm and pay a profit to him who traffics in it, he will praise for example the reconstruction of Paris in 'Les Ganaches' when M. Haussmann is up at the top of the hill, and he will scourge it in 'Maison Neuve' when M. Haussmann draws near his fall." And the criticism is not unjust. The incipient reaction against the Republic found its reflection in 1872 in "Rabagas ;" the uneasy restlessness in regard to foreign spies furnished the groundwork for "Dora" in 1877 ; and the provincial clectioneering, log-rolling, and wire-pulling of the recent political struggles are used in 1878 to give color to "Les Bourgeois de Pont d'Arcy."

In spite therefore of M. Sardou's extraordinary cleverness, of his great theatrical skill, of his undeniable wit, — in spite of his many gifts in various directions, he is not a dramatist of the first rank. He cannot safely be taken as a model. As Joubert points out : "It suffices



not for an author to catch the attention and to hold it, he must also satisfy it." M. Sardou often catches the attention, and for a time he holds it; but he never satisfies it.

In the preceding pages he has been likened to a conjuror, a clown, and a barometer. If these comparisons are just, they suggest that there is an ever present taint of insincerity in his work; that he does not put himself into it, and that we shall seldom find in it that "one drop of ruddy human blood" which Mr. Lowell tells us "puts more life into the veins of a poem than all the delusive '*aurum potabile*' that can be distilled out of the choicest library," or compounded by the utmost cleverness.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

WHEN one says that Mr. Welles's "*Bohême*"<sup>1</sup> is as poor a collection of more or less perfectly rhymed lines as one often sees, one does the book justice. The author has evidently read, possibly in a desultory way, Shelley, Browning, Swinburne, and our own F. S. Saltus, the American Baudelaire; but the reading of his poems cannot be conscientiously recommended to any one. To tear the book to pieces would be an odious task; there is no harm in the poetry, and possibly in the future Mr. Welles will have more to say to the world than he has yet said. In that case, his evidently early practice will probably do him good. Meanwhile, it is with perfect sincerity and no intention of wounding him, that we advise him to wait before publishing until he is forced to write, rather than to rush again into print without any message to deliver. A repetition of this offence will call for capital punishment. The first time is but a venial sin, an intended compliment to letters.

MR. ROBINSON is fortunate — and he shows his good fortune with, we hope, a great many readers — in having visited a remote and almost unknown land, and in describing his adventures in a most readable and entertaining manner.<sup>2</sup> Barring certain slight peculiarities of style, certain offences against literary precision, the author has written what must be called a fascinating book. He has done this not only by telling us just what he has seen, and by excluding, even to the extent of whetting the reader's appetite for more, what he has judged to be superfluous, but by seeing with great intelligence just what was of interest. The whole somewhat complicated business of the Hudson's Bay Company he makes very clear; he describes admirably the lives of white men and Indians in those regions; he gives much information, as well as vivid accounts of the cold of winter and the discomforts of summer, enlivening every thing with genuine humor. This humor is not the mere grinning through a horse-collar which one sometimes sees in the men who follow that branch of literature as a profession or trade, but is something radically different and much more delightful. Without perverting every thing to the production of fun, Mr.

<sup>1</sup> *Bohême*. By Charles Stuart Welles. New York: S. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

<sup>2</sup> *The Great Fur Land; or, Sketches of Life in the Hudson's Bay Territory*. By H. M. Robinson. With numerous Illustrations from Designs by Charles Gasche. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.



Robinson has enlivened what could not fail to be a valuable book by a distinct literary knack. He is only to be congratulated on his marked success.

PALESTRINA, Piccini, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Cherubini and his predecessors, Méhul, Spontini, Halévy, Boieldieu, Auber, Meyerbeer, and Gounod are the musicians whose portions of fame are allotted to them in Mr. Ferris's careful compilation.<sup>1</sup> This is a good number for two hundred and forty-eight small pages, and it is no wonder that the reader gets a more distinct notion that these men were born, lived, and died, than of the distinctive qualities of their music. But the book, though of but meagre value in the way of critical discrimination, may be found of use by those who cannot put their hands on genuine authorities. It will harm no one who is moved to talk about music to know a few dates and facts about famous musicians, nor what intelligent people have said about them. The book could not have failed of being more entertaining if something had been said about Berlioz. A brief account of his life would have been found most interesting reading.

MADAME BONAPARTE.<sup>2</sup>—Every thing that good paper and print and tasteful binding can do for a book has been done for this one. The editing, too, is sufficient and modest, and only very rarely too eulogistic. Mr. Didier has as a rule confined himself to necessary explanations, which are always brief and simple, and has left the letters to tell their story in their own way. The subject of all this painstaking care on the part of editor and publishers is unexpectedly disappointing. There has seldom been a more romantic story than that of Madame Bonaparte; and the heroine had unrivalled opportunities of seeing and knowing, from girlhood until the close of a life nearly a century long, every man and woman of distinction in Europe or America. Beyond a few general phrases, however, there is nothing in these letters that gives the slightest idea of any body whom Madame Bonaparte saw and knew, outside the family of her husband. There is no picture, nor even the rudest sketch, of society in Washington during the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, when Madame Bonaparte was familiar with it. There is next to nothing about the varied and interesting society of Paris, Florence, Rome, and Geneva, where Madame Bonaparte passed many years and commanded all that was socially best worth having. The few descriptions of people that do occur display little knowledge of character,

<sup>1</sup> The Great Italian and French Composers. By George T. Ferris, author of "The Great German Composers." Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

<sup>2</sup> The Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte. By Eugene L. Didier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

a shrewd and cynical but rather shallow judgment, and any thing but the wit for which Madame Bonaparte was noted. To this her husband's family form an exception. She understood them thoroughly, and had a very justly low opinion of all whom she knew personally.

There is one character, however, which is portrayed very clearly and graphically in these letters, — that of the writer ; and a most unlovely one it is. In 1803 Elizabeth Patterson captured, by means of her wonderful beauty and sharp wit, the susceptible heart and feeble understanding of Jerome Bonaparte, then a captain in the French navy, and afterwards the puppet king of the plaster-of-Paris kingdom of Westphalia. There is no evidence that she was in love, but it is on the contrary very clear that with her the marriage was one of ambition alone. She failed in her plan, and lost the high stake for which she had ventured every thing. Napoleon set her aside, as he did every body who got in his way, and married her husband to the Princess of Wurtemberg. The deserted wife returned to America, lived on a pension awarded to her by the Emperor, while disappointed ambition made harder and more selfish a naturally hard and selfish character. After the fall of the Emperor, she returned to Europe, where she passed a large part of her life constantly in society. Her first aims were to educate her boy, get what she could for him from the Bonaparte family, and if possible marry him to one of his cousins, or to some heiress of noble birth. In all but the first she failed. Her son married an American, and lived happily in Baltimore, to his mother's intense disgust. After this came more years of European society, retirement to Baltimore, partial recognition under the second empire, the accumulation of a vast fortune, and an avaricious and sharp-tongued old age.

This was probably the legitimate result of a cruel disappointment, acting upon a hard, ambitious woman, who had aimed at a throne and came sufficiently near never to forget it. It is not to be wondered at that such misfortune and injustice should have made Madame Bonaparte cynical, convinced her that money and mercenary marriages were the only things worth having, and rendered her dependent for all pleasures in life upon admiration and "coquetry." All this is comprehensible enough ; but it is utterly inexplicable that a woman of such beauty and talent should have been ashamed of her own country, and should have been snobbish, and a blind worshipper of the rather second-rate royalty of the Bonaparte family. These are harsh words, and it is to be regretted that the letters compel their application to a woman so highly gifted both physically and intellectually. In a letter from Cheltenham, in 1815, she urges her father not to dissipate the idea that she was an heiress, as it would interfere with her marrying a man of rank, and she would never accept any other. "In America," she says, "I appeared more simple than I am, because I was completely out of my element. Here I am completely in my sphere, and in contact with modes of life for



which Nature intended me. . . . Every thing you write to McElhiney he will tell, to give himself a consequence in being connected with us. In this country, distinctions in society are so much attended to that connections with people who are not known, however honest and respectable they may be, are not tolerated. . . . As to the opinions of old Mr. Gilmor, and other very respectable and worthy persons, that I ought to be in Baltimore, they only tell you so because their daughters might come here and never be known. Besides, they are envious of your fortune and my situation. . . . I never would marry without rank. . . . Let them come and try which is of most consequence, they or me." All these charming passages are from one letter. In 1822 she writes in regard to her son, that he knew she "could only recognize a marriage of ambition and interest, and that his name and rank required it." Her son's dog went with him to America, and she says, "I fear the black faces in the kitchen must have frightened him [the dog], as he had been used to drawing-rooms and fine ladies here." She brought her son up to be a Roman Catholic, primarily because it was the "religion of princes and kings." The one or two letters addressed to Lady Morgan, which are given in this volume, are absolutely repulsive in their flattery, and give a painful idea of Madame Bonaparte's attitude toward people of rank and distinction. In 1827 she writes, "I should prefer a child of mine going to court, and dancing every evening in the week in good company, to his or her marrying beggars and bringing children into the world to deplore existence." She is always haunted by rank and "good company." The worst letter of all is that written on hearing of her son's marriage, and is too long for quotation here. It contains more contemptible opinions as to her own country, city, and people, and as to the value of "good company," and "a proper sphere in Europe," than we ever remember to have seen brought together on a single printed page. The other letters at this time are in the same strain. Nothing is worth having but foreign society, rank, and money; and she was absolutely mad in regard to the parvenue royalty of the Bonapartes. If she had had any self-respect, she would have reflected that the child of a successful Scotch merchant was every whit the equal, under any social code, of the children of an obscure Corsican lawyer. Not even the genius of Napoleon could alter his extraction; and when he told the Austrian genealogists that his pedigree dated from the battle of Montenotte, he showed a sense of decency and a regard for facts which his American sister-in-law would have done well to imitate.

There is little in either the letters or the narrative which illustrates Madame Bonaparte's well-known powers of repartee, except the familiar reply to Dundas, and one which is new to us in regard to her husband. Jerome complained that while she refused a pension from him she accepted one from Napoleon. To which Madame Bonaparte replied that she preferred to be sheltered under the wings of an eagle to being suspended from the

bill of a goose. She had always plenty of spirit, and however much she bowed down to rank and social position she never over-valued the very paltry fellow whom she had been unlucky enough to marry.

THE completion of Waitz's "Constitutional History of Germany,"<sup>1</sup> is an event of the first importance in historical literature; for no writer of the present day has erected for himself such a monument of well-balanced learning in this field of study. It is true that some parts of his work have been exposed to searching criticism, and his views appear to have been overthrown in certain fundamental points. But even the theories of his antagonists were built upon his labors, and it is hardly too much to say that the splendid performances of Roth and Sohm were only made possible by what Waitz had done before.

The eight volumes cover four distinct periods. The first volume is devoted to the primitive institutions of the Germans; the second, to the Conquest and the Merovingian period; the third and fourth to the Carolingian period. At this point he seemed to have stopped, and for a long series of years the continuation of his work was impatiently waited for. Meantime, the hostile criticism of Roth and others caused him to review carefully the ground of the first two volumes, and to publish revised editions of them, in which he maintained his original positions with some modifications. At last in 1875 came two new volumes, followed at intervals by two more, bringing the work down to the period of the Hohenstaufen. Here he drops his pen, doubtless feeling that his special work lies in the formative period of institutions, and that with the complete establishment of Feudalism begins a new era.

These last four volumes, covering a period which has never before been carefully studied, constitute a treatise in themselves. The Constitution of the German Empire (*Deutsche Reichs-verfassung*), from the middle of the ninth to the middle of the twelfth century, — using the second Empire, of course, not in its technical sense, "Holy Roman Empire," but to denote the imperial nature of the realm, which was as distinctly marked under Henry the Fowler and Conrad III. as under the sovereigns who were crowned at Rome. Each volume consists of four chapters; and, without any very precise grouping of chapters, the four volumes may be correctly enough described as treating of, — first, the Land and People; second, the King; third, the Lesser Potentates; fourth, the Administration. The second volume (sixth of the entire work) contains also a chapter upon Feudalism (*Lehnwesen*).

The four chapters of the present volume treat respectively of the Judi-

<sup>1</sup> *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte*, von Georg Waitz, 8 Band. [*Also*, *Die Deutsche Reichsverfassung von der Mitte des neunten bis zur Mitte des zwölften Jahrhunderts*. 4 Band.] Kiel, Ernst Homann. 1878. 8vo. pp. 550.



cial, Military, and Financial Administration, and (the closing chapter) "The Antagonisms in the Empire, and the Transformation of the Constitution" (*Die Gegensätze im Reich und die Umbildung der Verfassung*). This last chapter of only seventy-one pages is a masterly sketch of the constitutional history of the three centuries under consideration; the continual contest of the Crown on the one side with the Church, on the other with the great Dukedoms; the relation of Kingdom and Empire; and the tendencies to disintegration which existed at the close of the period, even under the powerful Frederick Barbarossa.

In view of the theory of the mediæval empire, made familiar by Mr. Bryce, it is interesting to read the vigorous paragraph in which Waitz characterizes the contest between Henry IV. and Gregory VII.: "What thus occurred (the excommunication of Henry, 1076) was without example in history; what the Church afterwards alleged as a precedent, the deposition of the last Merovingian, lay in the obscurity of the past, and could not serve as an example until it had been placed in a false light. It was a breach between the two Powers, upon the union of which rested the idea of the Empire, the order of the Christian world. And never again since these days did they become really harmonious. The contest which flamed out here became a permanent antagonism of the Powers, the spiritual and the temporal; a contest upon the question whether they should stand independent by one another, or one should be subordinate to the other" (p. 444).

With regard to two of the emperors of this period, Professor Waitz holds a different opinion from that which is familiar to us. Of Henry III., whom we were taught by Hallam to regard as "the most absolute monarch in the annals of Germany," he declares that his rule, apart from his extraordinary personality, "has no claim to be reckoned really strong" (p. 423). Lothair of Saxony again is called by Mr. Bryce "the willing minion of the Pope," but Waitz agrees with Giesebrecht that Lothair occupied a far more independent position than his successor, Conrad III. "He had the thought of exercising the investiture in the formerly customary way, and only abstained from this under the influence of eminent churchmen, who were personally devoted to him" (p. 467). Of the Concordat of Worms (1122) he says: "In form the King yielded; but the essential rights in question he maintained" (p. 464).

The most striking characteristic of the period covered by these four volumes is the shifting and uncertainty of relations. This fact the author repeatedly emphasizes: "It must be said at all points of the conditions and institutions of this time, that they are in the current of formation" (vol. ii., p. 2). The character of the book itself is largely the result of this; it appears fragmentary and devoid of continuousness. It could not well be otherwise, at a period when there was no cohesion or defined organic

life in the Constitution ; all that the author could do was to describe in a natural succession the several elements which existed side by side, rather than as parts of one system.

One is half surprised, therefore, that the Feudal System makes so little show. The fact is, it was no *system* at all, and certainly seems much less prominent when the entire institutions of the period are, as here, taken into consideration, than it does in our eyes when we look back upon it. Moreover, although in France feudalism was at its height during all these centuries, in Germany it was only in process of formation ; these volumes carry us only "to the complete dominion of feudalism" ("bis zur voller Herrschaft des Lehnwesens"). Nevertheless, the essential principle of feudalism — the union of vassalage with the military tenure of land — is represented as being fully although not universally recognized ; and many of the individual chapters — for example, those upon the several classes of princes, the judicial and the military systems — bring out in a most clear and instructive manner the development during this period of the political side of feudalism.

In the chapter upon the Judicial System (Das Gerichtswesen), Professor Waitz touches upon ground covered by Sohm in his "Reichs und Gerichtsverfassung." This chapter is, therefore, of high interest in a controversial point of view ; we have only space here, however, to say that he maintains his old views, and denies several of Sohm's positions. He objects, for example (p. 87), to Sohm's distinction between royal and popular courts ; holding to the existence in the later Frank empire of a judicial assembly for the entire Gau. He rejects the opinion that the court of one Hundred had jurisdiction for the entire Gau (p. 55) ; that the Scabini belonged to the Hundred rather than the Gau (p. 57) ; that the Assembly and not the Scabini always found the verdict in the regular judicial assembly, Echtes Ding (p. 61), — and that the Centenarius could not act as the representative of the Court (p. 76). He also denies (p. 93) Heusler's statement that the inhabitants of Episcopal cities stood in a more immediate relation to the king than the subjects of other princes.

It is commonly believed in America that the sole object of education in Germany<sup>1</sup> is the training of specialists in the various departments of learning, and that what we call "popular education" outside of the schools is there neglected and despised. This belief, once perhaps justified by facts, is so no longer. Popular lectures, popular periodicals, and popular literature of all sorts are addressing themselves more and more to the wants of the great Middle Class. The difference between these attempts here and in Germany is that, while our popular writers and speakers are lowering

<sup>1</sup> Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge.



themselves more and more to the level of their hearers, the movement there is more distinctly educational, and is in the hands of men who stand on the very highest scale of intellectual attainment. What these men speak and write, no matter how popular its form, cannot fail to call its audience up to a higher level of thought, and to incite to further study. Of such a character are the two publications to which we call attention here. One is the collection of lectures adapted to general comprehension, edited by Dr. Rudolph Virchow, the famous professor of Anatomy at the University of Berlin and one of the leaders of the liberal party in politics, and Franz von Holtzendorff, a leading jurist and professor at the University of Munich. The other is a collection of essays<sup>1</sup> on prominent questions of the day in Germany, edited by Von Holtzendorff. The former publication is now in its fourteenth, the latter in its eighth, year. The lectures form a most valuable collection of short sketches in every department of science, literature, history, and art. Many of them are of great use even to the more careful student, who needs as every one does a glimpse at things lying outside his direct path, but who wants this glimpse to be comprehensive and accurate. That is — contrary again, perhaps, to common belief — the great value of German work of this sort, that it grasps generally the point, the controversy, the “epoch-making” event, with a hint at the latest and best material and the present condition of the argument, in a way that makes it a true help to the student. If one should go through the seven volumes of the “Zeit und Streitfragen,” one would find himself thoroughly well posted on the series of political events which are marking the infancy of parliamentary government in Germany. Of the current volume of the Lectures, Nos. 313–322 inclusive have appeared. They comprise Nos. 313, 314, — “Blücher,” by A. Kluckhohn, also one of the associate editors of the “Zeitfragen,” a sketch of the period which Germans are never tired of glorifying (the war of deliverance), but which only serves to set off in stronger relief the political imbecility which preceded and followed it; 315, 316, — “Deep Sea Animals,” by Professor Pagenstecher of Heidelberg, an historical view of the progress of deep-sea investigation, and a glimpse at the various forms of animal life observed; 317, — “John Howard and the Great Blockade in the eighteenth century,” by Holtzendorff, enforcing the demands of Howard, in view of the increased facility of communication with the East; 318, — “The Beginnings of Art,” by Professor Ranke, in Munich, an account of the Cave-Dwellers in Switzerland, Franconia, and France, and the theory of their pottery work on a model woven of grass or reeds; 319, — “Kaulbach’s Cycle of Historical Pictures,” by Victor Kaiser, a comparison of the artist with Cornelius, and an analysis of the great wall-paintings in the Berlin Museum; 320, — “The Nature of Lichens,” with ten illustrations by Professor Reess

<sup>1</sup> Deutsche Zeit-und Streitfragen.

of Erlangen ; 321, — "The Story of Prometheus," by Professor Holle, merely a prosaic rendering of the myth as given by Aeschylus ; 322, — "The Problem of the Modern Science of Animal Geography," by C. Semper, an analysis of the conditions necessary to a clear understanding of the distribution of animals on the earth's surface. A glance at these titles shows well enough the range of subjects covered by this most admirable undertaking.

Of the "Zeitfragen," four numbers of the current volume have been received : 113, "The Materialistic and Idealistic View of Creation," by Dr. Max Schesler, is an attack upon the so-called materialism of Darwin as represented by his German exaggerators, especially by Haeckel, of Jena ; 114, 115, "Educational Institutions for Neglected Children," by Dr. Fr. Oetker, contains a very interesting account of personal observations in similar institutions in Belgium, and a comparison with those of Germany ; 116, "Universal Military Service and Education," by Dr. H. Stürenburg, discusses the relation of general education to the necessity of military duty, and concludes that the present arrangement of an essentially intellectual education up to the age of maturity, and then a period devoted exclusively to military training, comes nearest to the ideal of the time ; 117, "Compulsory Evidence in Criminal Process," by Dr. Paul Kayser, is an historical review of the subject from the time of Moses to its final adjustment in the new code of the German Empire, showing the development from the idea of compulsion as a means of eliciting evidence to that of a punishment for contumacy.

"Gymnastische Spiele und Bildungsmittel für Kinder von 3-8 Jahren" forms the third volume of Goldammer's Handbook of Froebel's educational method. It is devoted to the education of the body as a necessary complement to that of the mind, and is concerned only with such forms of exercise as are adapted to children before the age of school training. It rests upon the admirable principle that physical exercise, to be of permanent benefit, must be regular, systematic, and the result of careful thought, not to be taken merely at the whim of the child. Further, the book justifies itself by the lack of treatises upon gymnastics suited to this age, which in the judgment of the author is at least as important as any other in the development of that *sana mens in sano corpore* which Locke declares to be the condition of human happiness. The really valuable portions are the games themselves, and the little songs with which they are accompanied. An especially excellent feature here is the retention of many homely little rhymes which were never made for a purpose, but grew among the people, and are always far dearer to the minds of children than any thing which can be "adapted" for their use. The list of games for house and out-of-doors is a very treasury for any one having charge of children, and we venture to say that any mother following out systematically the course of discipline here laid down would be rewarded in the sound lungs, sturdy limbs, and quick apprehension of her little ones.



“Die Principien der Politik, Einleitung in die Staatswissenschaftliche Betrachtung, der Gegenwart,” by Dr. Franz von Holtzendorff, is a book deserving the careful attention of all students of political science. It addresses itself, as might be expected, primarily to Germans, and draws its conclusions principally from the course of German history; but its discussions include the whole field of political speculation, and the lessons of all history have been drawn upon for confirmation of its results. And certainly no people could profit more by this calm analysis of the political experience of the past than we in America. It is not a great book. It brings no important contribution to the stock of original thought upon the principles of government, but it collects and arranges, so that one can grasp them all at once, the most weighty considerations upon this important theme. It conveys what is, perhaps, the most needed lesson of the hour here,—the truth that politics is a science with a history and a development of its own, and that a knowledge of these is an essential condition of success in all political experiment which looks beyond the moment. The whole work is divided into three books. The first treats of the nature of politics, as a combination of science with experience; the second, of its legal and moral basis; and the third of what we might, perhaps, best understand as the “political” principle of politics (*Der Staatszweck als Princip der Politik*). The first book may be regarded as introductory, its purpose being to establish certain general and acknowledged foundation principles, of which the most important is the fact that there are such things as principles in politics, existing independently of the questions of expediency and of practicability. It is from this threefold point of view that all future problems are to be considered. Every political experiment must be submitted to these three tests: Is it right? Is it expedient (*zweckmässig*)? and Is it practicable (*technisch ausführbar*)? In case of a conflict, which is to govern? The author leaves us here at the outset in no doubt as to his position. He is no *doctrinaire*. Expediency, the highest possible adaptation to the true purpose of the State, must be the deciding element in all political activity. What this true purpose of the State is will be considered afterwards.

The second book treats of the conflict of politics with positive, that is enacted, law and with morals. Sharply defined, here is the difference between the popular confidence in the courts and in the administration. An unjust law or legal decision is passed by without wide-spread opposition, while a flaw in the tax-collection or the police-service calls forth universal comment. This is a hint to be remembered by the statesman. A difficult problem is opened, but not closed, in the remarks upon the conflicts arising from the self-asserted unchangeableness of fundamental laws. “Any law proclaiming its own unchangeableness carries within it the sanction of its own violation.” It is the problem of the statesman to adapt positive legis-

lation to the demand of the time and the needs of the future. The chapter upon morals and politics is enlightened and calm in the extreme. Its motto is, "For the modern State there is no *pure doctrine of Christian politics*." With dogma the State has no concern; but at the same time it is bound, like any individual, by the highest standard of morals existing at the time. This demand brings with it, of course, the downfall of the divine right of rulers to use the resources of the State for their own ends. These moral duties of the State are treated in connection with its relations to its subjects and to other States under the growing sway of international equity.

But it is in the third book, treating of the nature and functions of the State, that we find most to interest us and most to differ from. Adaptation to the true purpose of the State was, we saw, the final test of the wisdom of a political measure. But what the true purpose and function of the State are, or ought to be, has been the fundamental problem of political speculation ever since speculation on politics began. The theories on this point, numerous and varied as they are, may be brought under three heads, according as they recognize prosperity or the predominance of law or morality as the object to be attained. All these are classed together by Holtzendorff as *ideal* objects of the State, and he goes on to show that each alone fails to answer the conditions of the *true* State. The ideal of prosperity has led to the theory of paternal government; that of universal right produced exaggerated ideas of personal freedom; while the moral ideal, if it could ever have been attained, would have replaced politics by a system of theology. No single ideal is supported by the evidence of history, and by what we know of the nature of man. The *real* objects of the State now appear under three phases, according to its relation to its own power, to the freedom under law of the individual, and to the social and intellectual development of its people. The power of the State as a political unit must be the affair of Government, and must be maintained by its military and diplomatic service; but in the carrying out of this proposition most important and delicate questions arise as to the strength of the army and the manner of its organization, as to the selection and compensation of diplomatic agents. In these matters the author sees of course the highest ideal in the German *allgemeine Wehrpflicht*, yet he thinks it worth while to justify it by the peculiarly exposed position of Germany, and draws a comparison at some length between her condition and that of the United States in this respect. Here again no definite rule of practice can be laid down; but every State must determine for itself, according to its geographical position and its peculiar dangers, to what degree its military power should be developed. The statement here that the present system of national armies is an organized preservation of the peace is open to very serious doubts. An opponent might liken it to a meeting of savage beasts, each afraid to attack the other, but none the less savage for that. The solution of this dilemma



may, according to our author, come through the progress of nations toward a mutual recognition of rights which shall make wars unnecessary. The second phase of the State's activity relates to the freedom of the individual. We find here rather a clear presentation of the points at issue than an attempt to settle them, and must regret that we have no distinct utterance upon such matters as the control of legal and medical practice, dangerous occupations, building, and manufactures. Only in the far less difficult questions of religious liberty, freedom of emigration and of scientific inquiry do we find strong expressions on the side of the greatest possible freedom consistent with the order of the community. As to the press, education, and political assembly, we hear only the timid voice of "historical experience." Here as everywhere we miss the ring of that political wisdom which dares believe in liberty, not as a privilege to be dealt out cautiously, but as an educator to its own fuller enjoyment. This same distrust of the individual pervades, perhaps, in a greater degree the consideration of the State as a factor in the social and intellectual progress of a nation. In the balancing of social classes, in the spread of information, in the support of art, it is assumed that private enterprise must needs fail, — an assumption which we might find justified by history, but which we hope to make impossible if we are only given the time.

In all these questions we may well differ from the author ; but we must award to his book the praise of extraordinary fairness and clearness. Of the style it is enough to say that it is that of most German works on philosophical subjects, — clumsy, heavy, involved, but working its way around into clearness at last, by the help of its admirable division and arrangement of subjects. A copious collection of notes and references to authorities adds materially to the value of the book.

A TIMELY pamphlet is the treatise on the Papacy and International Law from the French of Dr. Ernest Nye.<sup>1</sup> It contains within its narrow limits a neat sketch of the claims of the Papacy to universal sovereignty, of its rise from the position of a mere bishopric, and of the part played in modern international relations by the institution of the Nuncios. It is shown by reference to documentary evidence how unbroken and consistent have been the efforts of the Church to use these instruments as a means for extending and consolidating its power in the various States. We are told that these legates of Rome are not to be compared to those of other political powers, and indeed that the claim of the Church to the power of revoking its obligations makes all negotiation with it farcical from the outset. We read here how the wave of the papal influence has risen and fallen with the condition of European politics, its pretensions remaining always the same, and

<sup>1</sup> The Papacy considered in relation to International Law, by Ernest Nye. Translated from the French by Rev. Ponsonby A. Lyons. London : 1879. 65 pp.

its blindness increasing as the light of science breaks upon the world. And yet from all this we are led to the impotent conclusion that, after all, a reformation of the Church from within may be possible if only a man wise and prudent should come to its head. That such may become popes we learn from the past; and because they have failed to harmonize the Church with the world, it does not follow that this reconciliation is impossible. And so the author would have diplomatic relations sustained with the Court of Rome, in the amiable hope that the political virtue of the world may in some mysterious way change a policy which for a thousand years has never swerved from its distinct and definite purpose. We had looked for a more helpful suggestion after so clear a presentation of the danger.

"YOUNG MAUGARS"<sup>1</sup> is a very pretty, picturesque little tale of bourgeois and peasant life, which has about it some of the freshness of the scenes it depicts. The plot is slight, but affords scope for many charming descriptions; and the character of Thérèse, the heroine, recalls that of Petite Marie in the "*Mare au Diable*," though it is, perhaps, more strongly and decidedly developed. The translation is excellent; it preserves the spirit of the original, and is remarkably smooth and flowing, though the rendering of the French idioms is sometimes a trifle too literal. On the whole, however, this volume forms a delightful addition to the Collection of Foreign Authors, and will serve to increase its popularity.

"THE BRETON MILLS"<sup>2</sup> is one of those books written by an author, who, like Mrs. Wilfer, "had much better have let it alone." The plot is far too strange and intricate to be unravelled in a short notice; but the principal aim of the tale seems to be to show the sorrows of the poor as opposed to the luxury of the rich. A prominent character is one Curran, a socialist teacher, who is true to life in so far as that he despises such social amenities as cuffs and cleanliness, but who is singularly unnatural in the inflammatory speeches which he addresses to mass meetings. He saves the heroine — Bertha, a tall, stately girl, "with golden hair like a crown sitting well down on her broad forehead" — from death by the bite of a mad dog. For this noble deed she rewards him by inviting him to kiss her at the door of a blacksmith's forge, where a large crowd has gathered. The moral of the tale is peculiar. Bertha elopes with Curran, but, after staying with him a year, and having a child, she comes home again; procures what she supposes to be a divorce, and speedily marries the real hero of the tale, who is named Philip, and is that abstract embodiment of all that is great

<sup>1</sup> Collection of Foreign Authors, No. XVII. — "Young Maugars." From French of André Theuriet. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

<sup>2</sup> The Breton Mills. A Romance, by Charles T. Bellamy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.



and noble, so familiar to novel readers. After his marriage, Philip discovers to his horror that the divorce is void, and that Bertha has therefore committed bigamy. He hastily flees to Europe with her, pursued as far as the railway station by Curran, who rides out of the story on a white horse, from which he falls and breaks his neck.

Another principal character is Mr. Ellingsworth, father of Bertha, apparently a type of the effete aristocracy of the West, who somewhat inconsistently marries his maid-servant, actually holding her in those arms "where he might have gathered coy dames of the stateliest rank." This young person, Jane Graves by name, is of a spiteful disposition, and herself in love with Curran. She furnishes the author with a good instrument for by-play. Throughout the whole extraordinary tale the poor play an important part, and in chapter xiv. we are treated to an account of a strike. Of the faults of bad grammar and poor construction we will say nothing; though such sentences as, "The poor don't talk only when they have something to say," and many others of the same description, are worthy of severe criticism.

WE have here,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Spencer tells us, the first division of a work on the Principles of Morality, with which his system of Synthetic Philosophy is to end. The object of this philosophy is to trace the evolution of existing facts from their simplest beginnings. Ethics accordingly, or the philosophy of conduct, begins with studying the evolution of conduct in general, or the animated universe seen in function, — so far as function is exerted in relation to objects outside the organism, or consists of acts adjusted to ends. In the very lowest creatures the relation is vague and accidental; the infusorium swims about at random, determined in its course not by a perceived object to be pursued or escaped, but apparently by varying stimuli in its medium, which lead it now into contact with its prey, and now into the jaws of an enemy. With advance in structure and functions comes further evolution of conduct; morphological and physiological complication and nicety of adjustment is paralleled by the more and more elaborate pursuit of more and more numerous and comprehensive ends, — finally embracing not merely the life of the individual and the species, but the life of the race. Conduct, then, is good or bad according as it is completely or incompletely adjusted to ends; and whatever inconsistency there is in our use of the words arises from inconsistency in the ends. For example, the murderer strikes a good blow when he kills his victim at one stroke; but the act is a bad one, because, although it fully accomplishes his purpose, this purpose ought to have yielded to wider and more humane considerations, embracing the lives of other people as well as his own.

<sup>1</sup> The Data of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879. 12mo. pp. viii., 288.

It is obvious, however, that our estimation of ends, as more or less comprehensive, cannot be founded on merely quantitative grounds ; that is, we cannot rank actions as higher or lower in the scale merely in proportion as they are conducive to life, but the quality of the life must be taken into account. As Mr. Spencer says, there is an assumption of extreme significance underlying all moral estimates, namely, that the life in view is worth living ; and here comes in the principal difficulty of the inquiry. If we could leave out of sight all thought of the intrinsic desirableness of the ends subserved by living, our calculations would be very much simplified. We should merely have to multiply the length of life into its breadth (the variety of purposed actions embraced in it), in order to get its true amount. But this would not do ; on the contrary, it is obvious that there may be life of such a character that the more of it there is the worse. We must find some native quality which makes it desirable, before comparisons of extent can have any meaning.

Mr. Spencer's solution of the problem is the familiar one that conduct is good or bad according as its total effects are pleasurable or painful ; and he argues in support of this position with a copiousness which, considering how old and how familiar it is, may seem superfluous. He distinguishes his doctrine indeed, under the name of Rational Utilitarianism, from the empirical utilitarianism with which we are most familiar, on the ground that the latter is not "completely scientific," — inasmuch as it depends upon observation of results and not upon deduction from fundamental principles which show these results to be the necessary consequences of the constitution of things. These fundamental principles, however, must be obtained, we suppose, from observation of the consequences of actions ; and the only way in which a necessary or deductive character can be given to them, so far as we can see, must be to erect them into dogmas from which it is supposed no rational person will dissent. This is a method which mankind are not slow to adopt in practice, but it is a precarious foundation for scientific principles. The truth is that Mr. Spencer's proposed reform of utilitarianism indicates a deep-seated defect in the theory, but brings no remedy for it.

The theory is that nothing is ultimately good or desirable except pleasant sensation. Feelings, however, are relative exclusively to him that feels them : the pleasure of one person is not the pleasure of another, nor have the two any thing in common except the name. On this basis no general maxims about conduct can be established. To say that the end of action is "the general happiness" is to cheat ourselves with words ; for there is no general happiness which is distinct from the happiness of individuals, and what constitutes this in any given case must be decided by each one for himself. Mr. Spencer then is quite right in saying that empirical utilitarianism relies upon the observation of accidental results, the consequences of this or that action in a particular case, — which cannot be erected into



general rules. But what he proposes to substitute as the standard of morals, — namely, the constitution of things, — can hardly on the principles of his philosophy be any thing else than the constitution of Mr. Spencer himself, and of those who agree with him: the *consensus* of competent persons who are sure that they know what other people will ultimately like, and feel justified accordingly in demanding universal assent to their rules. The transformation of Positivism into its logical outcome, a doctrine of external authority, is a familiar phenomenon. In Mr. Spencer's case it is somewhat obscured by his habit of setting down contradictories as mere developments or qualifications.

Had we space at command we might point out the use which he makes of the principle of qualifications, so important and so often neglected, he thinks, by professed moralists and by people at large, — in virtue of which, having for example laid down the maxim that feelings have authority as guides in proportion as they are removed by their complexity and their ideality from simple sensations and appetites, we then remind ourselves that it is absurd to ignore immediate and personal satisfactions and to recognize only remote and general results. Or, having declared that Egoism is primary, we proceed to say that secondarily Altruism is primary, and not merely Egoism well understood; yet, again, that it is to be counted in the sum of pleasures. It would be proper also to show how the new matter is fitted into the usual framework of Evolution. But inexorable limits forbid. And, indeed, the reader of Mr. Spencer's former works will readily supply all this for himself; for there is nothing of substance in the present volume with which he is not already familiar.

THESE two solid volumes<sup>1</sup> contain a series of essays intended especially for the physician and sanitarian, but several of which may be of interest to the general reader. The work is very properly opened with an introduction by Dr. Billings, of the National Board of Health. Gifted with a clear head and well-improved powers of observation, he is admirably fitted to write such an article. The scope of the subject is, according to his ideas, a tolerably wide one: "Whatever can cause or help to cause discomfort, pain, sickness, death, vice, or crime, — and whatever has a tendency to avert, destroy, or diminish such causes, — are matters of interest to the sanitarian." Like a practical man, however, he devotes himself to matters of evident importance without attempting to reform the whole social system. In its present rather unsettled position among sciences, hygiene has no more dangerous enemy than the over-enthusiastic reformer. Scepticism of its merits is fast disappearing before its quiet work, but could be quickly restored by extravagant claims. Dr. Billings evidently sees and avoids this

<sup>1</sup> A Treatise on Hygiene and Public Health. Edited by Albert H. Buck, M.D. Two Vols. New York: William Wood & Co. 1879.

danger. He touches lightly on the imaginary normal rate of mortality. "Sanitary science does not at present possess any well-recognized and satisfactory standard or norm, by which the condition of health of a given community can be measured; since the death-rate, which is that usually employed, is a very imperfect and unreliable test." Gentlemen who place the norm at three in one thousand appear to forget, that, after all, man is mortal; and that, if the birth-rate continue unaltered, a diminution of the rate of mortality at one part of life necessitates an increase at another. A very little thought brings to light many difficulties in the use of statistics. Dr. Billings points out that vaccination itself may be said to increase the mortality of various epidemic diseases, since it saves up for them victims who otherwise would have died of small pox.

The application of the laws of hygiene is doubly difficult in the United States on account of the vast extent of the country and of the differences of climate and of race in its various parts. "The sanitary legislation of Massachusetts, Illinois, and Louisiana cannot be fashioned in the same mould with good, or at all events the best, results." It is obvious that much is required of those who would cope with such difficulties. Dr. Billings complains that sanitarians "are too often ignorant and careless of the first principles of legislation." He believes that one man possessing the medical, legal, and mechanical knowledge especially suited to this branch is superior to a Board comprising a physician, lawyer, and engineer of fair ability in their respective professions. The author next takes up the causes (we thank him for not saying the causation) of disease; a subject so vast, and in part so technical, that we cannot do justice to it. We prefer to pass on to his views on the jurisprudence of hygiene, including its political relations. It is rather depressing reading. The difficulties presented by Nature are not more serious than those caused by man. What is law in one State is not law in another. Some have Boards of Health with considerable powers; others with next to no powers at all; and others have no Board. But an efficient Board of Health in every State would not be enough for the general good. Each State would naturally first consider its own benefit, and would be restive under restrictions for the advantage of its neighbors. Hence a central power is needed. We have, it is true, a National Board of Health; but its office is chiefly advisory. The powers of the Government, indeed, are very limited. "The quarantine and health laws of a State are supreme over any regulations which Congress may make respecting commerce." The Constitution itself declares that "no preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over another." This forbids the application of quarantine laws to the Gulf States without applying them also to those on the Atlantic. In spite of these obstacles, Dr. Billings believes that much may be accomplished. He says, truly enough, of the National



Board of Health, that "comparatively few understand how much real power and influence such an organization might acquire without having the slightest legal authority to enforce any of its recommendations."

The essays that constitute the body of the work are divided into four classes. The first volume contains those on "Individual Hygiene" and "Habitations;" the second, those on "Occupation" and "Public Health." Certain defects are inherent in a work of this kind. There is necessarily more or less redundancy in a collection of essays on allied subjects by different writers, many of whom in this case have a leaning to prolixity which greater severity on the part of the editor might have corrected. It is not easy to define the limits of such a work. It may be questioned whether it would not have been as well to have excluded naval and military hygiene, in spite of their importance, and to have confined the treatise to civil life. Be this as it may, the contributors, many of whom are widely known, have done their work well. Our space allows us to do little more than to allude to a few of the articles. One of the best is that on Infant Hygiene, by Professor Jacobi, in which the important subject of diet is very thoroughly treated. City Boards of Health and engineers will find much that is valuable in Professor Nichols's paper on drinking-water and public water supplies, and in Dr. Ford's on soil and water. The latter paper is largely devoted to sewerage. There is a great deal that is interesting in Dr. Ball's essay on physical exercise, in which he discusses the principles of training and those of rowing. He is justly severe on the pedestrian contests now in vogue. "The whole movement is a morbid phase of athleticism [why not of athletics?], and tends to breed a class of individuals who, equally with the professional athletes of ancient Greece, deserve the reproach of Euripides, of being 'useless and injurious members of the State.'" Dr. Ball gives a timely warning on the dangers of foot-ball. Our colleges have adopted the Rugby-Union rules which allow the ball to be picked up. Hence violent falls, which are much less serious to school-boys than to grown men. The English Foot-ball Association, it is stated, does not allow this source of danger. Dr. T. B. Curtis's paper on vital statistics is another one that will interest a wide range of readers. We regret that we cannot consider at some length the papers on coal mines and metal mines. In the United States, at least, it appears that while accidents are much more numerous in the former, the latter are the more unhealthy. This is in part owing to the much greater heat, and in part to the fact that the dreaded fire-damp may be considered a blessing (a very thoroughly disguised one), inasmuch as it necessitates attention to ventilation. Collieries where there is no inflammable gas are unhealthy, owing to neglect of ventilation. In spite of this, the writer, Mr. Sheafer, believes that but for accidents miners are in as good a sanitary condition as any other class of manual laborers. Mr. Raymond, who writes on the metal mines, states, in refer-

ence to the miners of the Comstock Lode, that it is admitted that they are healthier than their wives and children. This, we take it, does not apply to those who work in the very hot drifts, which we gather is a terrible strain on the constitution. A physician of Virginia City is said to have declared that "there is not a sound heart in any man on the lode who has worked in a hot drift for two years."

Dr. Tracy, who writes on the Hygiene of Occupation has undertaken no easy task. He considers a large number of trades and professions, gives an account of their dangers,—often a ghastly record,—and sometimes points out the remedy. It is melancholy reading; though we are occasionally tempted to smile at the author's classification. For instance, machinists and railroad employes are not classed among those exposed to preventable accidents; and brokers, merchants, and gamblers are made out to be very similar in their liability to nervousness from overwork at their callings. Many, perhaps most, of the evils mentioned in this chapter could be obviated or lessened by judicious legislation if it could be enforced, or in other words if it was acquiesced in by both masters and men. Prevention, however, means outlay which must affect the employed as well as the employer, and except in flagrant cases of danger would be welcome to neither. Diminished risk if accompanied by lessened pay is not unnaturally considered a hardship by the laborer:—

"For men must work and women must weep  
When there's little to earn and many to keep,  
Though the *Board of Health* be moaning."

Men of education are not a whit more amenable to reason. In these days of bitter competition the weak must fall first, and it is of little use to preach to the strong of the retribution that broken constitutions have in store for them. These evils cannot be destroyed, but we may hope that they will be lessened.

WHITE AND BLACK IN THE UNITED STATES.<sup>1</sup>—The time has passed when Americans were sensitive about the criticisms of English travellers who returned to give malicious or sarcastic sketches of their experience in the United States. The time has also very nearly passed when Englishmen felt inclined thus to amuse themselves. The same cause accounts for both facts: our strength and substantial prosperity give us a tranquil indifference to outside opinion, while the spectacle of our vast resources inspires the Englishman with that sense of profound admiration and respect with which his noble soul has ever been affected when in the presence of wealth. We still, however, are interested to know what any intelligent traveller finds

<sup>1</sup> *White and Black: The outcome of a visit to the United States.* By Sir George Campbell, M. P. New York: R. Worthington. 1879.



odd or noteworthy in our country, and sufficient encouragement has been given to induce the republication of Sir George Campbell's book. It takes its title, "White and Black" in the United States, from an article which the author furnished some little time ago to the "Fortnightly Review;" but it ranges over much wider ground than the mere subject of races and labor at the South.

It is with much pleasure that we see Englishmen write and Americans read books like this one, which will do more to promote good feeling between the two peoples than all the labored and artificial expedients which public men could devise. Sir George Campbell came as a shrewd, practical, observant, fair-minded man, and saw whatever the United States had to show him with a penetrating and unprejudiced eye. He has given no coloring either for praise or blame, but has contented himself with narrating in a plain, straightforward way a series of facts which he actually beheld. Inferences and opinions he gives but sparsely; they cannot, however, be so remote from the facts as not to be easily accessible. But his style is terse and almost bald, and there is no tinge of feeling perceptible in any word or phrase from beginning to end. Indeed, whenever we have encountered in his pages any statement which has seemed novel or surprising, we have almost unconsciously found ourselves not questioning it, but accepting it as a rectification of our previously erroneous notions, so correct and just does Sir George seem to be. He reminds the reader of Herodotus more than once, and especially in the careful manner in which he distinguishes between that which he sees and that which he is told.

Speaking of the Irish immigrants into the United States, he says that he has been agreeably surprised by what he has learned of their characteristics; though he says that it is true that they "seem comparatively seldom to rise, as compared with Scotch and Scotch-Irish, *except as politicians*." The wretched corruption which has too often followed their rise in political life cannot escape Sir George's notice; yet we cannot but feel indebted to him for the restraint which he shows in discussing this so tempting subject for tirade and abuse. He remarks that the Irish are not given to the functions of pioneers, but remain on or near the shores where they land, while the more adventurous native population pushes forth to the West. "It would be a very curious thing," he says, "if Puritan New England became a Roman Catholic Irish colony, while New England goes West to better itself."

The "dead level of uniformity" about the hotels struck him as surprising among so progressive and enterprising a race; and the "ladies' parlors" filled him with a horror in which all intelligent Americans abundantly share. He was well pleased with American ladies, and of course had the sense to see that the vulgar rich women, whom the novelists find so useful as subjects for caricature, constituted only a small and inferior class. He does not seem to have found quite the same sort of democracy and equality here

which he had expected, and remarks, apparently with a little surprise, that "the plutocrats, the money people, are quite as strong in America as in this country, perhaps stronger; that is socially and in every thing not regulated by the first principles of the American Constitution and system: these they cannot get over. In all other matters the plutocrats, it seems to me, rule the country even more than they do here." Occasionally we encounter an amusing bit of observation, the humor of which certainly could not have escaped this shrewd Scotchman, though he speaks ever with perfect gravity: "I was almost tempted to say that, among the Americans, for every man who really works with his hands there seem to be two who seek to live by speculating upon him, — especially by insuring his life: that seems to be the great business now, to which retired generals, governors, and other great men devote themselves." Indeed, Sir George seemed quite struck by the resolution of the great majority of the American people to live by their heads rather than their hands; he advises emigration only to persons who wish to labor, and thinks head-work is better remunerated and has better chances in England than in the United States. His frequent corrections of Mr. Trollope's stupid and ill-tempered blunders are very agreeable; although our people had almost forgotten the abuse of the thick-witted fellow, who has lately done a much worse act than abusing us in publishing, about Mr. Thackeray, one of the most atrocious volumes ever written in the English language. For Sir George Campbell's volume, we can only dismiss it by repeating in substance our remark already made, that it is a book which ought to be widely read in this country, not only because of the spirit which it displays, but also for the useful information and ideas which it is capable of conveying even to American readers concerning their own land and countrymen.

HAWORTH'S.<sup>1</sup> — Some one once asked the late Sir Henry Holland if he had ever met Mr. Blank: "Yes, frequently, and eluded him," was the reply. This expresses very justly the proper feeling in regard to dialect novels and poetry. It is true that Burns found natural expression in the quaint and sometimes characteristic phrases of the Scotch patois. It is also true that the mighty genius of Scott has immortalized the same dialect in the *Waverley Novels*; yet even there it not unfrequently becomes tiresome. But, as a rule, dialect is insufferably tedious. The brogue in Irish novels is usually intolerable. The barbaric habit of addressing people as "John, son of Peter," or "Maria, daughter of Paul," at every sentence is a serious blemish in the work of Tourguenef. In fact, a dialect is out of place in literature, unless it is introduced for the sake of satire, as it was by Thackeray; and even then it requires delicate handling. But in all the instances we have cited the dia-

<sup>1</sup> Haworth's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



lect has at least the merit of being national. When it is a mere provincial patois, the marred form of a noble language, its use is unpardonable. It is not only wearisome, but it grates upon the ear. The unsparing use of such a dialect disfigures many modern novels, and fills whole pages of the book whose title heads this notice. The language of most of the characters in "Haworth's" can indeed hardly be dignified as a dialect. It is simply degraded, mutilated English, used by the most ignorant and illiterate of the community. It is introduced, of course, for the sake of realistic effect, and to give local color; and there can be no doubt that it is a truthful reproduction. But the reason is insufficient, and does not justify the expedient. Any reader is satisfied if he is told, once for all, that certain characters use villanous English, of which a specimen may be given, without being forced to endure a volume of misspelt words. In "Haworth's," an atrocious dialect, without a single quaint or original phrase, is thrust upon us by the page-full. This is not only a blunder artistically, it is an unmitigated bore. If we are to have characters from the Lancashire iron-works, let them use language appropriate to their station, but let it be printed after the ordinary fashion. If a writer is not content to do this, let him keep such characters out of his books.

Apart from the tedious pages of bad English, there is much in "Haworth's" to commend. There is real force in the characters, in the plot of the story, and in the way both are managed. There is, too, genuine humor in some of the minor characters, especially the little girl Jane Ann. Mrs. Burnet has not only strength of conception, but dramatic force as well. There is, however, great room for improvement. The story is very crude in many ways. The continuity is not preserved; the incidents are thrown in in lumps, and one chapter frequently has no connection, in a literary way, with the next preceding. Then, too, the general tone is decidedly lurid. The personages are always, from the outset, in a state of more or less strained excitement, and are usually wrestling with some terrible passion. Mrs. Burnet has talent, unquestionably, but her works need care and finish sadly. Without these qualities, she may sell a great many copies of her novels, but she will never attain a permanent place, or one worth having, among writers of fiction.

MR. LOUNSBURY has managed a difficult subject very well in his *History of the English Language*,<sup>1</sup> steering clear of tediousness, and yet in no way sacrificing serious work to please the general reader. Consequently, he has written a volume that is full both of instruction and entertainment. He had divided his book into two parts, the first being a general history of the changes in the language due to outside influences, such as conquest, inter-

<sup>1</sup> *History of the English Language.* By T. R. Lounsbury, Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

course, &c., while the other describes the grammatical and inflectional changes that have brought our tongue to its present condition. This work he has done in a very lucid way ; the historical part is clear and accurate, and the other is so full that not only has Mr. Lounsbury good ground for his modest hope "that there is nothing in it which will present any difficulty to any reader of ordinary intelligence," but he may be sure that he can hardly fail to inspire many readers with the desire to make further studies in the fascinating science of linguistics. Almost every person of education takes an amateurish interest in his native tongue, but the general knowledge of its formation is far from being well spread ; and this must be aided by just such a book as this.

One peculiarity of this excellent volume is that it contains no hobbies. Mr. Lounsbury gives our absurd way of spelling a few deserved raps, to be sure ; but he shows his judgment in keeping out of the squabble about the precise names to be given to different periods in the history of the English language, with the desire to benefit the reader rather than to indulge in unprofitable controversy. Nothing could be more sensible than his gentle correction of the habit of setting sharp dates in the history of a spoken tongue.

If it is possible to suggest one slight change in a book of this sort, it may be worth while to recommend illustrating many of the statements made about the English by additional examples taken from the German. These examples would be of real use only to those who are more or less familiar with the German ; but the knowledge of this tongue, or at least a smattering of it, is so common that we think few would be found to object to what would be of great service to so many others. This book, however, is clear enough without further change. Examples, and plenty of them, always aid and please the reader ; and there is no lack of them here.



## RECENT ENGLISH BOOKS.

UNDER the title of "Eminent Radicals in Parliament," Mr. J. Morrison Davidson republishes a series of papers which he originally contributed to one of the weekly journals. Mr. Davidson demonstrates his close acquaintance with the movements in English politics during the past twenty years ; but he has also strong literary qualities of his own which make his work pleasant reading. We can conceive that this book, scattered broadcast among the electors of Great Britain at this juncture, would accomplish a great amount of good. There are not wanting signs of a reaction against the Beaconsfield Government ; and a clear statement of what England owes to her popular leaders, — Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and others, — is eminently calculated to strengthen and foster this movement. Mr. Davidson is very happy in seizing upon the leading characteristics of the various statesmen with whom he deals. Speaking of Mr. Gladstone, he says that "in versatility, in capacity for receiving new ideas, and of marshalling multitudinous details, Mr. Gladstone has no living equal. He is the orator of affairs. He has done what no one has ever done before him, — made Budgets eloquent, and figures to possess a lofty moral significance." Again, the author truly observes of the late leader of the Liberal party : "To no Englishman of our time has it been given to perform such eminent service to his country and to humanity. His Radicalism, commencing to meander more than forty years ago among the stony uplands of Toryism, is now, as the limit of life is approached, a majestic river, whose ample flood will never be stinted or stayed till it is lost in the ocean of eternity." Mr. Davidson regards Mr. Bright's as the perfection of oratory : "The heart, the conscience, the intellect, Mr. Bright can touch with equal ease. His speech is the natural expression of a mind at once beautiful and strong. The whole man speaks, and not, as is the case with most other speakers, only a part of him. His words glide like a pleasant brook, without haste and without rest." The other eminent Radicals dealt with by Mr. Davidson are Mr. P. A. Taylor, Sir Charles Dilke, N. Cowen, Sir Wilfred Lawson, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Butt, Mr. Richard, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Mundella. In every instance the author has something to say worth listening to ; his sketches deserve to be read both for their matter and their style.

In "Ivan's Love-guest and other Poems," by Malcolm C. Salaman (Remington & Co.), there is very considerable promise. The strong poetic

voices of the age have had their influence upon Mr. Salaman, as they must almost of necessity upon every young writer ; but he is able on occasion to show that there is a true spark of the Divine afflatus in him. The leading poem in this volume is very musical, yet in some respects it is not the most meritorious of the author's efforts. We like many of those short poems in which Mr. Salaman, having one central thought or idea, is able to concentrate his strength upon it, and to carve as it were a poetical cameo. The two sets of stanzas, entitled respectively "A Poet's Life" and "Ballade," are cast in a true poetic mould, if the latter does at the same time convey strong reminiscences of the school of Rossetti. There is every reason to predicate from this little volume that Mr. Salaman will yet chant numbers worthy of being remembered.

"Ballads and Songs," by Alexander Anderson (Macmillan & Co.). Scotland is particularly prolific in song-writers, and if it be a reproach to her sons that they cannot appreciate humor, the same cannot certainly be said of music. There is scarcely a village which does not possess its poet, and the level of merit they attain is a very considerable one. The latest claimant for notice, Alexander Anderson, was born in 1845 at Kirkconnel, a small village in Dumfriesshire, celebrated as the locality of one of the finest of Scotch ballads. From his earliest years, Anderson was driven to the necessity of labor ; yet while working arduously every day he assimilated all the stores of knowledge within his grasp. He mastered several of the Continental languages, with the express object of reading the greatest European poets in their original tongue. Anderson became a "surface-man" on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, his duties being to examine the permanent way of the line. Such an occupation, one would think, would destroy the poetry of life ; but in his case the result was quite the opposite. Even now, while working fourteen hours per day, he returns to his cottage to study the works of Dante, Goethe, Victor Hugo, and others, and to relieve what might appear to many a monotonous existence by writing songs. Messrs. Macmillan have done wisely in giving some of his efforts to the world. They exhibit unmistakable evidences of poetic power and spirit.

"Rabelais," by Walter Besant (Blackwood & Sons). Considerable attention has of late been paid to this great French writer, and yet it may be doubted whether we in England fully appreciate his immortal work, and its applicability to this as to every age. As Mr. Besant says, shortly after the great humorist's death "the name of Rabelais was in itself an invitation to all the world to shoot rubbish over it ;" but the world is always engaged in rectifying its judgments, and Rabelais at this moment is more widely appreciated than at any period since his death. Those who wish to obtain a succinct statement of his life and work will find it in this volume, which is one of a series that may well supplement the series of English authors,



edited by Mr. John Morley. It is a healthy sign when such works are called for ; and they are an evidence, that, popular as our novelists are, they do not absorb all the attention of the reading world. We hope that all the series of books of which "Rabelais" forms a part may be worthy of this volume by Mr. Besant.

It was natural, perhaps almost inevitable, that Canon Farrar should follow up his "Life of Christ" by the "Life and Work of St. Paul" (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.), who, after its Founder, is the most illustrious representative of Christianity. In some respects, the latter task was the more difficult and embarrassing. The grandeur and simplicity of the life of Christ stand confessed, and the graphic narratives of the Evangelists have made him a living figure for all time ; when we come to the great Apostle of the Gentiles, we not only behold in him an humble follower of the Master, but a great controversial writer, and the most subtle of theologians. To show the nature of the work and example of St. Paul, and to bring his character and history to bear on the due comprehension of the various epistles associated with his name, is indeed a labor at once difficult and important. This Canon Farrar has essayed, and with a success that both students and the general reader must frankly and ungrudgingly acknowledge. In stating his chief object, he defines it to have been that of giving a definite, accurate, and intelligible impression of St. Paul's teaching ; of the controversies in which he was engaged ; of the circumstances which educated his statements of doctrine and practice ; of the inmost heart of his theology in each of its phases ; of his epistles as a whole, and of each epistle in particular as complete and perfect in itself. This statement in brief will sufficiently show the onerous nature of the author's labors. It may be that in particular instances Canon Farrar's method will not commend itself to all readers ; occasionally he is somewhat dogmatic upon controverted passages ; but in considering a work of this kind, even those who may not go with the writer in regard to such isolated passages will sink their differences, and be unanimous in recognizing the industry, the research, and the learning which have been expended upon every page of this biography. In defending his deviations from the English version of the epistles, Canon Farrar observes : "My object in translating without reference to the honored phrases of our English Bible has expressly been, not only to correct where correction was required, but also to brighten the edge of expressions which time has dulled, and to reproduce as closely as possible the exact force and form of the original, even in those roughnesses, turns of expression, and unfinished clauses which are rightly modified in versions intended for public reading. I have simply tried to adopt the best reading, to give its due force to each expression, tense, and particle, and to represent as exactly as is at all compatible with English idiom what St. Paul meant in the very way in which he said it." There is probably no man in the past whom it is more difficult to realize

precisely as he appeared in the flesh, and to reproduce him vividly for later ages, than Paul ; for although his writings are "familiar in our mouths as household words," and we may have formed individually strong impressions of his personality, these are the things which render the task of an author in attempting to portray him all the more difficult. Canon Farrar leans strongly to the view of M. Rénan as to the physical uncomeliness of Paul, though if we were to apply the same treatment to David and other Biblical characters in consequence of certain metaphorical expressions they have let fall, we should form estimates derogatory to their personal appearance which — justly and generally — would not be acquiesced in. Something too much may be made of Paul's utterances in this respect. Conybeare and Howson have done much for us in a geographical and historical sense, but Canon Farrar, while not rejecting the aid which they and other able scholars afford, attempts success in a still higher field, and invests with a living and vital interest the story of the Apostle's life and wanderings. We have not space to quote from the many admirable passages with which the work abounds, nor yet from those sections which so clearly demonstrate that the writer has drunk at all the richest critical and exegetical springs. There is a fine picture of Rome at the period when Paul entered it ; while for a different kind of literary effect we may refer the reader to the two final chapters of the work, striking in their subjectivity and the simple pathos and eloquence with which they recite the closing scenes of the great Apostle's career. The comparison is well drawn between the life which appeared to the world to end in disaster and failure and the life which was really one of the most triumphant as well as the most far-reaching in its issues which the world has ever seen. That this work must continue to be sought for, for many years to come, admits of no doubt, and an illustrated edition of it is already in preparation. There is nothing upon the subject which can be placed in comparison with it, as regards the varied points of view from which St. Paul's life and labors have been treated.

Considering the immense number of novels published, — amounting to something like three for every day in the year, — the task to obtain freshness and originality of plot must be very great indeed. Mr. Crawford Scott was very successful in his previous story in this respect, and if he is not quite so happy in his second venture, — "The Swintons of Wandale," Chapman & Hall, — yet, as it is concerned with "the ower true tale" of love, it cannot fail to be popular. He has a manly, muscular hero in the person of Kenneth Swinton, and a truly lovable heroine in Mabel Lyster. The latter is called upon to make great sacrifices, but like every noble woman she answers bravely to the call, rather rejoicing in tribulation than otherwise. We shall not reveal the plot of the novel, which is full of pleasant touches, albeit it is charged a little too much with Scotch dialect. There is a well-defined character in the person of Mr. Hope Swin-



ton, a double-first Oxford man, and very great in statistics. In canvassing among his constituents, he was very successful, for "he had one view on the game laws when he spoke to the lairds, and another when he chatted with their tenants ; and on the law of hypothec his opinions were equally elastic." The English politician of whom he is the type is one with whom we are very familiar. They are clever men, but great failures ; for it is a common but profound mistake to suppose that politicians, more than any other men, can ultimately succeed without conscience. There are, of course, exceptional instances where men of brilliant genius have dispensed with conscience ; but they are very rare. Mr. Crawford Scott is not very happy in some of the utterances extraneous to his story. For example, he remarks, "Plato says that to train young men rightly, it is necessary to teach them falsehoods. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Smiles evidently know their Republic." Why the greatest literary genius of our time is thus bracketed with a mere book-maker we do not know. Either we do not understand the allusion, or the author casts a poor insult at Mr. Carlyle. In spite of its blemishes, however, this story exhibits considerable talent, and is undoubtedly interesting reading.

The "Memoir of Catharine and Crawford Tait" (Macmillan & Co.), the wife and only son of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, is a beautiful book. The Archbishop and his daughter evinced natural hesitation when requested to sanction its publication, but eventually consented on the ground that a record of two such pure and noble lives might do good by helping and encouraging others in good living. And so they must ; for "they comprise a record of deep piety ; of an unstinted wealth of effectual sympathy ; of untiring labor, along with an exalting love of home, and husband, and children." Archbishop Tait has risen from one of the humblest spheres in the Church to the very highest ; but this volume proves that the splendors of success have been tempered by the shadows of misfortune. There is much of the deep tragedy of life revealed here. Early in his career the Archbishop was called upon to mourn the loss of five children in six brief weeks ; in after years came the loss of his only son, upon whom many hopes had been built ; and this was succeeded at a very short interval by the death of Mrs. Tait. The story of these lives has much of pathos in it ; but it bears also with it those high and necessary lessons of devotion to duty, patience in suffering, and triumph in death. There needs no apology for the appearance of a work calculated to be so helpful to humanity.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

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ALEXANDRE NOZAL



# THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

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DECEMBER, 1879.

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## TECHNICAL EDUCATION THE SUPPLEMENT OF FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

PROTECTION of native industry admits inferiority. The consumer of industrial products may be content, in a spirit of national pride, to tax himself so that the manufactures of his country may rise in equality or superiority to those of other nations. When this stage in the life of a nation is reached, no popularly governed country would tolerate taxation for the benefit of manufacturers to the detriment of the general consumers. Under a system of protection, Technical Education should be vigorously carried out as a national system, because its effect must be to contract the period during which the nation at large need be taxed for the benefit of the inferior manufactures. The patient consumers of a protected country like the United States suffer under burdens grievous to be borne, because they are taxed so that native industries of an inferior character may be put under hot-house cultivation until they are gradually acclimatized and fit for exposure to the bracing influences of the free air common to the whole world. This admitted inferiority of a protected industry is a great clog upon the upward movement of the generations which have to pay for its development; and hence the more quickly the conditions of inferiority are changed into conditions of equality or superiority, the more surely will the nation, which casts off its self-imposed weights, soar upwards to its destined height among the nations of the world. In this point of view the national recognition and development of technical education are essential to progress. No doubt the action of the United States Congress in

appropriating lands for this purpose gives the national recognition, but the development has not yet attained the proportions of a national want. Before, however, considering the general objects and need of technical education, it may be well to understand why it is that Great Britain is now impressed with the conviction that technical education has become as necessary a supplement to a free-trade policy as it is to a system of protection. This conviction has been one of slow growth. I have been preaching it with the fervor of a religion for upwards of a generation, but until lately my voice has been like the voice of one who preaches in a wilderness. While England was distinctly in advance of other nations in manufacturing industry, she proudly threw open her ports to all competitors, feeling sure that she would benefit by a policy of open competition. And the result has proved that this confidence in her resources was justified.

Yet English statesmen did not foresee with sufficient clearness that a change was coming over the industry of the world by the facilities of intercommunication. While formerly raw materials were the chief factors of industry, intellect and skill in converting them into utilities were gradually rising into factors of still greater value. Calicut for a time had an advantage over the rest of the world on account of its indigenous cotton, but gradually the cotton manufacture became cheaper in Arabia and Spain, though they continued to import the raw material from Hindustan, because the Arabs and Spaniards improved on its method of manufacture. The first factor—the possession of the raw material—lessened in value, as the facilities of transport increased; while the second factor—the skill and intelligence applied to its manufacture—became greater and greater. Then England came into competition with Spain, because various social conditions and political crimes lessened intellectual development in Spain, while free institutions elevated it in England. Human labor was cheaper in Spain than in England; but intelligent labor was decreasing in one country and growing in the other, and manufactures became more and more dependent on the intelligent application of force, and less and less dependent on the mere possession of raw material, or on the cheapness or abundance of brute force. It is with nations as with individuals, that a more complete life is dependent on a co-ordination of actions resulting from a higher application of skill and intelligence in all affairs. England, rejoicing in the outburst of prosperity which followed her free-trade policy, was too careless in observing how carefully the protected States



around her increased the intelligence of their operatives by an education suited to their daily occupations. While England had no system of national education until 1870, — having previously depended upon the denominational zeal of churches for founding primary schools, — Germany, France, and Holland were developing schemes of national education both for primary and secondary subjects: the increasing intelligence of their populations soon led to vast improvements in their manufacturing industries. It began gradually to dawn upon the mind of England that free trade, with its trumpet-tongued defiance of all other nations, demanded a continued elevation of the intellectual condition of the laboring classes. The last ten years have shown that this growing conviction is ripening into action, which already has produced a distinct amelioration in the social and political condition of the English people, and is likely before long to lead to results of much importance. Like every thing in England, the new educational movement is as much from the people as from the Government. The latter has been active in promoting art schools, and in stimulating the teaching of science, while the large towns are founding colleges and technical schools all over the country. The Government, after the Great Exhibition of 1851, founded schools of art in the chief towns, and established the Great Central Museum of Art at South Kensington. The result, in less than a generation, has been to transform the most hideous manufactures into objects of artistic beauty. Our fathers, who furnished their houses when we were young, possess monstrosities in furniture, glass, and pottery, which are worthy of being placed in a chamber of horrors in public museums as a contrast to the marketable beauty that adorns our modern dwellings. More lately the English Government has been stimulating the growth of science in a like way. The direct effect of this movement is as yet less obvious than its indirect, though in fact the same consequences follow the scientific as the artistic education of the people. When schools of art were established, the education of the consumers was considered more important than that of the producers of manufactures, for it was felt certain that the latter would be obliged to gratify the demands of their purchasers.

So in regard to the schools of science, — the general diffusion of scientific knowledge has been deemed necessary as the first condition to the creation of higher institutions for scientific and technical training. But the general demand now arising for superior education is creating its natural supply. There is scarcely a large town in

England that is not engaged at the present moment in establishing scientific colleges of a high character. Manchester has proceeded so far that its Owens College has become a Northern University. Leeds and Newcastle have built and equipped efficient colleges of science. Birmingham, through private munificence, has in course of erection an important college of science. Bristol, partly through the aid of Balliol College in Oxford, has already organized its institution. Sheffield and Nottingham are taking steps in the same direction. The great city guilds of London have formed a scheme for promoting technical schools throughout London, and for creating a technical college in the neighborhood of the museum at South Kensington, adjoining the Government College of Science, which has for its main object the teaching of science to the most meritorious schoolmasters drafted from the provinces. In Scotland, the demand for increased science-teaching has manifested itself in an active development of the universities, which in that country are true colleges for the people. Edinburgh and Glasgow have rebuilt their universities at great cost, and equipped them with the most complete laboratories for teaching practical science and promoting scientific research. Edinburgh has also lately built, and is now greatly to enlarge, a popular college for the education of the working classes, who now send to it about two thousand pupils,—a number nearly equal to the students of the University itself. Glasgow is developing its “Andersonian University” and Mechanics Institution for a like purpose of popular instruction. Ireland has been upheaved in this modern educational movement. But its upheavals produce movements so unlike those of other parts of the kingdom that it is difficult to predicate the results. Ireland cries for home-government through its political representatives. It has had complete home-government in the matter of primary education for forty years, with the additional advantage of paying for it out of the imperial purse. The result is that half of its population cannot yet both read and write, although in Irish statistics the “literate” are more numerous who can “read or write.” Higher education, with such an ignorant population, can only have a partial effect on the nation. The three Queen’s Colleges of Cork, Belfast, and Galway are admirable institutions, but they are arrested in development by fierce political attacks. A new University Act, which became law during the last session, and an Act of the previous session for the support of secondary education in Ireland, show that the Legislature grudges neither money nor good-



will to promote higher education in Ireland. It will thus be seen that the whole of the United Kingdom is now alive to the necessity of developing the higher intelligence of its population, in order to enable it to meet the increasing competition of the world.

I now propose to show what are the conditions which should be involved in the higher education of the people, so as to enable them to apply increased intelligence to the pursuit of their several industries. The term "Technical Education" is misleading. I saw that it would be so, when, at a meeting of educationalists in Paris after the first French International Exhibition, we resolved upon a crusade in its favor, and gave to it that name. We could not devise a more appropriate name ; though our object was not to teach the "technics" of an industry, because that can be done only in the workshop, but mainly to teach the science and art upon which all technics are really based. In such education the science and art should be illustrated by technical examples ; but the main object is so to instruct masters and workmen that they can pursue their craft with dignity and intelligence, without professing to teach the craft itself. Hence "Technical Education" is a misnomer.

The need for technical instruction depends upon the fact that ordinary educational systems are not fitted to promote the rapid development of trade, manufactures, and commerce. Nations had begun to recognize the fact so tersely stated by Jules Simon, "*Le peuple qui a les meilleures ecoles est le premier peuple ; s'il ne l'est pas aujourd'hui, il le sera demain.*" This, however, implies that the schools are fitted to the wants of the people. The secondary or higher education of the industrial classes should bear on their occupations in life. The life of a laborer is spent in dealing with things which he has to convert into utilities. In this conversion he must take the properties inherent to each kind of matter, and convert them into utilities by an intelligent application of forces which he may guide but cannot alter. No man can create new properties in matter, or subject it to the action of new forces. Yet ordinary education reposes more upon words than things. When working-men get a higher life, — a life of intelligence and knowledge, — then they can develop improvements in their industries by an economical application of force and a wise use of properties in materials ; whereas, with a lower life, — one of only animal instinct and manipulative dexterity, — they are kept in mere subjection to the effects produced around them, without their minds being able in the slightest degree to modify

or expand them. The object of the new movement for technical instruction is to teach the principles of science and art involved in the future occupation of the working classes, and to point out how these principles have already led to industrial progress. In this instruction the inosculation of the arts and sciences must find a large illustration. As two arteries, when they inosculate, pour their contents into each other, so the sciences and the arts, when they come into mutual contact, produce important results on their mutual development.

There are two kinds of education, each of which is eminently useful for distinct classes. There is the green-crop system. That is the system employed by farmers who raise certain crops to a convenient height, and then plough them into the land to serve for the future growth of crops which are afterwards to be harvested. So our educational crops of Latin and Greek are often raised, not for their own utility, but that being ploughed into the mental soil they may decay, and by their decay nourish the future crops required for the feeding of the nation. The belief in this system of education for the productive classes survives in America more than it does in Europe. It is admirably suited to the easy and political classes who have to deal with men rather than with things. The direct or natural method of education consists in raising the desired crops by a system of tillage and manure applied to a soil prepared for each variety.

When men are placed in fields to reap the harvests, they should be taught how to apply the sickle to the standing corn, and not only how to cull the beautiful poppies which adorn it. Yet our general higher education is constructed on the type of that adopted when learning began to revive in the Middle Ages. Alcuin, who aided Charlemagne in his educational reforms, tells us that the curriculum in his own school at York was Classics, Rhetoric, Jurisprudence, Poetry, Astronomy, Natural History, Mathematics, Chronology, and the Holy Scriptures. That would form a tolerable description of an arts course in one of our modern universities. Since that period, productive industries have become the great pursuits of life, though the recognition of this fact has scarcely been made in our universities. The arts course forms an adequate preliminary training for the special study of the recognized learned professions, but it is no fitting training for the pursuits of industry. Church, Law, and Medicine ennoble life by a preliminary general culture, and then subject their practitioners to a special preparation in the sciences which bear on their applica-



tion to each profession. Mere professional education is apt to give length rather than breadth to knowledge, so that there is more and more a recognized necessity of teaching general principles of science, for the sake of science, before the instruction is narrowed to its special applications. It may be and is useful in technical schools to accustom students to the use of tools, but this kind of instruction is often exaggerated. Such instruction belongs more to the workshop than to the school. In England we call working-men "hands," and speak of having so many "hands" in our factories. If we classed them by "heads," it would be much wiser. It is this limitation of men to handicraft skill, with their ten fingers dissociated from the head and the heart, that has made poets and moralists rail against mechanical industry. And yet machinery, when rightly understood and applied, is the greatest means of intellectual elevation; for its very purpose is to substitute the thought of the brain for the toil of the hand and the sweat of the brow. How exultant the old Greek poet is, when natural forces are made substitutes for human labor! "Woman!" he exclaims, "you who have hitherto had to grind corn, let your arms rest for the future! It is no longer for you that the birds announce by their songs the dawn of the morning. Ceres has ordered the *water nymphs* to move the mill-stones and perform your labor!" The substitution of a mechanical for a brute force ought to be followed by an elevation of humanity. Our object is not to convert our laborers by technical training into a superior class of ambidexterous monkeys, but to give to them an intellectual force and dignity by imparting to them a thorough understanding of the principles which underlie all their work.

Superior intelligence brought to bear on any particular industry often brings improvements without a special technical training in the industry itself. Many of our greatest discoveries in the arts have been made by outsiders. It is so with philosophy and with the sciences. Philosophers, poets, and discoverers more frequently spring from the people than from any class of professed philosophers or savants. Peter was a fisherman, and Paul a tent-maker. Plato was a merchant, Socrates a sculptor, Aristotle a druggist, Shakspeare probably a butcher, Milton a scrivener, Spinoza a grinder of lenses. In science it is the same. Dalton and Brewster were schoolmasters, Davy a druggist, Faraday a book-binder, Wheatstone a musical-instrument maker. Great industrial inventions, in like manner, often arise by a bright intelligence being reflected upon the art from outside. Stephen-

son, the founder of railways, was a collier ; Arkwright, the inventor of the water-twist, was a barber ; Cartwright, inventor of the power-loom, was a parson ; Harrison, the machinist, was a carpenter ; Watt, the improver of the steam-engine, was a philosophical-instrument maker ; and Bell, who has given to us the telephone, was a teacher of deaf mutes. For the advance of mankind, general intelligence and fresh observation are more required than a narrow technical training. This experience ought to be borne in mind by those who organize schools for the industrial classes ; for the mistake is frequently made of attempting to teach technical processes instead of training them in technology, — the *λογος* or rational principles upon which all processes in the arts — *τεχνη* — are based. I believe that this general cultivation of intelligence through the common-school system, aided by the admirable diffusion of libraries in the United States, has had a powerful effect in the remarkable advance of this country in manufactures. It has stimulated the inventive faculty of the people, and has partly supplied the deficiencies of technical education. I am quite aware that there are admirable technical schools in different parts of America. Those in Troy, Boston, and New York are admirable. I have seen excellent scientific laboratories in the Colleges at Cambridge, Philadelphia, Easton, and other places ; and I know of others which I have not seen. But while the scientific training of the upper and middle classes receives increased attention, I have not observed that diffusion of technical training among working-men which is now an object of much solicitude in Europe. The yearning for sporadic lectures, so marked in this country, shows that systematic technical instruction of the operatives would soon be appreciated, and be productive of marked effect.

If we look at the present state of different countries, it will be obvious that those countries which neglect the higher education of their people have little chance with those which cultivate it. Spain and Ireland may be taken as representatives of the first class ; Switzerland, Holland, and Scotland, of the second class. Spain at one time stood foremost among industrial nations, for the Jews introduced to it their habits of industry, while the Moors added their knowledge of science and art. But Spain expelled the Jews, and ultimately the Moriscoes ; and with them departed the accumulated industrial experience as well as the science of centuries. Education was only tolerated so far as it was compatible with ecclesiastical fears ; for when the Duke of St. Simon was the French Ambassador in Spain, he



declared it to be a national canon, that science was a crime and ignorance a virtue. After his time science was more tolerated, and the country resumed some prosperity. But in the present century ecclesiastical dominion has again become paramount, and Spain has slid back into obscurity. Formerly, her ship-building was the admiration of the world, her metallurgic arts were the most advanced, and her textile industries were unequalled. But with the decay of science her industries decayed; and now we have a country washed by two great oceans, with noble harbors, a rich soil, and a luxuriant vegetation, with coal, iron, lead, copper, quicksilver, and sulphur in profusion, yet among the most backward of nations, because science withers among an uneducated people, — and without science nations cannot thrive.

Ireland is another example. It is true that she possesses no coal, and but little iron; but her coasts are washed and indented by a sea in near proximity to the coal and iron fields of Great Britain. The raw material is a small factor in the cost of modern manufactures. Ireland has suffered grievous wrongs in past times from England, though for several generations every attempt has been made to repair these wrongs. The imperial purse has been open for the education of the people, while the superintendence of the schools has been intrusted to home rule. Unfortunately, elementary education alone has been permitted by the priests. Cardinal Cullen, in his evidence before the House of Commons, argued against giving more education to a ploughman than would enable him to follow the plough, or to a blacksmith than would fit him to hammer iron, lest they should get discontented with their lot. And so Irish schools proceed no further than to enable men to read the seditious papers which abound in Ireland, while the reward of England for pouring out her treasures on popular education in that country is that the Irish turn round upon her like Caliban in "The Tempest," and exclaim, —

"You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse!"

This is natural, for there are more Irish than can be absorbed by the agriculture of the country, and this, except in Ulster, is the staple industry of Ireland. Had England insisted upon a good secondary education for the Irish people, their many admirable qualities and natural love for learning would have fostered industry and increased contentment among the population. Agriculture would then cease to

be the only occupation kept before the eyes of the people of Ireland; while new thoughts, new ambitions, and new occupations would raise the population of Ireland as certainly, if not so rapidly, as similar causes have raised Scotland within the last century.

Scotland is a poor country, restricted in area, barren in soil, swept by the bleak north-east wind, and possessing in only one small corner the elements of mineral wealth. But John Knox insisted that her primary and university education should be general, and at the same time that a certain portion of it should be directed "*to those studies which the people intend chiefly to pursue for the profit of the commonwealth.*" Under this system, all boys "of pregnant parts" were diligently sought out in every parish, and sent to the university at the cost of the Church. Every Scotch peasant hoped, like the father of Dominie Sampson, to live to see his son "wag his head in the pulpit," or enter into a more congenial profession. Under this system, to which a great stimulus has been given in the last ten years, — though now by private munificence and no longer through the Church, — Scotland is a prosperous manufacturing country, and her sons who emigrate to the United States and Canada acquire positions of trust and profit.

Switzerland is a still more marked instance of the effect of a superior education. Her primary schools are graded with good secondary schools for scientific education, and these lead to remarkable technical institutions, which dwarf the universities by the completeness of their organization. And so Switzerland has become a prosperous and happy country. Yet if any country appears by nature unfit for manufactures, it is surely Switzerland. Cut off from the rest of Europe by frowning mountains, many of them covered by eternal snow; having no sea-coast, and removed therefore from all the fruits of maritime enterprise; having no coal or other sources of mineral wealth, — Switzerland might have degenerated into a brave semi-civilized nation like Montenegro. Instead of that, she proudly competes with all Europe and America in industries for which she has to purchase from them the raw materials and even the coal — the source of power — necessary to convert them into utilities.

Holland compels every town with ten thousand inhabitants to erect technical schools for the people. So we find this country largely productive, though it is chiefly formed out of the débris of the German mountains, and contains no coal except in a small field around Lemberg. Out of its dismal flats and dreary swamps it exports products



of the annual value of sixty millions of dollars. This is no inconsiderable achievement for a small kingdom of one tenth the area and one eighth the population of the United Kingdom. The secret of her success lies in the liberality of her conception of public education, although it is still defective in having no compulsory law.

I need not go further in illustrations of the effects arising from a general and specific industrial education for the people. The United States have recognized the need, and carried it in many respects further than other nations. England and Scotland are rapidly placing primary education in as effective a condition as that of the United States. The graded education, however, is not so good as that in New England, with which I am best acquainted ; but the increasing facilities for the systematic instruction of the people in art and science is, I think, becoming greater in England than it is in this country.

I, who love America, and who spend part of each year among its hospitable people, desire to see this main condition for industrial competition developing in one country as much as in the other. England requires a more rapid development of technical education than the United States, because she is open to the competition of all the world in regard to her industries. But the United States, in my opinion, will also obtain immense advantage when such education becomes general throughout her several States, because it will enable her more quickly to throw off those protective duties which retard the upward progress of this great nation. By the time she does so, England will again be much advanced in her power to meet the increasing competition of the world ; and the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, which have done so much to promote civilization, will still hold their own respective positions in the history of the world, by the aid of a free, enlightened, and industrious population.

LYON PLAYFAIR.

## CATULLUS.

CATULLUS one of those writers whose position in literature is pretty thoroughly determined,—a poet of consummate genius, whom comparatively very few people read. Undoubtedly very many persons of enlarged and refined literary taste will push their poetical studies a long way in several languages,—Latin among the rest,—to whom Catullus will be but a name, and hardly that. When a little further advance brings them within the circles where he is talked about at all, it must be a puzzle to them to hear the ecstasies of admiration, almost adulation, with which he is invariably mentioned. The worship of Catullus is a *cult*, and to average readers a very mystical *cult*,—as passionate as that which enshrines Dante, or Shakspeare, or Wordsworth. But those great authors appear great on the most superficial reading: Catullus, while he presents certain very obvious beauties, accompanies them with what looks essentially trivial, and makes it very hard to yield that abject devotion which alone will satisfy his initiated worshippers.

It must be confessed that English readers, or indeed any readers, have but poor provision for enjoying an author whose text is very corrupt, and whose allusions are often hard to follow. Catullus, indeed, has been printed scores of times, usually in one volume with Tibullus and Propertius,—about as well constructed as one that some of our older readers will remember, containing together Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. But the only edition at all recent, with explanatory notes,—that of Doering,—has for many years become quite inadequate, even for ordinary readers. A good little selection for the use of Eton school, by Mr. Cookesley, was published in this country with additional notes by the late Mr. Bristed,—notes in which the author laid himself thoroughly bare to all the ridicule he was in the habit of heaping on all scholars not educated at his favorite universities. In the last two or three years, a new edition and commentary have been issued by Mr. Robinson Ellis of Oxford. If ever a man had a specialty it is he. Catullus is to him existence; and he is



popularly believed to divide the cities of Europe into those which have manuscripts of Catullus and those which have not. Soberly, however, he is a most thorough and keen scholar, and his edition will be a valuable one to those who are thorough and keen scholars also. But it is greatly to be wished that he had learned from his friend Mr. Munro, the unrivalled editor of Lucretius, a willingness to speak to the *profanum vulgus* as well as to the initiated monads. The edition that is to make it easy for a reasonably intelligent and trained lover of classical poetry to read Catullus with pleasure has yet to appear, at least in the English language. Meanwhile, the present paper will try to tell why the poet deserves that such work should be done.

Valerius Catullus — his first name is uncertain — was born at Verona in the year 87 B.C. In that year Rome saw for the first time her two greatest men turning their arms against each other. Sulla and Marius, who had been rivals for a quarter of a century in the honorable emulation of attacking the common enemy, had at length found each other insufferable. The year of Catullus's birth saw Marius first driven by his rival to hide in the ooze of Minturnæ, and to beg in the ruins of Carthage. Then Sulla leaves Italy to fight Mithradates, the threatening lord of Asia; and the austere old hero of democracy returns, on the verge of three-score and ten, to be a mere tool in the hands of the dissolute, aristocratic Cinna, to drench the city he had saved in the blood of her purest citizens, to honor his doting head by receiving the unheard-of title of a seventh consulship, gained by treason and murder, and enjoyed one fortnight. The first tales of Catullus's boyhood were of that war to the knife between Marius and Sulla, and his life falls just within the narrow space of forty years before Pompey and Cæsar copied the horrible precedent.

These sentences may sound like historical commonplace, fit only, like Juvenal's Hannibal, —

“To please the boys on Declamation Day.”

But it is not so hackneyed a remark that these civil commotions during Catullus's boyhood were only the most distressing symptoms of a fever in the blood of Rome which determined to the brain, — an excitement which developed the genius of her writers, often in unnatural and revolting directions, but certainly to a pitch of force and brilliancy entirely unprecedented, and soon dying out. Never, perhaps, did the human passions combine in such an unhallowed league as in Rome seventy years before Christ. Fighting both in Spain

and in Asia against enemies of consummate genius, torn to pieces by the insurrection of the gladiators at home, it seemed as if her vast conquests had only created deadlier enemies to keep her armies constantly on the tramp. By the fatal tactics of Marius these armies were now recruited from the dregs of the people, — butchers in war abroad, and fiends when disbanded at home. The cities of the Italians, her faithful allies for more than a hundred years, had won the citizenship only after a murderous civil war, which in barely two years had slain hundreds of thousands of the noblest youths of Italy. The grand old yeomanry of Italy was gone; her lovely hills and rich plains from the Arno to the Straits were divided into vast farms, tilled by slave labor, owned by absentee landlords intent only on wringing out rent enough to enable them to buy votes which should send them out as governors of some province, there to wring yet vaster sums from the inhabitants of the wretched subject country. These votes were in abundance; for from every corner of Italy the needy inhabitants had flocked to Rome, to sell each year their suffrages for a score of offices. Backed as their votes were by hard clubs and secret daggers, such devoted partisans were satisfied with no common bribes. Cæsar must fill the arena with gladiators, whose mutual slaughter may please the people, or they will give their votes to Crassus. And when one thinks that the elections were to settle who should rule the world; when one considers that, besides the tangible bribes, the most captivating of partisan orators were every day goading into madness the most excitable of nations, — one can compare ancient Rome at an election to nothing but the Corso, the great highway of modern Rome, on the feast day, when the word is given to let the horses rush loose to the capitol through a mile of street. And when the governors of the world, so chosen, came home to their hours of relaxation, every sense was glutted and every nerve thrilled with all the incentives that the luxury of the conquered earth could give, at an expense that makes one shudder. Professional men, of comparatively simple lives, were loaded down with debts that now make a man shoot himself; and debaucheries, such as literally one does not dare to name, were the habitual practice of consuls and prætors, and were openly charged upon them in the debates of the Senate.

Under this fearful excitement the literature of Rome, so long uncouth, halting, almost tongue-tied, broke its shackles and sprang to heights of freedom and elegance that made it a worthy rival of the Greek. The life of Varro, the most learned and voluminous of Roman



writers, extends from 116 to 38 B.C. He in all probability saw the triumphs of both Marius and Augustus. In this span is included the entire literary lives of Cicero, Cæsar, Lucretius, Catullus, Sallust, Nepos, Tibullus, and Propertius; the production of the Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil; the Satires, Epodes, and several Odes of Horace; probably the first decade of Livy, and perhaps some hint of the juvenile powers of Ovid. Whoever will compare with the poorest of these writers their immediate predecessors, Gracchus and Lucilius, or their proximate successors, Seneca and Persius, will understand to what a pitch of power rose the swan-like strains of the dying republic.

Catullus must have come to the capital when still a young man (though of his early years we can affirm nothing), and found introduction into the very best and worst society. His father was on terms of intimacy and possibly dependence with Julius Cæsar; and this would have been of the greatest advantage to his son on beginning life at Rome; for Cæsar's charming manners and vast accomplishments had gained him the personal friendship of men of all parties, even in those severely partisan times. But Catullus was fitted to make his own way very soon, without a patron's aid. At a time when cultivated talent was sure to force itself to the front, he was a model of culture. He is customarily called "the accomplished" (*doctus*) Catullus by other writers, till the phrase becomes as wearisome as "*quaint* old Fuller."

Whatever connection he may have had with Cæsar he soon broke off, became his bitterest and most unsparing enemy, and attacked him in verses of a virulence that stung to the quick even Cæsar's exquisite good nature. The poet threw himself entirely into the arms of the aristocratic senatorial party, and was especially encouraged and cheered by the friendship and help of Cicero, whose regard would be peculiarly acceptable to a young provincial of literary tastes. He has left us the following concise expression of gratitude to the great orator, in all probability for the successful conduct of some suit in court, but against whom we cannot tell:—

Tully! of all the sons of Rome  
That are, or were, or e'er shall be  
Most eloquent,—with all his heart  
His thanks Catullus pays to thee!  
From him their meanest bard they come;  
As thou her noblest pleader art,  
So much her meanest bard is he.

This same senatorial or constitutional party into whose ranks Catullus threw himself was one of the most singular political bodies that ever existed. It had as its nucleus the very noblest characters in Rome. It contained Cicero, her ablest lawyer and most brilliant orator; it contained such men as Metellus Celer and Quintus Catulus, whose views of public life were entirely pure; it contained Hortensius, — before the rise of Cicero the head of the bar, — a man of less sensitive probity and less vigorous statesmanship than those I have named, but second to none in his devoted respect for law and the Constitution; lastly, it contained Cato the younger, narrow, pedantic, impracticable, but of stainless virtue public and private. It was the object of these men to uphold the ancient Constitution; to resist all attempts to exalt individuals beyond what the strictest exigencies might demand; to cherish the old honor and dignity of Rome, which had made her the head of the nations; and to keep the courts of law, the provincial governments, and the canvass for office as free as they could be from all taint of corrupt influence. Around these men gathered a mass of mere sordid and selfish partisans, who thought the surest hope for them to gratify their ambition and to fill their pockets lay in standing by the forms of the old Constitution, — conscious that if a general overthrow should come, and the republic should be nominally made more democratic, their property would be confiscated, and some single strong soldier, abler if not baser than any of them, would rise above all their heads. The types of these men, whose politics were destitute of honor, were Marcus Crassus and Appius Clodius. To these were allied, as lukewarm supporters, the great monied interest, always conservative, but then as now hard to draw into political activity; and as party managers a body of young men of noble families, brilliant talents, and utterly immoral lives, ready to follow Cicero and Catulus to the death in all the doubtful parts of their policy, eager to emulate them in oratory and conversation, but disdaining and rejecting all thought of shaping their lives by their leaders' virtues, — the one side on which those great men's characters are unassailable! It is an astonishing and sad instance of the terrific poison of party that Catulus, who loathed a bribe as he did a serpent; that Cicero, who hated blood as would a woman; that Cato, whose purity would have been too severe for his rough old ancestor, — all conceived the only hopes of restoring the ancient Roman tone to come from the passionate devotion of such youths as Milo, Cælius, and Curio, to whom adultery, bribery, and assassination were the ordinary incidents of life.



Dark and sad as is the thought, — scarcely to be more than mentioned, — we must remember, in drawing this lurid picture of the Rome of Cæsar and Cicero, what a mighty but what a fatal influence came from those high-born women, who, retaining the names and the blood of the noble ladies whose love had founded and whose virtue had cemented the walls of Rome, now ruled husbands and brothers by every kind of affection except that which law and Nature sanction. Beautiful, brilliant, accomplished, capable of understanding and interesting those giants of the world whose intrigues they shared, they present a gallery of portraits beside which Munich and Hampton Court are pure. If a few matrons worthy of the old time meet our eyes, — Cornelia, Marcia, Portia, Terentia, — they only bring out in blacker infamy the Aurelias, the Sempronias, the Clodias, the Fulvias, whose accursed hate and yet more accursed love dealt many of the heaviest blows that struck death to the heart of Rome.

In the ranks of this party Catullus enlisted, with all the ardor of a young man of intensely excitable temperament, bred in a small, dull provincial town, and suddenly introduced to all that is high-bred in a great capital. His nature seems to have been exceedingly candid and trustful, and he was overwhelmed to find that the acquaintances which he found so easy and delightful with both men and women were not equally steadfast and faithful. Although his father was still living he himself had considerable property, including a country house on the beautiful lake near his home, and another nearer Rome; but his ready money was soon run through, and he tried to fill his purse in a manner very usual with young Romans, though any thing but honorable to them. When the proconsuls and proprætors were sent out nominally to govern and really to plunder the provinces, they took with them a train of young friends whose company amused them, and who were generally allowed to make what they could out of the unhappy provincials as a bribe for standing their friends with the governor. In return for this opportunity, the *attachés* were expected to contribute to the governor's comfort and amusement without scruples as to the services asked. Catullus attached himself to Memmius, proprætor of Bithynia, an uncompromising senatorian. The poet did his best, or his worst, to ingratiate himself with Memmius; but owing either to the sluggishness of his patron's gratitude, or the poverty of the already squeezed province, he brought home no great treasure. He did, however, have built for him on the shore of the Black Sea a fast yacht, in which he successfully made

the voyage first to Rhodes, and then up the Adriatic and along the Po and the ancient canal to the Lake of Garda, where the stanch little craft was formally laid up in ordinary with this pretty poem,<sup>1</sup> read by its owner at a dinner given on the occasion :—

The skiff, my friends, that on the lake you see,  
 Declares the fleetest of all craft was she.  
 The flying speed of every floating ship  
 Alike with sails or oar could she outstrip.  
 She says that neither Adria's savage roar,  
 Nor Cyclad isles, nor Thracia's dreadful shore,  
 Nor Rhodes' renowned waters said her nay;  
 Nor rough Propontis, nor the Pontic bay,  
 Where in the by-gone days herself hath stood,  
 And shook her foliage in Amastris' wood.  
 Thy ridge Cyturus, where the box-groves spread,  
 Oft heard the whispers of her leafy head;  
 She boasts yon Pontic woodlands knew her well,  
 And loves her ancient pedigree to tell.  
 The oars that grew upon her summit free  
 First felt the water in their native sea;  
 Thence through so many raging waves they bore  
 Their master safely to the Sirmian shore,  
 Careless what winds to port or starboard blew,  
 Or if kind Jove both sheets impartial drew.  
 Nor to a single god of all the coast  
 She offered vows, through the long journey tost  
 From farthest ocean to this limpid lake.  
 But youth is past; and longing now to take  
 Old age's rest, she fain would favor win  
 From thee, twin Castor, and thee, Castor's twin!

Some other jocose allusions to his Bithynian experiences will be found in his verses; but the voyage left memories in his heart which made all jesting about it but sad work. Some time before, his brother, who seems to have been the light and charm of the whole house, had died in the neighborhood of Troy, and was buried there far from his home and friends. This very voyage in the swift little yacht had taken Catullus past the ground where among the ashes of all the great heroes,—the Ajax and Achilles and Hector of whom the world was full,—there were no remains half so precious to him as those for which he wrote this inscription :—

O'er many a nation borne, and many a sea,  
 To this sad office, brother, am I come!  
 That death's last honor I might pay to thee,  
 And vainly call upon thine ashes dumb,

<sup>1</sup> The translations, when not otherwise stated, are by the author.



Since fate from me thy very self hath ta'en.  
 O early lost, O ill-starred brother dear !  
 Still let the gifts our ancient rites ordain  
 Be duly laid in sadness on thy bier,  
 And, what thy brother's tears fast falling tell,  
 For ever hail, my brother, and farewell !"

So intense had been his grief for a time on hearing of his brother's loss that it had power to turn him from poetry, which had become his great delight, and the delight of his friends, who were constantly drawing delicate little bits of verse from his good nature. The following is a little piece, apparently accompanying others, in which he labors to assure his friend Ortalus that, plunged in grief as he was, a request for his poems had not passed unheeded :—

Although with constant care and sorrow worn  
 I shun, my Ortalus, the Muse's bower,  
 Nor of my thought can tuneful notes be born,  
 Tossed in a sea, where storms of sorrow lower, —  
 For mine own brother late, a bloodless shade,  
 Felt on his feet the flow of Lethe's wave,  
 Whom Troy beneath Rhetæum's shore hath laid  
 Snatched from our eyes, and trampled in the grave.  
 Ne'er shall I speak, nor hear thee speak again,  
 Nor ever, brother more than life desired,  
 See thee again ? That love I'll aye retain,  
 And guard the mournful odes thy death inspired ;  
 So sings beneath the boughs' protecting shade  
 The nightingale that mourns for Itys dead.  
 Yet in this grief, O Ortalus, I send  
 To thee these lines, that Battus' son recall,  
 Lest on the air thou seem thy words to spend,  
 Which from my careless mind unheeded fall, —  
 As the bright fruit, by lover slyly sent,  
 Falls from the bosom of a modest maid,  
 Which she, poor child, in her soft garment pent,  
 Forgets, upspringing at her mother's tread,  
 And out it shakes, falls, bounds in headlong race,  
 While conscious blushes stain her mournful face !

His life after his return was passed in the same social amusements as before. It was largely devoted to a mistress whom he calls Lesbia, on whom he lavished the most devoted affection, but who, he found to his amazement, left him for newer lovers. He might have expected such treatment, if we are right in thinking Lesbia to have been the same as Clodia, — a lady of noble birth, and of extreme fasci-

nation, but well known at Rome as lost to all sense of honor. She forms the theme of many of Catullus's poems. The demand for these soon became so great that a small volume of them was published, dedicated to the celebrated historian and biographer Cornelius Nepos, who had been warm in their praise. Most probably this publication was about the year 55 B.C., when Pompey and Crassus were consuls together the second time; when Lucretius died, and Virgil took the toga. We fail to trace Catullus further; his poems written about this time indicate failing health, and he probably died about 54 B.C., at the age of thirty-three.

Catullus was a man of strong and simple passions, to whose sway he entirely abandoned himself. When he loved, he loved devotedly and fondly; when undeceived, he began to suspect keenly and in agony; when he hated, he hated terribly. When these passions united on a single object, he tells us that the torture was fearful. Living in the very highest society in Rome, there is abundant evidence that he had little objection to the lowest. Of course such a wide knowledge of the world had a strong influence on his poetry, precisely as the like knowledge and indulgence had on that of Byron. Catullus indeed might well be called a Roman Byron, and the resemblance be worked out into countless details.

The poems of Catullus are over one hundred in number, but only a few are of any considerable length, and most of them of but a few lines. They are arranged with only a very general approach to system. The subjects are extremely various, so that no classification would be adequate. The greater part of them were suggested by the circumstances of his life, — struck off at a heat, according as hate or love, fear or contempt, was uppermost. Many, again, are translations or adaptations from the Greek; not so much the spontaneous and joyous poetry of early Greece, or the rich and thoughtful stores of her perfected life, — not the Greece that we know and love, — as from the trim, artificial poetry of Alexandria, the Indian Summer of Greek literature. A very few poems seem to have a real aim at something at once original and permanent.

They are in a great variety of metres. Catullus seems to have tried to adapt to Latin almost every one of the beautiful rhythms which the Greeks used. Some of them were never tried again by any Latin poet; some in the next generation were taken up by Horace, and brought to the highest perfection; and others waited over a hundred years before they found in Martial a worthy heir to Catullus.



First, perhaps, among our author's poems we must rank the love-songs addressed to Lesbia and his other flames. They are full of every strain, serious or playful, that could sustain a living love, or waken a smouldering one. Then we have epigrams, — short, smart poems, playing on the vices, follies, whims of friends and enemies alike ; sometimes shy, sometimes gay and impudent, and sometimes fiendish in their scathing censure. These two classes of poems comprehend far the greater number of the pieces, although mostly very short. Of the first an admirable specimen is the elegy to Lesbia's sparrow, which Mr. Frere has translated with his matchless skill : —

Ye Venuses and Cupids all !  
 And all polite, well-bred,  
 Ingenious persons ! — hear my call !  
 My lady's sparrow, — he is dead !  
 And, therefore, you must drop a tear.  
 He was so nice, — a little dear ;  
 Such a darling, such a love !  
 Round the room, about, above  
 He used to flutter and to hurry :  
 Then he came, in such a flurry,  
 Flying to my lady's breast,  
 Lodging in it, like a nest,  
 Like an infant with a mother.  
 He would not leave her for another ;  
 He would not move, he would not stir,  
 Nor chirp for any but for her.  
 And now, they say that he must go  
 For ever to the shades below,  
 Whence not a creature, I can learn,  
 Was ever suffered to return !  
 O nasty, spiteful, ugly death,  
 To be so peevish and absurd  
 To take that dear, delightful bird,  
 Down to your odious shades beneath !  
 O dismal and unhappy case ! —  
 Poor Lesbia's eyes and lovely face  
 Are flushed with weeping, vexed and red,  
 Since her unhappy bird is dead.

This translation is, of course, essentially what schoolmasters, and those poets who are only fit to be schoolmasters, call "free," — that is, right ; and not what they call "literal," — that is, wrong. It goes on the entirely correct principle that every language has its own poetical forms to express the poetical sentiments which are common to all

languages, and that the attempt to transfer the former accurately is almost sure to obscure the latter. It is very doubtful if the English language can ever give one very characteristic peculiarity of Catullus, conspicuous in this ode, but omitted by Mr. Frere; that is, the use of diminutives, — as in *turgiduli rubent ocelli*, — which produces a funny little wheedling effect, and, although rejected by Catullus's immediate successors, reappears in Apuleius, and largely in modern Italian.

The celebrated "Kissing Song" should by no means be omitted. The following is an attempt to retain the original metre; but alas! for the original effect:—

Live we, Lesbia mine, and love we ever;  
 And the scandal of our severer elders —  
 Count it all as exactly worth one penny.  
 Suns may set to return upon the morrow;  
 But for us, when our brief light once is over,  
 One night followeth of unbroken slumber.  
 Give me kisses a thousand, then a hundred,  
 Then a thousand again, a second hundred,  
 Still a thousand again, again a hundred;  
 Then, when many a thousand thus are numbered,  
 Mix the reckoning up, that we may know not,  
 And no envious one askant regard us,  
 When he hears there are such store of kisses.

A good specimen of his epigrams is that on his friend Sufenas, who fancied he could write poetry:—

Varus! you know our friend Sufenas well,  
 Witty, good looking, quite the city swell, —  
 That man is writing verses all the time,  
 I'm sure he has ten thousand lines of rhyme  
 Copied; not on the odds and ends one meets  
 Scribbled, but royal paper, virgin sheets,  
 New rollers, scarlet strings, the parchment ruled  
 With lead, rough edges trimmed, and binding tooled.  
 Just try to read them! and that pink of town,  
 Sufenas, seems a perfect country clown,  
 Just fit to dig a ditch, or milk a goat;  
 He's turned so rude, and wholly changed his note.  
 What shall we think? This Terence when he talks,  
 Or wittier being if there is that walks,  
 Is duller than the dullest clod of land  
 When once he takes his poet's pen in hand.  
 Yet never is he half so proud and blest,  
 Convinced his verses equal Homer's best!



Well, well, we're all alike ; the self-same cheat  
 Makes a Sufenas of each man you meet ;  
 We put our finger on our neighbor's flaw,  
 While his own hump no mortal ever saw.

Several of Catullus's longest poems are *Epithalamia*, — songs sung before and after a marriage ceremony by a chorus of young men and young women, with all the topics, serious or amusing, that could arise on such an occasion. The grace and delicacy of these compositions have been constantly remarked. One poem nominally of the same character, the "Nuptial Song" of Peleus and Thetis, really is in form and style a piece of a mythological epic, and might serve excellently for an opening to a new *Iliad*, or a poem on the adventures of Achilles : very possibly it is a translation from such a lost Greek epic.

The "Hair of Berenice" is a very neat imitation, perhaps a translation, of the stiff, exaggerated hyperboles of the Alexandrian Greeks. Berenice, the Queen of Egypt, had had her hair cut off for a sacred offering, and could not find it again. Conon, the great astronomer, declared that he recognized it as a new constellation among the stars. A few lines will show its fanciful and elaborate tone :—

Unwillingly I left thy head, O Queen !  
 Unwilling ; by thy head and thee I swear !  
 From righteous doom the perjured none will screen,  
 But who with steel their forces would compare ?  
 The mountain e'en gave way, though higher none  
 Sees o'er his top Hyperion's flaming car,  
 When for the Median's realm new seas were won,  
 And Eastern armies sailed o'er Athos' bar.  
 When such to iron yield, what strength has hair ?  
 Let every blacksmith, Jove, thy ruin feel,  
 With him who first the veins of earth laid bare,  
 And from the forges drew the toughened steel.

Other pieces seem to have been thrown off accidentally as the humor of the moment prompted, and cannot be classed. A large number of Catullus's poems are entirely uninteresting, owing to our knowing nothing of the persons satirized or praised. Others are too slight to detain attention long ; and others again are on such coarse and revolting subjects that Catullus himself had to apologize for them, and in the next century Pliny defended them very lamely. But after casting out all these with a firm hand, we have left a number of poems which are among the most exquisite productions of human genius, showing the author to have been a worthy companion of

those giants of earth, — the Ciceros, the Cæsars, the Pompeys, the Sallusts, the Varros, the Pollios, — who made the declining years of the Roman republic so illustrious.

The fun of Catullus is so jolly, the sarcasm so biting, the love so passionate, the endearments so wheedling, the imagination so rich, the fancy so tender and delicate, the verse so sweet and varied, and the whole tone so natural and straightforward, yet so learned and cultivated, that the “nice little new book” which was received with a burst of admiration in his own day has not failed to receive the same tribute in later times, and to be republished again and again in all countries, in spite of the desperately corrupt state of our very few — virtually our one — manuscript.

He was the first Latin poet who thoroughly understood what melody means ; who knew how to put words together so that a trivial or revolting idea should become beautiful, and a real gem of thought have its lustre enhanced tenfold by a choice setting. In his hands that language which in Ennius is always rough, and in Lucretius often monotonous, becomes as sweet and flowing and varied in its music as the Greek. Some of Catullus’s single lines and short poems appear the very perfection of sound, entirely apart from their meaning, — nay, in spite of it.

He has another power, — a strange one it may seem, but one singularly characteristic of all Roman poets. It has been said again and again that Latin poetry, — Latin literature, indeed, — is none of it original except the satire ; that it is all borrowed, transferred, translated from Greek models. Lucretius and Catullus are sometimes exempted from this accusation, which is levelled with especial emphasis at Virgil and Horace. But, in point of fact, the first are as guilty, if there be guilt, as the second. Empedocles and Callimachus are the sources of the two earlier bards, as much as Hesiod, Homer, Sappho, and Alcæus of the others. No Roman ever pretended otherwise ; and the genius of Latin literature is shown in this very department of seizing the gems of Greek literature alike from the treasures of its kings and the dust-heaps of its misers, and recutting and resetting them in such a way as to give delight to hundreds of thousands whose eyes they scarcely drew before. It is amusing to see editor after editor of Virgil detail the poet’s obligations to Nicander and Aratus, — as if Nicander and Aratus could have any value except that their unreadable verses gave matter for the perfection of the Georgics. This power is not limited to the verse of the Romans.



Livy's most authentic facts are copied from Polybius, his syntax and illustrations in many parts are modelled directly on Thucydides; yet it is a positive penance to read Polybius, and the occasional preference of Thucydides, so far as style goes, to Livy seems to us a mere literary paradox, though some eminent men have held it. The Romans conquered and moulded to their own purposes the literature no less than the land of their rivals, so as in many cases even to sweep them from memory. There are whole poems of Catullus that from internal evidence must have had Greek originals, — but what and where are they? The combination of powers presented by Catullus, — enthusiasm and passion, playfulness and melody, frankness and learning, — rank him as the equal or superior of such poets as Moschus, Terence, Ariosto, Heine, Tom Moore, Berenger. And sometimes he gives evidence of rising yet higher and piercing deeper; he gives us visions of fairy land as sparkling as Aristophanes, pictures of scenery as rich as Spenser, bursts of magnificence as lofty as Dryden, touches of homeliness as precious as Cowper. A few more extracts are necessary to show his power, and these are inadequate.

From the "Marriage Song" of Peleus and Thetis let us take a part of the wail of the forsaken Ariadne. No doubt some of the images and sentiments will seem strangely hackneyed; but the poem was written nineteen hundred and twenty years ago:—

Why longer weave a tale of misery?  
 How turned the daughter from her father's eye,  
 Her clinging sisters and her mother's hold,  
 Whose lost and wretched life her child consoled,  
 For Theseus' darling love threw all away,  
 And sailed in flight to Naxos' billowy bay?  
 How when her eyes were locked in sleep, her spouse  
 Could bear to leave her, and forget his vows?  
 Full from her burning heart its frenzy broke  
 In ringing wails when from that dream she woke.

Now sad she climbed the mountain's broken steep,  
 And strained her gaze o'er the vast ocean deep, —  
 Now ran to meet the surf that trembled there,  
 The soft robe lifting from her ankles bare;  
 And while her lips with chilly pantings heaved,  
 These last complaints her mourning soul relieved:

"So, false one, from my native country torn,  
 Hast left me, Theseus, on the strand forlorn?  
 In such contempt of heaven dost thou forsake,  
 Thoughtless, and home thy broken promise take?

Could nothing turn thy cruel heart's design?  
 No mercy move that savage breast of thine?  
 Did not one thought of me thy purpose hold,  
 Nor empty promise that thou gav'st of old?  
 Then, thou did'st offer no such fate as this,  
 But joyful wedlock and united bliss.  
 The winds have swept to air that hollow troth!  
 No more let woman trust a lover's oath;  
 Whate'er men's longings make them wish to share,  
 No oath they fear, no promises they spare;  
 But when their hearts' desire its fill hath ta'en,  
 Forget their words, their promises disdain."

As Catullus puts this sentiment into a woman's mouth, it is well to see what he says in his own person of the other sex:—

My lady says, all men she will refuse  
 But me; in vain would Jove her suitor be,  
 She says: but woman's words to man who sues,  
 Write them in wind, or in the flowing sea.

The following comparison from one of the wedding songs has always been thought peculiarly tender, but must lose infinitely in a translation, from the impossibility of copying the melody of some of the Latin lines:—

As in fenced gardens grows the modest flower,  
 By softening air, strong sun, and training shower,  
 Seen by no flock, nor bruised by cruel share,  
 To many a maid and many a youth 'tis fair;  
 But when the plucking hand hath lopped its bloom,  
 No youth or maid will save it from the tomb:  
 So blooms the virgin, spotless and alone,  
 And loved in secret only by her own;  
 If one foul taint her honor shall remove,  
 No youths admire her, and no maidens love.

The following epitaph on the lady who was beloved by his brother poet Licinius Calpurnius is very delicate:—

If aught, my Calpurnius, with our grief can fall  
 Of charm or pleasure to the silent dead,  
 When ancient loves with longing we recall,  
 And tears of memory in lost friendships shed,  
 Quintilia's early doom no pain will give  
 To match the joys that in thy love shall live.

Catullus is the author of one poem, "The Atys," which has not yet been mentioned,—beyond all question the most striking short



poem in the Latin language. If as some suppose it had a Greek origin, it has swept that out of being. It is founded on one of those repulsive stories which the ancient intellect took a strange delight in touching with melancholy, and even succeeded in veiling with beauty. Atys, a handsome youth, in a fit of religious frenzy enrolls himself among the worshippers of Cybele, the great mother of the gods, and binds himself for ever to her service by the terrific sacrament of destroying his manhood with his own hands. For a few hours he is swept away in wild enthusiasm for his new religion, and leads the exulting dance and song of the excited Mænads to the barbaric accompaniment of timbrels and cymbals, till he falls asleep, exhausted with the fatigue of worship. Waking at the dawn, he finds his passion all subsided, and pours forth a strain of despairing remembrance of all that he has lost, and grief at his portentous sacrifice. Suddenly the goddess sweeps through the air in her mystic chariot; she lashes her lions into frenzy; they spring upon the remorseful votary, and he is whirled away into the forest, self-condemned for ever, neither man nor woman, to an unnatural and debasing service.

The poem rolls on in an unbroken torrent of dark and painful images, like a view of the rapids of the Niagara river at midnight, when driving clouds give occasional glimpses of the stars. Every thought is wild either with ecstasy or agony, the effect being indefinitely heightened by the language, which is bold to a degree hardly known elsewhere in Latin, especially in the use of sonorous and forcible compounds. The metre also, the Galliambic, is a strange, complex, and shifting rhythm, almost inexplicable till you seize on the clew, but full of a most thrilling melody when mastered. Mr. Tennyson has imitated it in his "Boadicea."

Edgar Poe was so enamored of his own poem, "The Raven," that he proclaimed, and his admirers echo the cry, that he achieved an imperishable monument of beauty and sadness in the compass of its hundred and eight lines. But "The Raven" is a piece of tawdry mosaic, of stage thunder, beside the rubies and sapphires, the lightning flashes and storm-clouds of "The Atys," which has but ninety-three lines. The following gives a painfully weak idea of some lines of it:—

Then from her gentle slumber, the hurrying frenzy past,  
When once her deeds had Atys in her breast recalled at last,  
And in dear reflection gathered her loss and where she stood,  
With eyes on fire returning again she sought the flood.

There o'er the boundless ocean gazing with tearful eyes,  
Thus she addressed her country sadly in wretched wise :

“O country that begat'st me ! O country that hast borne  
Whom I the wretch forsaking, as runaway slaves forlorn  
Are wont to leave their master ! unto Ida's woods have come,  
In the deep snow, and the cold dens of beasts to find a home,  
Ay, in my madness visit their every covert drear, —  
Where art thou gone, where shall I seek to find thee, country dear ?  
My straining eyeball falters to fix its gaze on thee,  
While from its raving passion my soul an hour is free.

“ Shall I from home discovered dwell in this gloomy grove,  
Leave native land and comrades and parents that I love ?  
The market and the race-course and wrestler's sand to leave ?  
Wretch that thou art ! O wretch ! my soul once and again must grieve.  
What grace of form, what beauty, did not my manhood claim,  
Such was I as a stripling youth and boy of matchless frame !  
I was the flower of exercise, I was the wrestler's pride,  
Mine the hot threshold, mine the gate thronged with the entering tide.  
For me the blooming garlands around the door were hung,  
When at the rising sunlight from out the couch I sprung.  
Must I be the god's slave-girl and Cybele's waitress known,  
Must be but half myself, and the man whose stock is gone ?  
I on green Ida mantled with cold snow make my home,  
I amid Phrygia's lofty peaks all my life-long to roam,  
Where the forest-haunting hind dwells, and the woodland-ranging boar ? —  
Now, now my deed it rueth me ! now, now do I deplore ! ”

But with all this glorious genius, the faults of Catullus are serious, and put his place, in any fair ranking of the Latin poets, below the highest. In the first place he has what Lucretius had before him, and what it took another generation of writers to unlearn,—a redundancy, a want of self-control, and a tendency to run on. The censure pronounced on Lucilius by Horace, that his verse flowed in an unchecked and turbid current, continued to be true for a hundred years after the birth of Lucilius, and of far greater men than the rattling satirist. Self-contained and manly in all else they did, when the Romans once felt that their limited, uncouth tongue could really subdue the Greek hexameter and lyric,—as the pilum had subdued the phalanx,—they took a kind of childish glee in pouring out all the verses they could, in telling the story with a garrulity equal to Hesiod, instead of following his wise warning how much the half is better than the whole. Many a verse might Lucretius wisely have cut out altogether ; many a couplet and paragraph might he have condensed with advantage : and in Catullus the fault is even more apparent. The boiling passion, the bounding enthusiasm that inspire his shorter



poems, render his longer ones disconnected and rambling, and in all of them use up five or six lines to say what Sophocles or Horace or Pope would have said in two. For instance, the passionate wail of Ariadne just quoted, — it is spirited, tender, finished ; but how does it come in ? In a poem on the wedding of the parents of Achilles, where the wedding gifts are detailed at length. One of them is a cloak embroidered with the story of Theseus and Ariadne. Accordingly two hundred and fifteen lines — more than half the poem — are devoted to its description, running into such wild incongruities as the speech of distress, of which a part is given above, which, however expressive, could hardly have been worked on cloth in thread, even by Pallas herself for the goddess's wedding.

Hence Catullus's beauties are entirely unsustained ; a few peerless lines will be followed by several of only moderate force. And this fault seems to have lain deeper with him than with Lucretius, where it rose largely from the subject ; or with Dryden, where it was sheer carelessness. Catullus was, we may suspect, from both temperament and habit, wanting in the power to form a great design, to conceive a large and varied whole, and to carry it out into striking details by sustained effort. Hence Lucretius, though far less beautiful at his best, is much more equal.

But the inherent fault of Catullus is his triviality. The very prettinesses which charm us in the odes to Lesbia, and the epithalamium to Junia and Manlius, make us dread to think of his trying a loftier theme ; and indeed he never is stirred to the depths or elevated to the heights except by what is revolting. And this taste for triviality, this constant turning away from what is grand and noble, inevitably lead to what is base and ignoble, — indeed to what is foul, when it dwells in a soul like our poet's, who soon exhausts his pretty delicacies, craves stronger meat, and, not caring to climb to heaven, is forced to plunge to hell for very food. It is too sad, too bad, to think that the very perfection of his musical art is reserved for themes which are either weakly trivial or criminally revolting, or at best strongly suggest the foul side of Nature. It is this want of nobility and purity which sinks him irredeemably below the men whose peers he ought to be, — Pindar and Juvenal, and Schiller and Campbell. Turn and twist it as Mr. Dante Rossetti and his allied critics will, the highest strain of poetry demands loftiness of aim ; and no amount of constructive skill, — not all the passion of Archilochus, not all the wit of Tassoni, not all the lusciousness of Swinburne, — can

make an eternal pyramid out of what is innately base, weak, and foul.

Hence, however it may chafe the spirits of those to whom Catullus seems to show the soul of a Cæsar speaking through the voice of a Simonides, whose schoolboy drudgery over Virgil, Horace, and Ovid has made them vow that the greatest Latin poets at least shall not be these, we cannot consent to rank Catullus among the kings of Elysium, the *pii vates et Phæbo digna locuti*. The wail of Ariadne seems to us but girlish petulance beside the awful funeral song where-with Dido bade her own mighty shade go to the kings below; the spiteful insults to Cæsar and the neat compliments to Cicero sink to nothing beside the shout of joy that hailed the ruin of the Egyptian harlot, and the trumpet call that rings like the echo of Nero's onset at the Metaurus. The smile of the babe Torquatus is not so tender as the sigh of Juvenal's boy for his mother; the indecent jokes of Furius and Thallus stammer feebly and are hushed as the same tremendous bard lashes the foulness of Catullus's own legitimate successors. Nay, his very masterpieces, the "Fallen Blossom" and the "Mighty Mother," are not so wholly his that Virgil in one book could nor tear them from him, make Cybele speak with a holier grandeur, and cause a sweeter pathos to attend the untimely cropping of the blooming Euryalus. All that beauty, all that passion give are on the page of Catullus; but the Venus that inspired his strain is the Venus of the vulgar herd, not the fostering goddess invoked by Lucretius, his mighty predecessor,—the Mother of the Romans, who guides the stars in their courses.

WILLIAM EVERETT.



## THE PARIS SALON, 1879.

### II.

THE author of "L'Assommoir," henceforth universally known, M. Zola, has been waging war for the last few years against poetry and romanticism. He proclaims, *urbi et orbi*, that artists must paint Nature, nothing but Nature, and the whole of Nature. M. Zola, who was preceded in this absolute love of Nature by our great landscape-painters, is followed by a certain number of writers who use no more "la pommade de l' idéal" than they drink "le sirop du romanesque." To complete his cortege we might group around him the painters of modern Paris, who know it so well and represent it so accurately that there is a smell and noise in their painting, just as M. Zola's style has a smell and a color. Under this head the Salon contains an astounding picture by M. Luigi Noir. It is an inundation in a suburb; and the scene is so real, so life-like, so well caught in its slightest details, that we might almost say the five senses are struck by it, the eyes only more strongly than the rest. We smell the peculiar odor of floods as distinctly as we hear the splashing of cabs and pedestrians.

M. Zola's school is an instance of those inevitable reactions which bring back to Nature an exhausted ideal, whose aërial conceptions would end by being lost in their emptiness without this periodical return to substantial, primordial facts. What is astonishing in these perpetual alternatives of naturalism and idealism is that people always return to Nature by different ways, and the departures are always in new directions: it seems as if there were in art and literature inexhaustible possibilities of renewal. Thus a young painter, M. Duez, who had worked hitherto only in a worldly line, has exhibited a picture which has astonished everybody, even his friends and perhaps himself. He has abandoned for this time his dear *Parisiennes* and frankly attempted religious painting in his "St. Cuthbert," a triptych of great dimensions, boldly facing real Nature and the open

air. There is a child in ecstasy before a light which is the soul of his patron, an old man who quarrels with birds for the possession of the corn he sows, a bishop who is dying with hunger in all the splendor of his sacerdotal vestments a few paces from a village, while a compassionate eagle brings him a freshly caught fish ; but the scene is so rural, the types are so rustic, the persons look so quiet in the impossibilities of the parts they play, so convinced in the midst of all sorts of objections, that the composition is impregnated with a perfume of faith and candor. Here you must not seek for great decorative problems, as in the two panels of M. Puris de Charannes ; or for great counterbalanced masses of light and shade, as in the pictures exhibited by M. Moreau of Tours : no more would you find such violence of expression as is given by M. Morot to the women of the Ambrones who want to stop the Romans by their fury-like gesticulations. Human life holds its own in the "St. Cuthbert," amidst the surrounding majesty of Nature. The clear and bright greens of the country seem condensed in the dark cloak of the bishop, and absorbed in the opulence of its velvet. The child and the bishop in the middle panel form a magnificent piece, bathed in air and sunshine. Unhappily they occupy the right part of the picture, and the other side looks empty because the eagle is insufficient to counterbalance this astonishing group. Would the defect remain if the composition were reversed, — that is, if it were painted as the present picture would appear in a looking-glass ? Then the principal group, instead of being on the right would be on the left side, and this simple change might re-establish the compromised equilibrium. Landscape-painters have often found by experience that the composition looks empty if the trees are not on the left, in a subject composed of a clump of trees in the foreground, clearly detached against the extended horizon of a plain, or of the sea.<sup>1</sup> I do not think M. Karl Daubigny's landscape,

<sup>1</sup> A recent communication of M. Delaunay to the Academy singularly extends the field of this observation by proving that the right and the left are not indifferent, either in art or in any thing else. It has been observed that visitors go nearly always to the right when they enter public buildings, — such as Museums and Libraries. Habit has perhaps some influence upon this tendency ; but M. Delaunay wonders if the cause of it may not be attributed to that predominance of the left hemisphere of the brain over the right one, which is one of the characteristics of superior races. As the nerves cross before their arrival, it is the left hemisphere, the more important of the two, which presides over the functions of the right side, and must incline towards the right a person who has abdicated his will and stands irresolute.

If we could follow further the consequences of this principle, we might observe that modern physiology has demonstrated the independence of the functions of the two cervical



which was conceived nearly according to this plan, could be reversed with impunity. It would be dangerous also to deal in this way with that "Cour du Vieux Puits," where we find once more M. Pelouse, in that pretty corner of the calendar where this artist has built his nest; for he loves the last smile of naked and chilly autumn, the splendors of which are so strangely exalted by the pale light of approaching winter.

M. Duez is a naturalist; but when he has treated Nature with that filter necessary to all painters seeking for subjects, he carefully avoids keeping the residue. M. Duez is no more a member of M. Zola's school than M. Monginot, whose inviting gooseberries and transparent raspberries, so red and juicy, were the desserts of the Salon; or M. Nozal, who has rendered with such scrupulous truth the melancholy charm of snow, and the great dead silence with which it fills the alleys in the woods.

As we have already said, painters had discovered Nature a long time before M. Zola. That writer wanted absolutely to extend his system to painting; and being obliged to discover something else has invented "impressionism" and M. Manet. Impressionists never knew exactly which new god they worshipped, and M. Zola thought he would help them out of the difficulty by speaking of naturalism and modernism. In fine, what do impressionists want? For a long time nothing save their pictures was comparable to the vagueness of their aim, and modern embryogeny was at a loss to discover what would be their evolution. Their title of "impressionists" was only one riddle more, and resembled a label put on an empty chest. What sort of an impression do they want to convey? The Salon contains pictures by Mesgrigny, Ségé, Aimé, Perret, which express even the rippling of the water, the trembling of leaves, and the movement of clouds. These artists settle down in the very core of their subject, living in

hemispheres; for instance, the faculty of language is in the left hemisphere. The interest of the question would be to determine in which part resides the æsthetic faculty, and what peculiar force will be exerted by finding all the masses of a picture on the left side, and so placed in opposition to the general energies which solicit us to the right. Perhaps a mere observation would be enough to explain this apparent anomaly by making it depend upon the general law.

Let us, therefore, observe that the charm of art lies especially in the suggestions which it offers; a canvas is, strictly speaking, but a net through the meshes of which our imagination plays. So the great attraction for the mind does not come from these masses of the foreground which are finished and limited, but from those vast horizons which offer space for our dreams to unfold their wings. If such be really the dominant desire of the brain, we must not wonder that the eye should seek for its satisfaction on the right.

boats or huts, and scrutinizing a corner of Nature with the patience of an entomologist who studies an insect : their patient and tenacious observation is sure to catch Nature in the rare moments when she makes confidences and opens her secrets. The impression they translate is just and strong ; and the public could not hesitate for one instant between this exemplary art and the process of impressionists, who invite people to come to the theatre, raise the curtain, and leave the imagination of the spectators to supply the play. They exhibited pictures with flat and crude tints roughly brushed, and patches of color filling outlines where no drawing was to be discovered. No sacrifice was made in those harlequin dresses, where the little which was shown of Nature was generally made conspicuous only by its ugliness. Aërial perspective, the outside of things, shade itself, were severely banished as theatrical expedients or tricks of incapacity. Their works looked like those summary notes we take rapidly to remember certain facts : we are too happy when we ourselves can understand them.

M. Manet, who has been consecrated by M. Zola the chief of the "impressionist" school, has exhibited two pictures, — "Dans la Serre" and "En Bateau." The jury has given them a place of honor upon the line ; but the jury, I suspect, have been animated by a Spartan malignity in their evident design of inebriating M. Manet by this success. In a position which forces attention, M. Manet is exposed to instructive comparisons. As an enunciator of new doctrines he could not betray a change of opinions by his practice ; any evolution was impossible for him, and he was obliged to remain a prisoner of the truths he had promulgated. In his marmorean immobility he looks like a Terminus ; he is very convenient for measuring the road gone over by the school. This road is very long ; so long indeed that it would be difficult to connect the end with the beginning without the pictures which mark the transitions and establish its continuity.

How far were M. Manet and his disciples with their first audacities from the goal which some of them have now attained ! What groping in the dark ! How obscurely they gravitated towards unseen ends ! For we must not allow ourselves to be deluded ; Mlle. Abbéma is an impressionist ; M. Carolus Duran is an impressionist ; M. Gervex, in his remarkable picture "Après le Bal," is an impressionist ; lastly, M. Henner is the most marvellous of impressionists. If this word has decidedly a meaning, it means the art of expressing much with little, — the gift of constituting a complete art with the smallest amount of work.



The "Idylle" by M. Henner is pleasant to the eye, and one is not obliged to look at it from a distance. Night has fallen upon earth and woods; a last smiling ray of light shows itself alone on the horizon, and is reflected in a pond like an earthly echo of the harmonies from above. All the picture vibrates between these two parallel spaces, which complete and answer each other. Two nymphs appear to be the soul itself of this solitude; and the silver and mother-of-pearl splendors of their flesh shine in the night with a supernatural glow which is only an attribute of their divine quality, — for this light does not come from the outside, but from themselves, like that of saints and stars, like the phosphorescence which betrays glow-worms in a moonless night. The drawing is done in off-hand fashion, the execution is rapid, the composition floating; the artist throws his brushes away as soon as he has hit the general impression at which he was aiming: his goal is attained, and his picture is finished. Painters of this sort (who by the way disdain no resource offered by their profession) are really successful impressionists. But with so much success and science one is no longer an impressionist in the eyes of the public, which attaches the term only to the pure sectarians.

Certainly there is nothing wiser than to consult Nature, but M. Zola will never do away with that magnet of the mind which draws some people towards her beauties as others look for her ugly aspects. To go to tangible beauty is already a step towards the ideal; and this is the case of M. Lefebvre who has made a choice for his "Diane Surprise" among the prettiest nymphs of the woods of Boulogne and Vincennes. If M. Lefebvre is amorous of the special charm impressed upon things by particularization, more synthetic artists will feel an irresistible inclination to transform, magnify, and ennoble them into types by generalizing them. This is another step towards the ideal, — a step which M. Bouguereau tries to get over, but not always with success. Nudity in art, in a society which respects itself, can be admitted only as answering a sort of general and abstract existence. M. Bouguereau is able to carry the finishing of a picture to its extreme limits, to such implacable refinements that one is sometimes tempted to cry for mercy; but this polished execution only the better reveals his impotence to attain the world of superior beauties where nakedness seems merely one of the conditions of a various perfection. His Muse drank water out of Parisian fountains ere she tasted the sacred beverage of Hippocrene. The Venus he exhibits is no longer the eternally young and eternally beautiful goddess. Alas! she knows

too well that she is growing old, wherefore she is preserving herself ; she does not come from the foam of the sea, but from the hygeian lather of fashionable soaps. His "Bohémienues," though borrowed from the world of current realities, bears the mark of this mind floating between earth and heaven, along with the qualities inseparable from M. Bouguereau's talent. We understand well enough how difficult he must find it to paint this free and sun-burnt life with brushes accustomed to the toilettes of made-up goddesses. M. Bouguereau has noble aspirations, and therefore the only risk he runs is that of a false ideal. Even if he were one of those artists who are tormented with a thirst for invisible truths, we might ask what sort of a right M. Zola's school would have to reproach him with such curiosities. For all these great art-problems are mostly questions of temper, and the naturalist school would only be unfaithful to its principles if it should wage war against tendencies the first reason of which might be found in Nature and physiology. It is certain, for instance, that man's beauty is more accentuated in proportion as it differs more widely from the apish characters : any thing that brings him nearer to them gives him an ignoble and bestial appearance. Man's beauty evidently tends to an ideal which is the type of the race, — a type which is never perfectly realized, but for which we have a right to seek. Plato puts this ideal behind us, and Mr. Darwin puts it before us : there is only a difference of position. We do not go further and further from it ; probably we tend to it : at any rate it exists.

We certainly take an interest in all the scenes of life, whether it be high or humble, opulent or poor, heroic or vicious ; hence the development which modern art and literature have taken in France. But notwithstanding the present popularity of brutal realism, with its cynic nakedness and violent crudity, it has little chance of growing strong and of striking deep roots in our soil. The French genius is realistic neither in philosophy, in literature, nor in politics.<sup>1</sup> It is curious that the French, who have often been reproached so justly with restricting the world to the limits of their own country, should have in the domain of ideas an irresistible need of expansion and generalization. Whoever speaks eloquently or wittily of the French is popular in France ; but whoever speaks thus of humanity is more popular still. It is at once the quality and the defect of the national mind, that Frenchmen believe themselves made to be listened to by the whole world. They have waged wars for ideas ; their painting is

<sup>1</sup> *Le Spiritualisme dans l' Art*, par Ch. Lévêque.



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more general than any other in the world ; their revolution in philosophy (the Cartesian) was more general than that of Bacon ; their political revolution has consecrated not only the rights of France, but especially the rights of humanity.

It is this love for abstraction which keeps up among the French a taste for what they call "great painting," — that is, painting without any anecdotic or local character. We may say that France is now the only country in Europe where historical painting still reigns with a sort of religious respect and official lustre. It would have been dead a long while since, here as elsewhere, had it not been for State encouragement. Our houses are too small for those large canvases, which lack air in our modern rooms, narrow and multiplied as cells in a bee-hive ; therefore historical painting is dying, notwithstanding the artificial processes which give it a sort of galvanic life.

But, nevertheless, some valorous artists still dream of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rome, and Florence, and cover with painting a few fathoms of the walls in the Salon. It is the tradition ; historical painting is in their blood, and they have aptitudes accumulated by heredity. However, the science of nudity is drifting more and more away from Nature ; we feel too much that the art created by our artists is second-hand, and that their painting lives upon remembrances. For instance, in M. Olivier Merson's "St. Isidore," the angel, who goads the oxen and ploughs while the saint is praying, is detestable with his slack drawing and insipid color. This angel is the production of the artist, whereas the saint who kneels in a corner of the picture, and is excellent, does not come from the same source. If Solomon's judgment were applied to this complicated case, the greater part of the picture would certainly be attributed to Filippo Lippi, Sandro Botticelli, Cosimo Rosselli, — to the great and valiant group of Florentine artists who preceded Michael Angelo.

For a long time, the gift of harmony, arrangement, and disposition in art was considered to be the property of Latin races, and to be opposed to the free ways displayed by Saxons in the productions of the mind. Is it an effect of that middle level which has now a tendency to become established everywhere in human intelligence, that its sources are connected by channels through the whole world ? We seem to have lost the faculty of great compositions and the science of counterbalancing their parts and masses. Thus, "La Famille," a large picture by M. Lematte, is a succession of interesting and successful passages ; but unhappily there is no unity, and the light is thrown in spots as the composition is dissolved into groups.

Pictures of sacred subjects suffer also from an inexplicable malady: some have secret languors, others are incomprehensibly feverish. This branch of painting is going through a crisis. Artists try to renew an exhausted vein and to awaken a blunted attention by singularities incompatible with this kind of art. For instance, M. Duez has sought for a strange anecdote in the life of an unknown saint; M. Toudouze, with an exaggerated love for symmetry, has posted a guardian angel on each side of a child; M. Albert Maignan, in his "Christ appelant à lui les Affligés," has made a livid and horribly fleshless Christ set in strong relief by the magnificence of an opulent red curtain. The most noticeable among these pictures was the one by M. Olivier Merson. It is a night effect in the Egyptian desert. In a corner of the picture stands a great sphinx, and a small light is perceived somewhere in the shade upon the vague colossus. By coming nearer to the monster, the place where the light comes from is discovered: the Virgin and the child Jesus are lying in a fold of its gigantic arms. The painting is weak, but the idea is delicious; the charm of this picture is a remarkable example of a success in painting entirely due to literature. This boundless desert in this Egypt, with its deep history, is a place alone in the world, and nowhere else can the mind be more powerfully struck by the double immensity of space and time; the night all over the desert, and in a corner this glow which is just surrounding the head of a child, and which will light up the world, constitute a scene at once grand and charming.

The love for general truths which we have already mentioned is also, with the encouragement of the state, the cause which gives the French school of sculpture an undisputedly high rank among all other nations. In our state of civilization plastic beauty is an abstract science, like philosophy or algebra. There are, moreover, particularities which marble would not admit, — for instance, too great a reality in life and movement. Some sculptors, like Carpeaux, have been in their impetuosity only the forlorn hope of sculpture; for in sculpture persons, especially when the whole body is represented, must live a simplified and appeased life. Such are the reflections which occur to the mind before the statue of a child exhibited by M. Chapu. The child is certainly full of happiness because he lives and is able to move; his juvenile pride and turbulent grace are quite charming. But there is so much truth in this image that the mind longs for more; it is a deception to be at once so near to reality and so far from it. The limbs look as if they had suddenly become petri-



fied, and life seems arrested, — as it was in the corpses found in the cinders of Pompeii.

Since France has been under the Republic, the pressure of republican institutions which has been felt throughout the country has not spared our artistic exhibitions, and broader and broader principles are applied to the nomination of the jury and the admission of works. So new rooms had to be opened for the eight hundred canvases which constitute the democratic superiority of this year over the last. But these pictures are of so inferior a quality that we may ask what inconvenience would have been the result of their suppression? Their authors would have gained the indisputable advantage of not being exhibited, and the advantages of the public would not have been less important. Such a quantity of canvases only overwhelms the few works which constitute the nucleus of an exhibition. The public, we know very well, is neither an artist nor a critic, nor even a simple dilettante who only stops before choice pieces; the public looks at every thing it finds, and takes a keen interest only in the things which it knows, or which amuses it. For example, it admires the pictures of M. Firmin Girard, which have no atmosphere, and are provokingly polished even in the least details and remotest distances. Again, one of the greatest attractions in the exhibition was a badly painted picture called "*Le lavabo des Réservistes*," because the faces and contortions of soldiers washing themselves at a drinking-trough evoke ideas which amuse the public and are recognized as familiar.

There is still another inconvenience for artists in this great number of admissions. Some of them, who want to be seen at any cost, send off fire-crackers, so to speak, in the eyes of the public, and produce nothing but quackery. In former times a mere nosegay was enough to make an artist's reputation; but M. Gouse's pretty flowers would run a sad risk of being overlooked, now that some painters exhibit them by bundles, or even by cart-loads, — like M. Jeannin. M. Roll, a promising young painter, has made a dance of fauns and nymphs, in comparison with which the "*Danse*" by Carpeaux is a diplomatic quadrille in an ambassador's drawing-room. Impressionists seek for another sort of singularity; while other artists strain every nerve to put so many things upon their canvas that they distinguish themselves by putting nothing at all. There is a possible danger of these eccentricities giving art a wrong direction, and driving it to the love of what is merely dazzling.

These questions are important, and show how difficult it is for a

frankly republican government to introduce everywhere the principles of free trade and liberty. Art is an aristocracy; a Salon is a gathering of choice works, — but exhibitions opened to everybody are only markets. Yet it is true that in former times, when the doors were so severely kept, there were abuses, cabals, and scandalous exclusions. So we fall from one inconvenience into another; and this question of the aristocratic or democratic régimes applied to exhibitions represents accurately the political state of France, as it has been for a century past, — I mean in the perpetual oscillation between despotism, which comes to destruction by its faults, and liberty, which falls by its excesses.

A great many strangers were pleased by the way in which they were welcomed at the Universal Exhibition, and France feels interested to give her annual Salons a character to which they tend, — that of a really international tournament. Thus M. Siémiradski, one of the great laureates of the Universal Exhibition, has sent a scene of antiquity. An elegant Roman villa is situated near a blue gulf, probably that of Naples, surrounded by tawny mountains; a dancer has spread on the sand of the garden a carpet in which she has planted poniards; she is just going to begin her exercises before somewhat scattered spectators; light filters nearly everywhere. The influence of the Hispano-Roman school is visible in this picture; but I had never seen the doctrine of patches and that taste for glitter, which were brought into fashion by Fortuny, applied to so large a surface.

This picture is inferior to the “*Torches de Néron*,” the severe and dark character of which made the success of the painter at the Universal Exhibition. On the contrary, Mr. Herkomer, the great English laureate, exhibits a picture which is superior in many respects to the remarkable work which gained the great prize. Of the two, the “*Asylum for Old Women*” is better painted and shows a more complete mastery of a painter’s resources. In the composition and execution of the background Mr. Herkomer has remembered the Dutch masters; the foreground is really English. In a great apartment, the depth of which looks enormous, old women are seated at an immensely long table. In the middle of the room a nurse is going from one old woman to another, giving them work. The first thing which strikes a Frenchman in the presence of such a scene — as it had struck M. Taine in England, in the presence of the reality itself — is the resignation which reigns in these establishments; and we feel a pang at the heart when we see such a long file of calm and resigned



miseries. Nothing can be more melancholy than the light thrown by a window which is opened at the farthest extremity of the room, and which melts persons and objects in the dreary uniformity of a gray as cold and pale as a winter twilight. An old woman sips her tea ; another chatters ; another dreams. All the attitudes, dresses, and faces are studied with a ruthless analysis which sees every thing, and a talent which will omit nothing of what it has seen. Hence arise strange complications in those faces of old women, so rich in picturesque details, and a rugged execution which injures in some measure the quality of the painting. Notwithstanding this criticism, the general effect is powerful. The group in the foreground is a hard and shrill note, which is pursued to the other extremity of the room with dying vibrations, but with such a long and implacable continuity that it makes one shudder. I suppose I am not mistaken when I say that this is the aim of Mr. Herkomer's work ; it would turn to caricature if this emotion were not floating in the air to move our pity.

If we speak of the worldly attractions of the Salon, one of its greatest originalities consisted in the night visits. The Palais de l'Industrie, lighted with the electric light of the Jablochoff system, offered a strange and charming spectacle. Now that the Salon has set the example, shall we not have our Museums opened in the evenings ? It is certain that the reflectors throw a sufficient quantity of light to make pictures visible ; that the inconveniences hitherto attached to the process (the variability of luminous intensity, the different colorations of the light) still allow us to appreciate what is exhibited. It would be too much to say that the effect and impression are the same as by daylight ; but many pictures, especially dark ones, of which the surface is not as rough as mortar, are seen more favorably in this light : their colors are made gayer and brighter, as theatrical decorations look best by the light of lustres.

CH. GINDRIEZ.

## THE ART OF CASTING IN PLASTER AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND ROMANS.

### II.

**I**N a previous paper we have critically considered the text of Pliny bearing upon the question whether the ancient Greeks and Romans were acquainted with the art of casting. Let us now proceed to some general considerations as to the probability that this art was known and practised by them.

In the first place, the distinction between modelling and casting must be distinctly kept in mind, and care must be taken not to confound the two totally different terms "mould" and "model." That gypsum was used in modelling there can be no doubt, and it is quite possible that it may have been used to fill prepared moulds of stone, terra cotta, or other materials for the making of ectypa. There is indeed no proof of this; but as we know that moulds were made and cut in stone, into which clay was pressed and then withdrawn and baked for ectypa, with which to adorn houses, so also it is possible that gypsum may have been used for this purpose. This, however, is merely a supposition, and the fact that none of them have ever been found in plaster renders it highly improbable. In these ectypa of clay, as well as in the impressions taken from them, there are no indications of any thing like what we call a piece-mould, composed of many sections; and wherever there are under-cuttings in the ectypa, which could not be withdrawn from the mould and which would fasten them into it, these parts of the ectypa are invariably worked by hand. For instance, in the collection of Mr. Fol in Rome there are several terra-cotta figures of low relief evidently stamped from a mould, which are appliqué, or fastened subsequently on to the cista of which they form a part. The sutures under each figure are still visible, but they are all corrected and worked by hand after being withdrawn, and have evidently suffered in being removed from the mould. In the same collection there are also several specimens of plaster reliefs, with such deep under-cuttings that they could not have been withdrawn from a



single piece-mould ; but all these under-cuttings are freely worked by hand, showing plainly that they were not in the stamp or mould ; and it is also clear that they were afterwards worked over with fluid plaster, the edges and flats of which have not been rounded, but left as it was freely laid on by hand. It is probable that in these cases plaster was pressed into a mould in like manner as clay, and then afterwards worked up and finished. But the slightest examination will clearly show that if a mould was employed to give a general form to them, it certainly was not a piece-mould, and that they are not castings in the modern sense of the word, but only rude stamps.

These however are the only specimens, so far as we are aware, of any such use of plaster for low-relief ornaments, — the ectypa which have been preserved to us being invariably of baked clay. If plaster had been used for this purpose, we should expect to find them in the interior of houses or tombs, where they would be protected from the weather, and where they could be easily introduced into the walls and ceilings. But though elaborately ornamented designs in relief, worked in gypsum, are to be found still fresh and uninjured on the ancient tombs and baths, all of them were freely and rapidly modelled by hand while the gypsum was still fresh and plastic, and not a single specimen of cast plaster has been found. It is but a few years since the tombs in the Via Latina were opened, and in two of them the ceilings, divided into compartments, were covered with rich and fantastic designs of flowers, fruit, arabesques, groups of imaginary animals, sea-nymphs, and human figures ; the designs varying in each compartment, and all modelled in the plaster with remarkable vivacity and spirit : not one of them was cast. So in the houses at Pompeii, not a vestige of a figure or ornament cast in plaster has ever been found, — nor a mould in plaster ; and when one considers, that, being completely protected, they would naturally have survived as well as other far more fragile and destructible objects which have been preserved, the evidence is almost absolute that they never could have existed there. If so, it is in the highest degree probable that they existed nowhere. It would seem then plain that even the first, simplest, and most natural processes of casting in gypsum were unknown to the ancients, for no process of casting is so easy and simple as to fill a flat mould with plaster and then remove it, provided there are no under-cuttings. In doing this, however, there is a slight practical difficulty if the mould is in one piece, as the least under-cutting would render it impossible to remove the cast without injury or breakage. Indeed, though there were no

under-cutting, it would at least be very difficult to remove the plaster cast from a mould in one piece. Clay would be removed with far greater ease because of its pliancy, and any cracks or imperfections could be at once remedied; add to this that baked clay is one of the most enduring of materials, and we have the probable reasons why the ancients used it instead of gypsum. But whatever may have been their reasons, it is perfectly clear that they did use clay; and we have no evidence that they ever used plaster.

This use of gypsum to take impressions from flat moulds is, it would seem, suggested by Theophrastus in his *Treatise on Mineralogy*,<sup>1</sup> in which he says that plaster "seems better than other materials to receive impressions." The term ἀπομάγμα means nothing more than an impression, such as one makes in wax from a seal ring, and as is very common still in plaster; and it is to this use that he seems to refer. He does not, however, say that it was really ever put to this use; and if it were, it would advance us little in our inquiry, since any material which is soft will receive an impression, whether it be bread, pitch, clay, wax, or any similar substance.

But the step from this simple process of stamping in a shallow mould to casting from life or from the round is enormous. The difficulties are multiplied a hundred-fold. It is no longer a simple operation, but a nice and complicated one. The part to be cast must first be oiled or soaped, then covered with plaster of about the consistency of rich cream, then divided into sections while the material is still tender, so as to enable the mould to be withdrawn part by part without breakage, then allowed to set, then removed, oiled or soaped on the interior surface, the parts all properly replaced, fluid plaster poured into the mould, — and finally, after the cast is set, the mould must be carefully removed by a hammer and chisel. This is an elaborate process as applied to an arm or a hand, but when applied to a living face it is not only difficult but disagreeable, and unless due care be used it may be dangerous; and after all a cast from the face is hard, forced, and unnatural in its character and impression, however skilfully it may be done, and can only serve the sculptor as the basis of his work. Yet if the common interpretation of the passage in Pliny be accurate, this is the process which was invented and practised by Lysistratus, and by means of which he made portraits. *Credat Fudæus!* With all our knowledge and practice we do not find this to answer in our own time.

<sup>1</sup> Διαφέρειν δὲ δοκεῖ καὶ πρὸς τὰ ἀπομάγματα πολὺ τῶν ἀλλῶν.



But to cast from a statue in clay is still more difficult and complicated; there the extremest care and nicety are required in making the proper divisions, in extracting the clay and irons, recommitting the sections, and breaking off the outer shell of the mould. In fact the modern process is so complicated that no one can see it without wondering how it ever came to be so thought out and perfected, or without being convinced that it must have been slowly arrived at by many steps and many failures.

That statues were modelled in plaster by the ancients there is no doubt. Pausanias mentions several;<sup>1</sup> and Spartianus<sup>2</sup> also speaks of "Three Victories" in plaster, with palms in their hands, erected at one of the games, — and says that on one of the days of the Circensian games when, according to common custom they were erected, the central one on which the name of Severus was inscribed, and which bore a globe, was thrown down by a gust of wind from the podium, and that another bearing the name of Geta on it also fell and was shattered to pieces.

Firmicus<sup>3</sup> also relates that after Zagreus, son of Jupiter, was slain by the Titans, his body was cut to pieces and thrown into a cauldron, from which Minerva rescued the heart and carried it to Jupiter. He then gave it to Semele who resuscitated Zagreus, and Jupiter afterwards preserved his likeness in plaster, — "*Ex gypso plastico opere perfecit.*"

Mr. Perkins cites all these instances, and says: "They authorize us to believe that the Greeks and Romans practised casting in plaster." But in saying this he entirely overlooks the very plain distinction between the two entirely different operations of casting and modelling. We know that they modelled in plaster; the only question is whether they *cast* in that material. The term for casting, as we have stated, was "*fundere*," and is always used when real casting in brass or other metal is spoken of; but nowhere is the term "*fundere*" applied to any work in gypsum. "*Ars fundendi aëro*" is constantly spoken of, — "*ars fundendi gypso*" never. Besides, the very phrase "*ex gypso plastico opere perfecit*" is at variance with casting. The words "*plastico*" and "*opere*" mean modelling, and nothing else.

But throughout this paper by Mr. Perkins these two completely distinct processes are constantly confounded with each other. It

<sup>1</sup> Lib. ix. ch. 23; Lib. i. ch. 40; Lib. viii. ch. 22.

<sup>2</sup> Spartian. Sev. Hadrian., 22.

<sup>3</sup> De Errore Profanarum Religionum. Vid. Lobeck aglaopham, p. 571.

suffices for him to find a statement in an ancient writer that any thing is made in plaster, or even an allusion to a plaster statue, and at once he jumps to the conclusion that the statue was necessarily cast, and not shapen or modelled.

"It remains for us now," he says, "to establish by undeniable proof how little foundation there is for the opinion of those who pretend that the ancients did not make use of plaster for casting, supporting their opinion on the complete absence of statues and statuettes in plaster, or fragments of any kind found in excavations, when nevertheless thousands of objects of the frailest kind are found, such as stuccoes, vases, terra-cotta, glass, wax heads, etc. If it be true that the inclemencies of weather and atmospheric agents could cause the disappearance of plaster saturated with humidity, or placed in conditions favorable to its destruction, it does not necessarily follow that these conditions always reproduce themselves. It suffices, to convince oneself of this, to *glance at the plates 67, 76, 85* in the magnificent work published at St. Petersburg on the antiquities of the Cimmerian Bosphorus. These plates represent plasters preserved in the Museum of the Hermitage, coming from a tomb of Mount Mithridates opened in 1832, and of another tomb at Kertch excavated in 1843. These plasters ascend probably to the fourth century before our era.<sup>1</sup> Adorned with various colors and executed in relief, they were destined to be attached as ornaments to other objects, such as sarcophagi, pilasters, walls, etc."

Well! what if they were? Is this any proof that they were cast? Mr. Perkins is easily satisfied, if he is assured of this fact by looking at engraved plates. Are they all of the same size? Are they identical as they would be if they were cast from the same mould, or are they like all other plaster and stucco work of the ancients of which we are cognizant, — ornaments modelled by hand? — or are they pressures from a flat, shallow mould, like the *ectypa*? If the latter, they are almost unique; and so far they prove that the artists who made them understood this first and simplest process of casting, or rather of stamping. But from plates it would be impossible to determine this fact, and Mr. Perkins gives us no reason to think they are unlike all the other ancient stucco work. He does not profess to have seen

<sup>1</sup> As Lysistratus and his brother lived about the 114th Olympiad (324 B.C.), if these works found at Kertch were plaster *casts*, it is plain that Lysistratus did not invent casting, since these were before his time; and if Pliny means to say that he did, he is evidently quite wrong.



and examined them for himself; at all events one fact is here clear, that these, if they are in plaster, are painted plaster.

In the British Museum there exist some of these so-called casts in plaster from the Cyrenaica and from Kertch. Undoubtedly they are nearer to being true casts than any thing which has as yet been discovered; but, after all, a careful examination of these will show that they are not casts in the legitimate sense of the word, but merely stamps for a mould, and fashioned in precisely the same way that was employed in making the hollow terra-cottas. To make these a very rude stamp was executed, with no under-cuttings of any kind, every thing being filled up which could impede the removal of the clay, which was pressed into them. The clay was then carefully extracted from it and finished by hand. All the terra-cotta reliefs called ectypa were made in this way, and some of the moulds still exist, — not one of them, however, in plaster. The same process was employed to make some of the figures of terra cotta in the round, by making a mould of two pieces divided in the middle, of a very generalized form, with no under-cuttings. Into each of these moulds a quantity of clay was squeezed, and removed carefully, and the two parts were then joined together. A general form was thus given, and the artist then proceeded to model and to finish it with more or less care. In this way not only ectypa were made in clay and afterwards baked, but also small flat ornaments which were afterwards appliqué, or fastened on to flat or round surfaces, — as on to cista. This is the process by which fragments of the figures from Cyrenaica and Kertch in the British Museum are made. The junction of the two halves is clear. The work is very rude; there are no under-cuttings, — every thing is filled up which would in the least impede the withdrawal of the material from the stamp. There is, for instance, an arm and hand, with the interstices of the fingers quite filled up. But what clearly proves that these figures were not cast, as distinguished from stamped, is the head. Here the hair being adorned with a wreath with under-cuttings, it could not be withdrawn from the stamp without destroying it, and it is entirely appliqué, or worked on to the head after it was removed. Had it been cast, there would have been no such difficulty. Nor, again, is it quite clear that the material of these figures is pure gypsum. It would rather seem to be a mixture of gypsum with white clay, or argilla, to give it flexibility, and enable it to be withdrawn from the mould. Indeed, it may here be observed that it is in every way probable that the gypsum used by the ancients in modelling and

ornamental work was differently prepared from that which we now use, and was mixed with some material which prevented it from setting rapidly, and gave it strength, ductility, and plasticity. Otherwise it is difficult to see how such works as those in the tombs of the Via Latina, which no one can doubt are modelled by hand, could have been executed with at once so much finish and freedom. Gypsum, as we use it, would set too soon to enable us to work it in such a manner. In the tombs of the Via Latina which were lately discovered, it is worked as freely as if it were clay, and was plainly so prepared as to enable the artist to take his own time in modelling, without fear of its hardening — or as we call it setting — immediately.

This, then, is nothing new. It is not casting, and these figures are not casts. They are stamps, just like the *ectypa* of *terra cotta*. We know that *κοροκόσμια* or dolls were anciently made in this way of wax and gypsum, or of *terra cotta*; and these are *κοροκόσμια*.

To infer from the fact that the Greeks knew and practised the art of pressing into shallow moulds of stone without under-cuttings either clay, pitch, wax, or plaster, that they also understood and practised the art of making moulds and casts from life or from the round is utterly unwarrantable. Nothing is more simple than the one art, while the other is extremely complex. The one is merely like making an impression from a seal, which would naturally suggest itself to the first person who left the pressure of his foot in clay or mud; the other requires various processes of calculation and invention. In inventions it is not always or ordinarily the first step which costs, but the subsequent and calculated steps. Centuries often elapse between the first step and the second. A remarkable instance of this is to be found in the history of the invention of printing. The first steps to this wonderful art were taken by the ancient Romans: the very process by which we now print was known and practised by them; but the application of it to the printing of books does not seem to have occurred to their minds. It cannot but appear most extraordinary, however, that the idea of printing should not have occurred to them when we consider the facts of the case. Pliny relates that Cato published a book containing portraits of distinguished persons of his time, of which there were many copies; and so far as we can conjecture these copies were probably stamped on parchment or some such material, and afterwards colored. Putting this together with the fact that ancient brick have been lately found in Rome with names and numbers stamped upon them by means of movable types, so that the



numbers or letters could be arranged at will, we might absolutely state that the ancient Romans understood and practised the art of printing. They certainly did print on their brick; they probably stamped the portraits of cuts in their books, — but so far as we know they never united the processes, and never stamped a book with movable types. Adopting Mr. Perkins's method of argument, we might however declare that the mere fact that none of these printed books have ever come down to us was entirely inconclusive, since these books might have utterly perished; while we have the clearest proof that they did print with movable types on brick, and therefore it is plain that they invented printing. The step from one of these processes to the other does indeed seem so evident, so natural, almost so inevitable, that we are puzzled to imagine how they could ever have overlooked it. Yet there is little doubt that they did. But from the simple fact of stamping in clay or plaster to the complex process of making moulds and casts in the round requires not one step but many, and each one of them requires calculation and invention. Indeed, if the art were now to be lost it would be easy to conceive that centuries might pass before it would be reinvented.

In the collection of Mr. Fol of Rome, of which we have heretofore spoken, there are some interesting fragments of ancient statuettes in the round, very carefully finished in plaster, being the leg and thigh of one, and the half-breast and a portion of the torso of another. These are as carefully finished as if they were in marble, but they are elaborately worked by hand in the plaster, and not cast. These are exceedingly interesting as showing the method of the ancients in working in plaster, and they clearly illustrate the process of Lysistratus as described by Pliny, — the only difference being that the surface is of gypsum and not of wax, or color. The interior or core of these fragments, which is solid, is of lime, or a coarse kind of gypsum, and over the surface of this core is spread a thin coating of fine gypsum, which has been elaborately worked and smoothed on while it was fluid. The touches and creases on the surface are those of a modeller's hand and stick, and it differs in every way from a cast. It is therefore plain that the artist first made a core, or rough *imaginem* or *formam*, of coarse gypsum, and that he improved, emended, and finished the surface, not by means of “cera infusa in eam formam gypsi,” but of gypsum spread over it, — just as Lysistratus did. The language of Pliny is an exact description of this process.

Again, a strong negative indication that gypsum was not used for

casting, or indeed to any extent in modelling, is to be found in the chapter of Pliny on Gypsum. "Its use is," he says, "to whitewash [or parget], and to make small figures to ornament houses, and for wreaths." He also adds that it is a good medicine for pains in the stomach. But he entirely omits to mention that it was ever used for casting. Is it possible to believe that if it were so used he would not even have alluded to such a fact? Would it be conceivable that at the present day any chapter could be written on plaster of Paris, omitting its employment for the purpose of casting? After giving us this enumeration of the uses to which gypsum is applied, he goes on to describe its nature and where it is found, and the different kinds of gypsum, and concludes with no allusion to any other use than what he has previously stated.

Again, Pliny in the chapter on Lysistratus — which it must be remembered is devoted to modelling — mentions one fact which seems to be inconsistent with any knowledge at that time of casting. Arcesilaus, he says, modelled a drinking-cup or mixing-bowl in plaster, which he sold to Octavius, a Roman knight,<sup>1</sup> for a talent (£250). It is impossible to believe that such an enormous price would have been given for a mere plaster bowl. If the process of casting from it was then understood, Arcesilaus might have repeated it in cast a thousand times, and the original and the cast being in the same material, one would, if retouched, have been quite as good as the other. Yet he seems only to have made one, and to have asked for that a talent. Again, Lucullus made a contract with this same artist to model for him in plaster a statue of Fabatus, for which he agreed to pay him no less than 60,000 sesterces, or £530.

It is worth noting, too, as a curious fact, that just at the very time when Lysistratus is supposed to have invented plaster-casting, the art of brass-casting began to decline in character and style, and soon after seems to have died out and been lost; at all events, Pliny tells us that soon after the 120th Olympiad the art perished, — "*cessavit deinde ars.*" And as Lysistratus lived only about twenty-five years previously, it would be singular to find one of these arts dying out just as the other was being developed.

Mr. Perkins also thinks it valuable to tell us that Canova was of opinion that the sculptors of antiquity made finished sketches, and then by means of proportional compasses enlarged them and took points on the marble; and he adds, "We should weigh these words of

<sup>1</sup> Pliny says "*exemplar.*"



a great sculptor who devoted himself to the most minute researches on this subject, as well as to every thing that had relation to the fine arts."

We agree that we should weigh the words of this distinguished sculptor, though we were not aware before that he was a profound archæologist, or had made minute researches on this subject. But how in any way does this tend to prove that the ancient Greeks and Romans knew how to cast in plaster? We are equally unable to see the precise bearing on this question of the fact also stated by him, that the drill is supposed by some to have been invented by Callimachus, and by others to have been used long before; or that the pointing of a statue was probably known to the Greeks, and certainly to the Romans.

Yet in a certain way the opinion of Canova that the ancients made small sketches, and transferred by proportional compasses their proportions, measures, and general forms to their large works, has an argumentative relation to the subject different from what Mr. Perkins probably supposed. This opinion is undoubtedly well founded, and accepting it as such, what does it indicate? That the process of casting in plaster was known to the ancients? By no means. So far as it goes it proves diametrically the opposite, — as Mr. Perkins might have seen, had he "weighed the words of this great sculptor."

In fact, this leads us to one of the strongest arguments against the opinion apparently advocated by Mr. Perkins. Had the ancients known how to cast in plaster from the model, as they knew how to cast in bronze, this process of making small statuettes and enlarging therefrom would have been quite unnecessary. They would thus have escaped the incorrectness which is unavoidable in such a process, by making at once their models of full size, and completely finishing them in clay or other plastic material before transferring them to the marble. Their process probably was to make a small statuette in clay, and then bake it or dry it. But in transferring proportionally this small figure into a large one, an objection occurs. Defects scarcely perceptible in a small figure become gross defects when multiplied into a large one. Not only variations of one-eighth of an inch more or less in small particulars in a figure a foot high would alter entirely the relative proportions of a figure eight feet high, but other inaccuracies inevitably occurring in enlarging by proportional compasses would increase these disproportions, so that the increased figure would be invariably untrue in its effect and

in its measures. Now this is precisely what is apparent to any one who carefully studies the antique statues. Even in works showing the highest artistic knowledge and skill, the want of correspondence of measures and proportions between the two sides of the figure is very manifest; and the larger they are the more this is exhibited. Thus, to take one of the highest examples, in the Theseus we find astonishing knowledge and artistic skill in treatment beside disagreements of measurement in corresponding parts, which are evidently the result of the defective mechanical process of enlargement. The legs are beautifully modelled, but of unequal length, — one being much longer in the thigh than the other. The same observation is true of the clavicle, and indeed throughout the statue. Now even an inferior artist would have seen and avoided these mistakes in modelling the statue full size, but the defect would be easily passed over by the eye in the small sketch, particularly if the statuette were merely a sketch, as was in all probability the usual case. It would be difficult to believe that an artist with the mastery shown in this statue would not have seen and corrected these mistakes, had the model of this figure been of the same size. This of course he perceived after the points were taken in the marble and the work was roughed out, but then it was too late to remedy them. This difficulty he and all other artists must constantly have felt. The question was how to avoid it. Nothing could have been more simple, if the modern process of casting in plaster from the clay model had been known to them. They would simply have modelled the statue in clay of its full size, cast it in plaster, and been sure of its exact proportions and measures.

Let us take one step further. Had they understood the modern process of casting in plaster from the clay or from a statue, they could from the cast have multiplied in marble the same statue any number of times, identically or with such minute differences as few eyes could perceive. The repliche in a modern sculptor's studio are scarcely to be distinguished from each other, and there would have been no difficulty in doing the same thing in an ancient sculptor's studio. What is the fact known? So far from this being the case, not only are there comparatively very few repliche even of the most famous statues for which there would necessarily be a great demand, but even in the various repliche which we have there are not only no two which approach to identity either in attitude or size, but one can scarcely say in any one of them that the artist had more at best



than a vivid recollection of the original or of some other replica, much less that he had it before him to copy even by eye. Often the attitude is changed, as well as the size and proportions; sometimes the action is reversed; and in all cases such differences exist as it is impossible that the clumsiest workman could have made with a cast of the original before him. Nor do we read or hear of any copies in our sense of copy; that is, exact reproduction of any of the great works of the great sculptors. Look for instance at the Venus of the Capitol and the Venus de Medici and the St. Petersburg Venus,—they are all repliche of the renowned statue by Praxiteles; but beyond the general attitude there is no resemblance, not so much as any clever artist of to-day could make from mere recollection. Look again at the portrait busts,—how many are there of Marcus Aurelius, Octavius Cæsar, and Lucius Verus!—and no two of them approaching identity. Of the thousands of statues which have been excavated, no two are exact copies from the same model. There is at best nothing more than a family resemblance among those which are most alike. Would this be possible, if the ancients knew and practised the art of casting in plaster as we do? It would seem to be utterly impossible, or at least improbable to the highest degree.

Again, why should not the great artists themselves, or their scholars, have made repliche of their famous statues? Nothing would have been easier had there been any casts from them. They were greatly coveted, and the prices paid for the original works were enormous,—so enormous that the largest prices of our day shrink into insignificance beside them. For the famous nude Venus by Praxiteles, Athens, in her extreme desire to possess it, offered in exchange to pay the whole public debt of the State to which it belonged. This offer was however peremptorily refused. Yet what could have been more easy, had a cast of it been in existence, or had they known how to make one, than for Praxiteles or his scholars to have made an exact replica, fully equal to the original or even superior to it, with additional touches of the master's hand? That this was never done, or hinted at, proves that, the statue once having passed out of the artist's hands, he could repeat it from memory only by aid of his sketch; and this would have not only cost him as much labor as making a new statue, but would in no sense have been identical. Again, is it to be supposed that if Polycleitus had an absolute cast of his life-size statue of the Doryphoros which would have enabled him to repeat it with exactness, the original would have commanded such a price as one-hundred

talents, or £25,000? Or is it possible to suppose that Arcesilaus would have received a gold talent (£250) for a plaster bowl which could have been repeated by casting for almost nothing? It was because it was modelled, and the modern process of casting in a piece-mould unknown, that it commanded such a price. Here making a rude stamp without under-cuttings would not suffice. The *finesse* of the work could not be given, and the work would have been destroyed or greatly injured in the attempt.

If it be a fact that the Greeks and Romans knew this process, one would naturally expect to find at least some fragments of casts or moulds in plaster of their great works, — as for instance of their small and exquisite Corinthian bronzes, if not of their large figures. But, so far as we are aware, nothing of the kind has ever been found. The whole city of Pompeii in the height of its luxury was buried under a fall of ashes, which for many long centuries preserved the most refined, fragile, and delicate utensils and works of art; and it is but a few years since that we removed these ashes and explored its houses and rooms which had been untouched since that fatal calamity befel them of which Pliny gives us so vivid an account. It is on the statements of the younger Pliny himself that those rely who claim that the ancients knew and practised casting in plaster. Long before his day, then, this art had been invented; and we should naturally expect to find some specimens of it in this city of luxury, among its pictures, its vases, its statues, and its glass. But in all Pompeii there has not been found a vestige of a casting in plaster. Its stuccoes still remain, the bas-reliefs worked in plaster on its walls are still uninjured, its paintings are still fresh, its vases unbroken, its household utensils perfect. Hermetically sealed up under that mound of ashes, there was nothing to injure a cast in any house, if it existed. But there is absolutely nothing of the kind. Yet this was a people devoted to art, and whose houses were filled with knick-knacks of every kind. We find the sculptor's studio, but there is not a cast in it, nor is there the shop of a caster. It is plain, therefore, that there was not a cast in Pompeii.

But if anywhere there were casts from the round there were also piece-moulds from the round. Where are they? Has any person ever heard of one? Now a hollow cast is comparatively a fragile object; but a plaster mould, saturated as it must be with oil, is any thing but a fragile object. Sheltered from the inclemencies of storm and rain it would last for thousands of years, and would even resist a century



of exposure to the weather of Italy. But not underground nor above-ground anywhere has such a thing been found. Whatever moulds have been found are only fit for mere stamping. They are extremely rude, without under-cuttings, and only seem to give a general shape. They are not cast upon any thing, but worked out by hand, and are not in plaster. They are all small; nothing ever has been found which is either a mould, or a cast from life, or from a statue, or from a vase or bowl, or any careful work of art.

In face of this we must say we do not agree with Mr. Perkins when he thinks he "establishes by undeniable proof how little founded is the opinion of those who pretend that the ancients did not practise casting in plaster, — sustaining it by the complete absence of statues and statuettes of plaster or fragments of any kind in the excavations, when nevertheless thousands of objects are found of the most fragile nature;" and especially when these undeniable proofs he offers are the existence of some works and arabesque ornaments in plaster found at Kertch, and supposed to belong to the fourth century before the Christian era, and which apparently he has never seen. On the contrary, we should like to know how he explains the fact that no indubitable ancient moulds or castings have ever been found.

But Mr. Perkins does not seem to reason beyond his texts. He does not discuss the probabilities of the case; he does not undertake to account for, or harmonize with his view, the great fact that nothing has been found of ancient art cast in plaster. Outside of what is written in books he does not venture. He does not even seem to have a clear opinion of his own. He says: "*Sur ce point [casting in plaster] les textes nous laissent dans les tenebres. Faut il s'en étonner? Non! Les auteurs classiques trompent notre curiosité sur des choses d'un bien autre intent. Que nous disent ils des vases peints, dont les musées de L'Europe regorgent? Rien, etc.*" Well, if the texts leave us in darkness, are we then to know nothing and to think nothing? Are we not to exercise our minds, and if a doubtful text seems to indicate a fact utterly at variance with our reason and with the facts we know, are we to treat that text as a fetich, and bow down and worship it, because it is written in a book? Are we to endeavor to wrench every thing into harmony with it? Or if it will not agree with facts of which there is no doubt, are we not rather to sacrifice the text than our own reason? And especially are we to pay such reverence to a doubtful text of Pliny, the most careless of writers, the least accurate of archæologists? As to the painted vases, no ar-

gument or ancient texts are needed ; there is no question in respect to them ; they exist in great numbers. But in respect to casting in plaster there is nothing but texts to depend upon. Nay more, there is only one passage in any ancient author, so far as I am aware, that *seems* to assert the existence of this process ; and the question is as to the meaning of this very ambiguous passage. If it means what Mr. Perkins supposes, where are the moulds ; where are the casts ; where are the finished likenesses ; where is there any thing, in a word, to support the statements of Pliny, as thus interpreted ? Does it not seem amazing that they should all have totally disappeared ?

That the text of Pliny, on which all rests, does not mean what it is supposed to mean by Mr. Perkins, we have endeavored to show ; but at all events, since it is admitted to be most obscure and scarcely intelligible, it would be better to throw the text overboard, if it is in conflict with all we know and is improbable in itself, particularly when we take into consideration the corrupt condition of the entire text of Pliny. Dr. Brunn, who is certainly an able and learned archæologist, does not hesitate to reject a portion of this very text, from the words “*idem et de signis effigiem expremere,*” as an interpolation ; and there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who carefully examines it that this entire passage is full of confusion of ideas and statements.

Mr. Perkins endeavors to strengthen his position, and also the text of Pliny as he understands it, by a citation from the “*Traic Jupiter*” of Lucian, in which the statue of Hermes complains that he is spotted by the pitch with which the sculptors cover his limbs every day, “*afin de les reproduire*” he gratuitously adds, with no authority in the text for such a statement ; and *apropos* of this he tells us that one may “*model with pitch mixed with marble dust or brick.*” He adds : “*It is what the Italians call ‘ciment,’ and they employ it for the most delicate parts of the mould. It is sufficient in order to keep it in a malleable state to set the piece on which one is working near the fire, or to soften it from time to time in a bath of hot water.*” “*Now this information,*” he continues, “*which we owe to one of the most eminent and learned artists of our age is very precious, since it gives us the real meaning of the passage in Lucian.*” This taken in connection with a passage in Apollodorus representing Dædalus making a statue to Hercules *εν πλίσση* or *εν πλίσση* — the word is doubtful — induces Mr. Perkins “*to conclude, first, that two centuries before the Christian era, pitch was used, mixed without doubt with other substances, to cast statues (mouler les statues) ; second, that the pas-*



sage in Lucian not only contains one of those railleries of which the Voltaire of antiquity was so prodigal, but leads us to suspect that it veils the indication of one of the processes of casting." That is, first he inclines to the opinion that *πισση* (pitch) is a misprint for *πιτος* (pine wood), and that the statue made by Dædalus was in wood; and then he immediately turns around, and thinks that it proves the existence of casting in plaster. It cannot mean both; and the probability would seem to be that he is wrong in both suppositions, and that Dædalus was only employed in painting his statue in resin or wax.

The seriousness of this passage is more remarkable than its accuracy. Who can the eminent and learned artist be who has given us this so precious information — "ce renseignement tres-précieux" — which is known to every humble caster in Europe? — though he is not quite correct in the composition of what he says the Italians call "ciment." He must be a French artist who scorns the Italian language as being, in the words of another of his countrymen, "rien que de mauvais Français." *Ciment* is not an Italian word, and *cimento* has a quite different significance, — that of attempt or essay. The Italian casters call this material *cera*, though it is not wax. But aside from this, let us consider this passage from Lucian to which Mr. Perkins, following other writers, refers us as showing that the process of casting in plaster was known to the ancient Greeks.

The *Zeus Tragwodos* of Lucian is a satire on the divinities of Greece, and a council of them is called to deliberate on what should be done in consequence of an assault upon their nature and power by Damis. The gods are called upon, and a question arises as to the precedence they should have, — whether it should be according to the material of which they are made, of ivory, gold, bronze, stone, or clay, or according to the excellence of their workmanship and the skill of the artist; but such confusion of claims is made that no precedence is finally allowed to any one, and the question as to the reasons and arguments of Damis and his opponent Timocles is discussed. While this is going on, a figure is seen approaching which is thus described: —

"But who is this who comes in such haste (*ὁ χαλκοῦς, ὁ εὐγραμμος, ὁ εὐπερίγραφος, ὁ ἀρχαῖος τὴν ἀνάδεσιν τῆς κόμης*), this bronze, this beautifully chased or engraved, beautifully outlined, the archaic in the arrangement of his hair (*πίττης γοῦν ἀναπέπλησαι, ὅσημέρα ἐκματτόμενος ὑπὸ τῶν ἀνδριαντοποιῶν*); he is clogged with pitch from seals or impressions being daily taken from it by the sculptors."

Hermes, the bronze, then answers :—

“It happened lately that my breast and back were covered with pitch by the *sculptors in bronze*, and a ridiculous cuirass was thus formed on my body, and by imitative art received a complete seal from the brass.”<sup>1</sup>

This passage is supposed to indicate the process of casting in plaster. It is possible that it may indicate a preparation in pitch to cast in bronze, but certainly not in plaster, which is the sole question. It is not workers in plaster who are engaged on it, but workers in bronze ; and what they were doing was plainly to take impressions of the intaglio chasing or engraving on the body of the figure. The description of the bronze is that it was archaic, and beautifully traced and engraved. It may have been a Terni engraved with verses, or figures, or inscriptions ; and this is by no means improbable, as it represented Hermes, and as nothing but the breast and back were covered with pitch. At all events the process was one which seems to have been carried on, not for once, but daily. It may have been the famous Hermes ἀγοραῖος, which was cast in the thirty-fourth Olympiad, and was a study for brass casters. Again, it may not have been a figure in the round, but merely a bas-relief, or intaglio ; and this supposition would be entirely in accordance with the hieratic and archaic sculpture in brass, marble, and terra cotta. Many were executed thus in intaglio and engraved, — some of which still remain, — and others in relief. A list of such may be found in Müller’s “Ancient Art ” (p. 61–65). If the passage refers to making a mould for casting, it was for casting in bronze and not in plaster, though nothing is said about casting, but merely of taking impressions or seals. The words ἐκτονπόμενος and ἐκματτόμενος mean ex-pressions from a seal or stamp. Exactly what the sculptors were doing, however, to this statue covers the process of brass casters. Thus Lucian, speaking of a certain brass statue in the Agora, says : οἶοθα τὸν χαλκοῦν τὸν ἐσῶτα ἐν τῇ ἀγορᾷ, καὶ τὰ μὲν πιπτῶν τα δὲ εὖων διετέλεσα, — “You know the brass statue standing in the forum, on which I was occupied pitching and drying, or burning.”

But there is nothing new in all this, and nothing which throws any

<sup>1</sup> Ἐτύχανον μὲν ἄρτι χαλκουργῶν ὑπὸ  
Πιπτούμενος στέρνον τε καὶ μετάφρενον  
Θώραξ δέ μοι γελοῖος ἀμφι σώματι  
Πλασθεῖς παρηώρητο μιμίλη τέχνη  
Σφραγίδα χαλκοῦ πᾶσαν ἐκτονπούμενος.



light upon the subject in question. It was as we well know a common practice of the Greeks, in making their large statues, to build up a core of wood, brickwork, plaster, and other materials as a foundation or rough sketch. On the surface of this in their chryselephantine statues they veneered sheets of gold and ivory, sometimes covering the entire surface with these precious materials, and sometimes finishing portions of them with an exterior of plaster or clay, which was painted in imitation of life. This for instance was the case with the Dionysos in Kreusis, described by Pausanias, of which the whole figure was modelled in plaster and afterwards colored. It would also seem to have been a practice with the Greek artists to cover these cores, or roughly executed cores, with a composition of resin and pitch which they indurated by fire; and then finished the surface in this material. Such at least appears to be the process indicated by Lucian in the passage just quoted, in which he speaks of the statue he was engaged in pitching and drying; as well as by Apollodorus in a passage in which Dædalus is described as making a statue of Hercules in pitch (*πίσσα*). The term *pissa* in this last passage has by some translators been supposed to be a misprint for *ἐν πίσσῃ*, meaning that this statue was a *ζόανον* executed in pine-wood like other Dædalian figures. As it stands in the original, however, it is *πίσσα*, and means pitch; and it is quite as probable that it is correct and means a sort of encaustic finish with resin and gum. However this may be, there is little doubt that in making their bronze statues they used a surface of wax and pitch, or some such material, which was plastic and would melt. And it is well known that they spread wax over their statues to give them a polished surface, and also finished their plaster walls with a covering of wax.

In making large statues, a skeleton frame-work of wood was often employed, called *κίμβαρος*, or *κάνεβος*, which was covered with solid material, — clay, plaster, brick, pitch, etc., all welded together to form a solid core over which the surface was finished in clay, plaster, pitch, ivory, or gold. In the “*Somnium Seu Gallus*” of Lucian, Gallus says, speaking of himself, “If he were king, he should be like one of the colossi of Phidias, Praxiteles, or Myron, which though externally like Neptune or Jupiter, — splendid with ivory and gold, bearing the trident or the thunderbolt, — yet if you look inside you will find them composed of beams and bolts and nails traversing them everywhere, and braces and ridges, and pitch and clay, and other ugly and misshapen things.”

It is a curious fact bearing generally on this subject that no allusion is ever made to such a person as a caster in plaster. Plutarch, enumerating the various trades and occupations to which the great public works of his time gave employment, speaks of operatives, modellers, brass-workers, stone-workers, gold and ivory-workers, weavers, and engravers, but never mentions a caster. Philostratus also, enumerating the different classes of workmen in the plastic art, makes no mention of casters. Pliny never speaks of them. Indeed, their existence is never mentioned by any ancient writer, even down to the latest times.

All things considered then, in conclusion, it seems impossible to believe that Pliny intended, in the passage relating to Lysistratus, to mean that he invented any method of casting in plaster, but rather that he intended to say that Lysistratus either modelled likenesses in wax over a core of gypsum, or, what is much more probable, that he colored his likenesses in imitation of life; and that his specialty was making accurate and literal likenesses in the round with color, thus uniting the two arts of the painter and the sculptor.

The process of casting in plaster is, in our acceptation of the phrase, of modern origin, and so far as we know was invented in the first century, a little before the time of Verrochio (1432-1466), the master of Leonardo da Vinci. He was among the first who employed it, and may fairly be said to have introduced it. At all events, the first clear mention of this process, of which we are aware is by Vasari in his life of Verrochio; and he states that this sculptor and painter "cast hands, knees, feet, legs, even torsi, in order to copy them at his leisure; and that soon after casts began to be made from the faces of persons after death, so that one sees in every house in Florence, on mantel-pieces, doors, windows, and cornices, a great number of these portraits, which seem alive." For some time after it seems chiefly to have been used for taking casts from dead faces, — or hands and feet, — and not to have been applied to casting from models of clay. The general practice of that period was to make a small model in clay, then to bake it, and from this model by proportional compasses to enlarge it and point it upon the marble. The process of casting from clay models seems not to have been practised then, and so far as we know models of full size in clay were rarely if ever made, until rather a comparatively recent period.

W. W. STORY.



## PRINCE BISMARCK AND PROTECTION.

VON MOLTKE carried through his wars with a rush ; and from what has happened of late, it would seem that Bismarck in the political field is reaching his ends with equal vigor. On the 12th of July the Reichstag, by a vote of 217 to 117, passed a tariff bill which is replete with meaning and effects for Germany. No bolder measure than this, outside of declarations of war, has probably ever been taken by any of our modern governments. In direct opposition to the previous commercial policy of Germany, and while the people never dreamed of such a thing as Protection, the Government has adopted a thoroughly Protective scheme, and in little more than six months from its first proposal has established it, with scarcely an alteration of even a detail and without the evasion of a single parliamentary form, as law over the land. The achievement is rather stupefying to the American beholder. To see a measure like this, the equal of which in every-day importance and interest to the ordinary citizen is not easily imaginable, put through a representative parliament in spite of the fact that it was much less advocated than protested against by the nation at large, yet without duress or other apparent unlawful means, somewhat staggers our political mind. Economically, too, the exploit is not a little startling. To the free-trader it has been something like a tornado ; while the protectionist, who was in moderate glee over the agitation of "reciprocity" in England, fairly exults at this sudden installation of his doctrine as law in the Germanic Empire. Whether one looks from the stand-point of politics or economics, the great event is, to say the least, a matter of great interest.

From an economic point of view, nothing about the affair is more striking than the total and abrupt change which the law accomplishes in the German tariff-system. There has been no tentation, no feeling the way. The bill has been passed as if it were as clear as daylight that Protection is truth. It was a great change of colors, too. During the debate Bismarck himself was twitted with vacillation, —

having in former years held and followed rather a free-trade policy; but he disposed of the matter by replying contemptuously that at that time he was merely as ignorant as his opponents were now. The enactment of the law proceeded without the slightest doubt on the part of the Government, which also appeared not to be in any degree open to conviction. Throughout the transaction, Protection was treated as if its wisdom was altogether beyond question. Yet it was under a progressive modification of the tariff toward free trade that the German States — exporting in 1825 little else than raw products — had in 1860 mounted up to a very high pitch of industrial activity. This former tariff, with its modifications, had been the creation of the Zollverein, or Union of German States for the collection of customs. Prussia proposed this Union in 1818. The following year it went into operation. In time it was joined by most of the States. The Union was designed both for the protection of industry and for the better collection of the revenue. It levied an *ad valorem* duty of ten per cent on all foreign imports. Each State policed its own border, so far as it had a foreign one. The receipts, after payment of the necessary expenses, were distributed among the States according to their population. The Union was substantially devoid of political significance, and existed solely for the good of trade and revenue. Under it the German industry of the present day began. As years went on, the duty on numerous articles was lowered, until in 1860 most raw materials and much other stuff came in free, while Germany had become as busy a hive of varied and skilled work as could be found in Europe. In 1868, on account of the political changes, a new Zollverein treaty was formed between the new North-German Confederation and Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse-Darmstadt.

Not until 1871 did the Union substantially change its character, or acquire any expressed political relations. Previous to that year the Zollverein had had a twofold representation, — one of the States, called the Zollverein Council, and the other of populations, called the Zollverein Parliament; the members of the latter being elected in the same manner as those of the North-German Federal Diet. The functions of this Parliament were transferred in 1871 by the imperial Constitution to the Reichstag of the Empire. Through all these changes, the Verein, whether in its own council and parliament or in council and Reichstag, went on, practically rather than in pursuance of any theory, in its free-trade leaning. So that when the new



tariff bill was brought forward Germany was, to most intents and purposes, a free-trading country. The customs proposed in the new bill, on the other hand, were extremely protective in character, both as to the range of articles taxed and as to effectiveness in excluding foreign goods. The importations from Great Britain, amounting annually to over \$100,000,000, it is expected will be almost altogether stopped. Raw iron, most forms of cotton, together with wood, are all thoroughly protected; as to the rest, it may be said that nearly all kinds of industry common to Germany and other countries will probably also turn out to be fully protected. Agricultural products — wheat, oats, rye, barley, maize, buckwheat, hops, and malt — are taxed, apparently with no other object and certainly with no other apprehended result (for there was open remonstrance by employers of artisans and others on account of the expected rise in the price of food) than that of protecting the tillers of the land, and keeping out foreign grain so far as possible. No more perfect wall against importation of foreign products, whether of earth or mills, can well be imagined than this which Bismarck has caused to be set up around Germany; nor has any politician of late so violently and completely discarded the principle of letting trade flow in its natural channels; nor has any country recently been more thoroughly committed than Germany to Protection as a remedy for bad trade. In a word, the change has been equally abrupt and wholesale.

Such a change, whatever else it may do, will probably not be without its value in bringing instruction to political economists, and, for that matter, to the trading world at large. It will test, with an approach to thoroughness and in a rather dramatic manner, the relative merits of the two rival trade-theories. At least it ought to show whether, when the trade of a country is stagnant, an application of the artificial stimulus of protection will revive it; whether, if such protection does revive it, the revival will be permanent; and whether, if in time there should come the desire, it will be possible to leave off the use of the stimulant without great hurt. Further, should England remain constant to her free-trade doctrines, there will be a striking opportunity for comparing side by side the respective virtues of Free Trade and Protection as means for reviving depressed industry. Bismarck, indeed, does not avow that protection is the best thing for a country at all times and under all circumstances. He does not go so far; but what he evidently thinks and says, is, that protection is potent to quicken dull trade. The argument to

which he ever recurred was that Germany had become the market for the surplus products of other countries, and that the obvious policy indicated by such a state of things was to prevent those products from coming into Germany. Such interference would afford relief, and without it there could be no relief. It is likely enough, that, if the Germans should be left to their own resources for obtaining their various supplies, most of the inhabitants would have work to do; her farmers would be busy, and her mills and artisans would certainly be well occupied in keeping the people supplied with the various industrial products. But there is another side to the question. If Germany has been for the last few years importing every year about \$100,000,000 worth of commodities from Great Britain, she has also (the statistics showing only the amount of *direct* trade in both cases) exported to Great Britain nearly the same value of commodities annually. Protection, now, may be expected naturally to operate, by raising wages and other items of expense in production, to curtail those exportations. The immediate question, therefore, presented for solution by the enactment of the new tariff is, in rough, whether Germany, with only home production and a home market, — or at least with much less of a foreign market than heretofore, — will be better off than Germany receiving foreign productions and exporting abroad, to a good extent, her own. The question is one which probably time can best answer; though Prince Bismarck has in his own mind no doubt about it, — at least so he says. There is undoubtedly a disposition on the part of some merchants in over-producing countries, at any rate in America, to sell some of their goods abroad at absolutely no profit, or even on worse terms, in order to keep the market clear and high at home. It may be that Protection is the only remedy — necessary only temporarily, perhaps — against that fact, and like facts, in trade. It is certainly to be noted, too, that German industry *began* its career of prosperity under the more or less protective tariff which was first laid by the Zollverein.

But the new tariff has other relations to Germany than that of protecting her industries and agriculture. It will be likely to alter, perhaps materially, the method of taxation prevailing in the various States; and it should rather tend politically also to consolidate the Empire. The revenues of the States, or of most of them, are derived from both direct and indirect taxation. The direct taxes on land have of late been heavy enough to handicap the German agricul-



turists, and to be somewhat of a drag on land-owners. Other kinds of direct taxes are likewise rather heavy. This class of taxes the new law may not improbably lighten. Among the "constitutional" guarantees which a majority of the Reichstag saw fit to tack upon the tariff was one that all revenue received by the imperial government above one hundred and thirty million marks (\$32,500,000), in any one year, from customs and the tobacco duty should be distributed among the States in proportion to their population and their yearly contributions to the imperial treasury. The expectation is that this provision of the law will yield to each State a larger distributive share of revenue collected by the Empire than it has hitherto received. The result should be, therefore, to make possible a lightening of the direct taxation. If this shall prove to be the case, the tariff in addition to protecting the land-tilling interest will help it also in other ways. As to the centralization of power, too, it is apprehended that from articles taxed rather for revenue than for protection the yearly income of the imperial government will be increased. Should it be so, that government will in consequence become freer in its action. Its revenue at present is derived in part from contributions by the States. For the year ending April 1, 1879, these contributions were estimated at about \$22,000,000, out of a total estimated imperial revenue of \$135,000,000, — or at about one-sixth part of the whole. The weakest point in our own Articles of Confederation, the weakest so far as independent action of the general government was concerned, was the fact of the dependence of that government upon the several States for its revenue. Although the German imperial government is only so dependent to the extent of one-sixth of its revenue, yet the fact that it is so dependent at all is more or less of a hamper on its action. Now while it may not be designed that the expected increase of direct revenue to the Empire shall replace the contributions of the States, it is certainly true that the more money the central government directly commands each year, the less Bismarck will have to consider the wishes of the States in legislation, and the less he will have to apprehend from Particularism in carrying out his plans. It is to be observed, too, that the effect of the Franckenstein motion for paying over to the States the excess over one hundred and thirty million marks already mentioned, is to diminish the independence which the general government would have acquired from the tariff bill had it not been for that motion. It appears as if the Reichstag was unwilling to pass the bill without

that qualification. But we may be sure, that, with Bismarck in the chamber, the motion would not have passed if it was likely to prevent altogether the expected increase of revenue to the imperial government. The fact of the passage of the motion, under the circumstances, seems to make it clear that the new tariff is expected to give an increased direct revenue to the Empire, and so to augment the independence and power of the central government. There will probably be, too, a further centralizing effect growing out of the relief from direct State taxation which the new tariff will probably accomplish. If the States find their economical affairs moving more easily by virtue of this new law of the Empire, there may be an unwillingness to disturb the imperial relation, and the law may in that way act as a restraint on Particularism.

In addition to these considerations, the mere fact of having a common protection in trade will perhaps have some unifying influence. The Zollverein, though only a commercial union of the States, undoubtedly helped very much to the formation of the North-German Confederation; and it is likely enough that, for a year or two at least, the comparative commercial segregation of the States from the rest of the trading world may favor the growth of the feeling of unity. On the other hand, and against such centralizing effect, there is no legislative enactment which a political leader can throw into a camp of federated States more likely to prove explosive, to be effective in stirring up local discontent and dissatisfaction with the union, than one interfering with the established routine of trade. It remains to be seen therefore, and is by no means certain, whether, apart from the increased brute power which the new law gives the imperial government by its large direct revenue, Bismarck has helped on German unity by his Protective measure.

What the prime minister's real object has been in passing this bill is a query which has called out quite as much speculation as the question of the probable economical and political effects of the bill. It appears to be granted on all sides that the ultimate object is to promote German political unity. But opinions have differed as to just how and in what way Bismarck thinks and intends that the bill will operate to secure that object. There have been all kinds of suspicions as to what he immediately intends by the bill, but so far as they have been expressed in the way of charges, the chancellor has put in as many disclaimers. His nominal ground for pushing the measure he makes to be the need of revivifying German industry.



He disavows any other object. If that be his immediate aim, it is quite possible to reconcile and connect it logically with the ultimate aim of political unity. The Empire is really in a formative state. That is, the experiment of unification has been as yet but brief,—with all sorts of hostile traditional notions still to be got rid of, much local jealousy still to be wiped out, and no small number of tangible obstacles to be overcome. The juncture is more or less critical. At such a time it is highly desirable, for the purpose of unity, that the Empire should not be visited with a prolonged period of depressed trade: such a visitation might open the way for fatal discontent to creep in. It is quite as desirable, too, in a more specific way, that there should be no extended socialistic agitation just now. Granting that such an agitation would be capable of accomplishing nothing permanent, it would nevertheless cause, and has caused already, some diversion of political energy from the one great and still incomplete business of cementing together the States. It is possible, then, that the chancellor advocated Protection, so far as an immediate object is concerned, simply because he thought it would bring back commercial prosperity. But it is likely that the scheme commended itself to him quite as strongly as a process for making the imperial government more independent, and for extricating himself from the trammels which universal suffrage, representation, and parties have thrown around his feet.

Some of his other moves on the board confirm this view. A year or so ago he sought to establish a tobacco monopoly in the imperial government. If he had succeeded in that, he would have become very little dependent on parliament for supplies. But the Liberals, his working force in the Reichstag, declined to pass the measure without amendments in the direction of popular government,—for which reason it failed. He has now a scheme on foot for the purchase of private railways by the Government, which may or may not be merely a first step toward a premeditated imperial ownership of all the railways of the Empire. What a source of independent revenue to Government the ownership of railways in Germany is may be learned from the fact that last year Prussia, out of a total revenue of \$176,000,000, derived \$42,000,000 from the State railways. The mines and mills of the State furnished a further revenue of \$22,000,000. So that Prussia got more than one third of her whole income from the ownership of railways, mines, and mills. Perhaps, as far as mines and mills are concerned, it was the consideration that they might sooner

or later become sources of imperial revenue that made Bismarck oppose a motion to admit, duty free, from Memel to the Vistula, all iron duly certified to be destined for German mills. Knowing the value he sets on the pecuniary independence of the imperial government, and seeing these repeated attempts to get for that government the ownership of sources of immense revenue, it is difficult to believe that Prince Bismarck had not in view as an immediate object, in proposing the new tariff, the enriching and increased independence of the imperial treasury quite as much as the protection of German industry; all of which is entirely consistent with a paramount and intensely patriotic desire for German unity.

Nothing could well shed a stronger light than the passage of this tariff bill on the question of free government in Germany. In name there is representation in the imperial government. There are two Chambers, and the members of the lower one are chosen by universal suffrage. In general there are all the visible equipments of a popular government. The fact, however, of the ministry being responsible only to the crown leaves a hole through which the essence of free government oozes out, leaving the institutions as empty forms. Representative government,—that form of government which, as elucidated by Guizot, supposes an assemblage of select individuals to deliberate upon the affairs of the commonwealth and to pass laws good for it, to the best of their wisdom and honesty,—there is not. Bismarck averred during the debate that the province of the Reichstag was to be guided, not to rule. By that habitual position of the chancellor, the National Liberals were thrown into additional confusion in voting upon the tariff. Many of them were free-traders; most of them were committed to the cause of true popular government; and they were also devoted to the idea of German unity. They were therefore altogether in a quandary. If they voted against Protection, they thwarted the consolidation of the Empire. If they voted favorably to the unity of the Empire, they were voting for Protection, and also helping on the Government to a position where it would be freer than ever from popular control. The consequence was that the party on this very question went to pieces, and became utterly disorganized. It was a remarkable case of a minister being able to break up a party. It was a still more remarkable case, from the point of view of an advocate of representative government, in respect of the means which the minister used to break up the party.



Last autumn, after the failure of the National Liberals fully to second Bismarck in his plans for suppressing the Socialists, there was a vague but general expectation that something was coming to pay for it. That something did come. In the first place, in the early part of May last, at one of the chancellor's soirées, Herr Windthorst, ex-minister of Hanover, champion of the Guelphs, and leader of the Ultramontane party, — esteemed to be and in fact being as bitter a foe as the chancellor has had, — made his appearance. Everybody was amazed, and looked to see what more was coming. More came. About a fortnight after, Herr von Forckenbeck, a Liberal, president of the imperial parliament, resigned. A few days afterward, Freiherr von Stauffenberg, first vice-president, also resigned. Their places were filled by the choice of Herr von Seydewitz, Conservative, as president, and Baron von Frankenstein, Ultramontane, as vice-president, — the National Liberals not voting. This was the first time that a Clerical had held so high an office in the Empire, and the Catholic newspapers waxed jubilant over it. Toward the end of June, Herr Hobrecht and Drs. Falk and Friedenthal, ministers of finance, public worship, and agriculture respectively in the Prussian Cabinet, asked leave to resign. The emperor granted it, and they went out of office. Of course there was a great sensation. For accompanying all this was the spectacle of the Ultramontanes and Conservatives constantly voting on Bismarck's side on the tariff bill. It happened to be a coincidence, indeed, that most of the Ultramontanes came from South Germany, where the industrial interests are large; and they might perhaps be supposed to favor Protection at any rate as representing those interests. But the general impression was, and is, that there had been a bargain between Bismarck and the Ultramontanes, by which he got their votes on the tariff and they got the promise of at least a mitigation of the execution of the Falk laws. The new-fangled friendship with Herr Windthorst and the resignation of Dr. Falk could probably mean nothing else. Some peculiar reports from the Vatican, coming at the same time, confirmed the impression; and the news since received from that quarter puts the matter almost beyond question.

Now if it is a fact that there has been such bargaining, and that so momentous a law as the new tariff was passed by means of it, certainly Germany would seem to be about as far from actual representative government as if there were no parliament. If the bargain had been with the National Liberals instead of with the Ultramon-

tanés, the proceeding would have been a little better, and would have had something of the character of the old English bartering between commons and crown, by which the commons purchased bits of liberty now and then. But here there was a purchase of a bit of Jesuitism and hierarchy. Yet even if there was no bargaining between Bismarck and the Ultramontanes, the case is not much better for representative government in the Empire. It seems to be absolutely indispensable for the purpose of representative government under a limited monarchy that there shall be a majority, or something very near a majority, in the lower House, which represents the middle classes in the State,—their intelligence and patriotism, their liberal ideas and their honesty. By such a party an aggressive high-handed minister can be checked; but not without it. The National Liberals, the nearest approach in point of character to such a party in Germany, are not strong enough. They are only a fragment of the Reichstag. The union of the other fragments on the tariff bill utterly routed them. What is worst about it is that there is no prospect that there soon will be such a party in the country. If the Ultramontanes and Socialists were to disappear, the way would be opened for the formation of such a party. The Socialists may give up after a time, but the indications are few at present that the Ultramontanes will cease being Ultramontanes for a long time to come. In short, it is the variety of interests and issues in German politics which makes the real difficulty in obtaining representative government. Bismarck, it is true, from his skill in handling men and from the attachment the nation has to him, is also an obstruction. But the other difficulty will probably survive Bismarck, and is the main one.

JOHN E. CURRAN.



## “JOHANNES, KING OF KINGS,” AND HIS CHRISTIAN EMPIRE IN AFRICA.

**F**EW persons are familiar with the fact that Egypt was once a Christian kingdom for the term of two hundred and fifty-nine years, ending A.D. 640. Fewer still, outside the circle of missionary enterprise, know or care aught for the existing Christian Empire of Abyssinia, which under its latest king, Johannes, bids fair to extend its boundaries and greatly to enlarge the sphere of its influence over the vast regions of Central Africa.

The Christian period of Egypt — comparatively short in duration and unimportant in its influence on the neighboring communities, or rather tribes — was swept away by the Arab invasion under Amron, which left few vestiges of Christians or Christianity. To-day, a small Coptish community in the heart of Cairo — respectable more for the intelligence of its members (who are the chief clerks and accountants of Egypt) than for its numbers or influence — alone attests the former existence of Christianity in Egypt. But Abyssinia, claiming to have possessed the primitive Christians, and boasting of having secured the bones of St. Mark among its holy relics, has held fast to the faith, though disfiguring it with strange superstitions and distorting it with a fierce fanaticism, demonstrating itself in sterner savagery than that which once animated the old Crusaders, with whom hatred to the heathen was the equivalent of love to God. Tracing back the origin of their empire as far as the days of Solomon, when the Queen of Sheba paid her visit to the Hebrew monarch, and their line of kings to the joint issue of those two potentates ; blending in their religion a strange mixture of Judaism and Christianity, — the pride of race and religion animate this strange people, who style their monarch by the haughty title of the “King of Kings,” and rate themselves not only as the peers, but as the superiors, of the rest of mankind. Homer’s reference to the “blameless Ethiopians” proves the character they had established among the cultured Greeks as far back as his almost mythical age, and it is to be feared, if the appellation then conferred

upon them was just, that their character and habits must have undergone a very great change since the blind old poet chanted their praises. For to the Abyssinian of to-day might fitly be applied Walter Scott's portraiture of Bertram, as self-depicted :—

"Good am I deemed at trumpet's sound,  
And good when goblets dance the round;  
But 'gentle' ne'er was joined till now  
With Bertram's rugged heart and brow."

For "blameless" is as inappropriate a phrase to characterize these fierce warriors as "gentle," judging from the testimony given to the writer of this article by Americans held in captivity by them during the late war between Egypt and Abyssinia in which our countrymen bore part, as well as from the concurrent testimony of English and French visitors to the cities and camps of King Johannes, the successor of Theodorus, deposed by the English Expedition.

Little was known or written concerning Abyssinia until that expedition opened the country and let in some light on its dark places, — to the surprise of Christendom, which had previously classed Abyssinia with the other conglomerations of savage and warring tribes which led nomadic existences over the deserts and jungles of Central Africa, where the climate, the wild beasts, and equally savage men disputed the entrance or the egress of the foreigner, and repulsed the onward march of civilization. Whatever, therefore, the motives of that English expedition may have been, and however futile its results, beyond inspiring a respect and terror for English prowess and English power among the wild dwellers on its almost inaccessible mountain heights, — this much was certainly accomplished, and an impulse given to that country and people which nothing less violent could have effected.

For at the conclusion of that campaign, when these wild warriors were taught the infinite superiority of the civilized modes and appliances of murder on a large scale — termed war — over their ancient and barbarous methods, their teachers left their tools behind them, as a gift to that one of their native princes who had made himself their ally, and materially assisted in the subjugation and destruction of the king Theodorus. This chieftain, by name Kassa, of the Province of Tigré, claimed also a descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; and was therefore in the line of succession to the throne of what there remained of the ancient Ethiopia, or modern Abyssinia. Supported in his claims by the potent arguments of English repeat-



ing rifles and artillery, he was soon able to convince all rival claimants and the people at large of the legitimacy of his title; and after many bloody battles and the banishment of refractory chieftains to remote mountain-tops, — which serve as State-prisons there, — he assumed the style and title of “Johannes, King of Kings,” annexed all the neighboring provinces lying contiguous or convenient, and constituted and consolidated an empire, over which he rules absolutely to-day, with a population roughly estimated at five millions of souls.

The boundaries, as well as the relations, existing between Egypt and Abyssinia have ever been of the most vague and unsatisfactory description; and with two such encroaching potentates as Ismaïl Khedive and “Johannes, King of Kings,” those boundaries and those relations naturally became still more shifting and dubious. In the quarrel which finally ensued between them, wherein the Egyptians have had much the worst of it, and failing in warlike endeavors are now essaying the persuasive powers of Gordon Pacha as a mediator, with the supposed shadow of England looming large behind him, it is impossible to say which has been the wolf and which the lamb. But that the fountain has been made and still remains very muddy, the unburied bones of Egyptian troops whitening in Abyssinian valleys and the cry for help said to have been recently sent by the new khedive to Constantinople, through fear of losing his Red-Sea ports, sufficiently attest.

This latter circumstance shows the anticipated peril more strongly than aught else could, since of all things dreaded by Egyptian rulers of late has been Turkish intervention in their affairs; and the extremity prompting such a call must seem critical, indeed, to have even suggested it to the Egyptian khedive.

It is probable, however, that “the King of Kings” for the present may consent to abate a portion of his demands, and accept only one or more of these ports on the Red Sea without insisting on Mas-sowah, the chief and most valuable of them all. Should Gordon's negotiation result in this arrangement, a respite will be given to Egypt. Yet the strange reversal of position between the two great African powers will be made plainly perceptible by such a concession, evidently leading to other and greater ones in a not distant future, when, as is threatened, the shadow of England's presence in Central Africa is removed with Gordon, concerning whose equatorial empire so much was predicted and promised, so little appears as the result. But five years since Egypt had designs on the territory of Abyssinia,

and actually annexed provinces claimed by her, — an act which cost Munzinger, the intrepid foreign governor of the annexed province, his life. For like a swarm of disturbed and irritated wasps the Abyssinians rose up and massacred him and his two thousand followers, — King Johannes himself leading on the assailants, and boasting of the deed. To avenge this slaughter of his people and defiance of his authority, Ismail Khedive sent into the disputed territory two thousand well-armed soldiers under the command of Colonel Arendrup, a Danish officer in the Egyptian service. Decoyed into an ambuscade, Arendrup and his whole force were massacred also; and their unburied bones were seen bleaching in the valleys by the next expedition into Abyssinia on the succeeding year. With Arendrup perished one of the ablest of the rising generation of Egyptian statesmen, a young man of great promise, — Arakel Bey, nephew of the famous Nubar Pacha, and governor of Massowah, the place now coveted by the Abyssinian king.

These reverses only exasperated the khedive into a more determined exhibition of his power. In December, 1875, he organized an expedition against Abyssinia on a large scale, consisting (as far as information can be obtained) of fully twenty thousand men thoroughly armed and equipped, commanded by his general-in-chief, Ratib Pacha — a Turk — and the khedive's son Hassan Pacha, with a staff of American officers, of which General Loring was the chief, to aid and advise them, — a function which the ignorance, obstinacy, and jealousy of the native officers did not permit the Americans to perform, until almost at the last extremity they had to rescue the army from the situation into which native incapacity had reduced it. As compared with the Abyssinians, the Egyptians, both officers and men, were as sheep to wolves, and only behind stone walls could the latter make any head against the former.

The early history of Ethiopia is lost in the mists of tradition. Our earliest knowledge of the country is derived from Portuguese explorations in the fifteenth century, a period at which the Portuguese were the most daring and adventurous travellers and explorers in the world. Peter, Prince of Portugal, on a visit to Venice obtained a narrative written by Palus Venitus, wherein he speaks of "a wonderful Christian prince, called Prester John, reigning in Asia, the most powerful and wealthy emperor in the world, looked upon by many as a sort of second Pope." Inflamed by this account, the Portuguese king fitted out an expedition to find the empire of



Prester John, selecting for that task two men, — Pedro Corilham, and Alfonso Payva, — who were skilled in Eastern languages, and who were empowered to find this Christian prince in India, and make a treaty with him. The ambassadors wandered through Egypt and India in various directions for years, but found no Prester John, until Corilham was left to make the search alone.

At last, about the year 1490, being then in the Red Sea, he heard of "a most potent Christian king of Ethiopia, who used to carry the cross in his hands, and whose subjects favored, if they did not follow, Christianity." So Corilham wrote to the King of Portugal that he had at last found Prester John, whose people were called the Abyssinians, and that he would proceed without delay to his court in Africa. The intrepid explorer did penetrate into Abyssinia, where he was detained by the king or chief who ruled there at the time ; and no further results sprang from his visit, except that long after an Abyssinian king, hard-pressed by his enemies, sent for and obtained aid from Emanuel of Portugal. Four hundred and fifty Portuguese with their matchlocks, headed by Don Cristobel de Gama, in 1543 routed a host of native warriors and reinstated the king on his throne. The little band colonized there, having been provided with land, houses, and mules, instructing the natives in useful arts. The ruins of the fine palace at Gondar still remain, as well as the cathedral at Axum, and bridges over rivers, and many buildings. But on the death of the king whom they had befriended his successor confiscated their lands ; and the jealousy of the native priests having been excited by the Jesuit missionaries' intrigues, the Portuguese colonists were either massacred, sold into slavery, or driven out of the country, and their return to Abyssinia was forbidden by a special decree just one hundred and fifty years after their first colonization.

After this experiment the Abyssinians closed their country against foreigners, and for more than two centuries it was unvisited. The well-known explorations of Bruce were not made until 1771 ; and from him, until very recently, most of our information as to Abyssinia was derived.

The accounts of our more modern explorers to a great extent confirm the correctness of the statements made by Bruce ; for neither the country nor the people seem greatly to have changed since the time of his visit a century ago. The testimony of two Americans, Dr. L. D. Johnson and Mr. Mitchell, lately prisoners in Abyssinia, confirms the statement made by Bruce and so violently disputed and

denied by philo-Abyssinians (like M. d'Abbadie) even to-day; namely, that the Abyssinians eat raw meat habitually. It is now proven that Bruce stated nothing untrue when he wrote: "I pledge myself never to retract the fact here advanced, that the Abyssinians do feed in common on raw flesh, and that I myself have for several years been partaker of that disagreeable and beastly diet."

But more of the peculiar habits and characteristics of this strange people will be given later, when the personal experiences of the two American captives above referred to shall be told, to elucidate the strange contrarieties between professions and practices — piety and savagery — which stamp a purely original brand upon these African Christians and their empire.

Two things have impressed this originality upon both. First the isolated and almost inaccessible position of Abyssinia, shut out as it is by its lofty mountains and deep valleys from the outer world, and concentrating on its plateaux a population estimated as high as five millions. The second cause has been their isolation from their Mahometan neighbors and the savage tribes of pagans, with both of whom they have been constantly at war for many generations, and with whom they could hold no communion, — obedience to king and church being their first rule of conduct. While the power of the priest in civilized countries has alternately waxed and waned, it has ever been and still is all-powerful in Abyssinia, — the despotism of the king (or Negous, as they term him) being only tempered by this restraining influence, which in many cases is even stronger than that of the king himself, and which alone he consults or heeds.

It is strange indeed that the only revival of the old Homeric Age, with its "King of Kings," and subject kings, and priestly prophets the equals of kings, should be found among the rude and half-naked barbarians of Central Africa, who yet profess the Christian faith, whose precepts they disregard, but whose forms they follow with an almost idolatrous reverence. For Agamemnon (*ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν*) never wielded more absolute power over chiefs and people than Johannes; yet those chieftains in their rude independence as often revolt against that authority as did Achilles, and the priestly pride of Chryses can find more than its parallel among the Abyssinian priests.

It was in the fourth century that Abyssinia was converted to Christianity; and in the sixth century her sway over the Red Sea and Yemen, or Arabia, was made perfect by her King Kaleb, the friend and ally of the Emperor Justinian, of whom Byzantine chron-



iclers make frequent mention. Wearied of victory and of power, Kaleb set the example, afterwards followed by Charles V., of retiring to a convent at the summit of a high mountain, where he dressed in monkish habiliments, and died in the odor of sanctity.

But Arabia remained in Christian hands only half a century, the Persian king having invaded and conquered the Abyssinians in turn, slaying every one of that race whom he found abiding there, and eradicating all traces of their dominion. In the tenth century Judith, daughter of Gideon king of the Falachas, a Jewess, caused all the members of the family supposed to be descendants of the line of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba to be massacred, with the exception of one who escaped and perpetuated that royal line. But Judith and five of her descendants ruled over Abyssinia until the restoration of the line of Solomon, three centuries later. The *Abounas* or chief priests, however, during all these troubles, seem to have retained their authority over the people ; and the rule of having them named, or sent, by the Christian Patriarch at Alexandria in Egypt was established, and has prevailed even to this day.

Then and thereafter sprang up those bloody feuds and perpetual small wars between the Christian Abyssinians and their Moslem and pagan neighbors ; and the proud title of "Defenders of the Christian Faith" has ever since been claimed by princes and people, and vindicated by a fierce and bloody fanaticism compared with which that of the Turk is tame and gentle. The boundaries of ancient Abyssinia, which embraced the shores of the Red Sea, extended to the seventh degree of north latitude. Those of the modern kingdom are far more restricted,—"Habash" as they now call it,—comprising the provinces of Tigré, Ambara, and Shoa, and several other smaller ones subdivided into semi-independent communities under the rule of different chieftains, all of whom however acknowledge the paramount authority of their Agamemnon,—Johannes. The Christian element preponderates ; yet they have many Jews, Mahometans, fire-worshippers, and pagans incorporated with their population.

But space will not admit of any further allusion to this topic. It may be said generally, that, although all these princes and people owe nominal allegiance to the great "Negous" or king, he has frequently to enforce his authority by dint of arms on both, except when a religious war such as that with Egypt is proclaimed,—and then all the Christian subjects of the Negous throng eagerly to his standard, accompanied by their priests, who like those of the Middle

Ages are far more men of war than men of peace, inflaming almost to madness the fanatical frenzy of the people, and heading them on the battle-field.

Three great mountain chains forming a triangle, with its base resting on the Abai and the Iumma and its apex at Massowah on the Red Sea, are the boundaries of an immense elevated plateau upheaved by volcanic action from the sultry plains of tropical Africa, but blessed with a climate as fresh and healthy as any in Europe. Indeed, the table-lands of Abyssinia bounded on the north-west by the arid deserts of the Soudan, on the south-south-west by the country of the ferocious Gallas, and on the east by Danakil, Adal, and the great salt plains of Arrhoo, may be likened to some rocky island rising in the midst of the ocean, rich with verdant plains, bubbling streams, and shady woods, but seldom visited by the mariner owing to its isolated position and the terrible cliffs by which it is surrounded. Very seldom do the natives of the Abyssinian plateaux venture down into the fever-stricken plains, where dwell their hereditary enemies, the Mahometans and pagan Gallas. Nor, except when led to a profitable and pious invasion of "Habash" do the people of the low countries often penetrate the wild passes of the Abyssinian mountains. It therefore happens that, from whichever side the traveller approaches Abyssinia, he can glean but little information from the natives concerning the country beyond the mighty wall of mountains which rise before him as if to bar his path.

This description, given by a recent traveller, — Captain de Cosson of the British army, who went to Abyssinia to hunt the hippopotamus in 1873, and spent several months there, — is confirmed by the reports of the American officers connected with the last Egyptian expedition. It will serve to disabuse the minds of most people as to the real character of the country, which, because it is in Africa, is generally regarded as made up of marshy jungle or sandy desert, — the home of malarial fevers and of serpents.

To gain the interior of Abyssinia and survey the wide domain of the "King of Kings," an elevation of *ten thousand feet* above the level of the sea must be slowly and painfully attained over mountain paths which it would be over-courteous to call roads. Then again, to quote De Cosson, "the traveller will see the great table-lands of level and verdant plains, extending far as the eye can reach, ending abruptly in perpendicular precipices, girding with a wall of stone fertile valleys a thousand feet below. Rising from these elevated table-lands the traveller will see lofty ranges of granite mountains that vie with the Alps, and when he looks at the thousands of torrents that in the wet season pour down from all these mountains, cutting their way through the rich earth of the valleys, and flooding the Abai and Athara rivers,



he will know the secret of the inundations of the Nile and fertility of Egypt." For Captain de Cosson speaks truly here. Abyssinia may well be termed the wet-nurse of Egypt, whose life is the Nile; for the Nile is supplied annually, as he states, from this source, both with the water and the sediments which enrich its delta and its banks in remote Egypt, and make her one of the great granaries of the earth. Abyssinian kings, before Johannes, have loudly and frequently sworn, in their wrath at Egyptian aggressions, that they would interfere with and cut off this supply; but it probably would prove, even to monarchs possessed of far greater knowledge and skill than they can boast of, a task as impossible as that by which King Canute once essayed to shame his servile courtiers. Yet admitting the possibility of such an engineering feat, the fertility of soil and wealth of the two populations would be immediately reversed, and Pharaoh's seven lean kine would again eat up the fatness of Egypt.

Hence it was that the khedive, Ismail, — than whom no man knew better of all that concerned Egypt, — when taxed with the desire and intention of annexing or absorbing a large portion of Abyssinia to his own domain, responded (in the presence of the present writer) that, as Nature was already annually sending him down the best part of Abyssinia, — minus its intractable people, — he certainly had no desire for the worthless residue.

There was some truth, as well as sound judgment, in this remark; but, like Charles II., Ismail was a man

"Who never said a foolish thing,  
Yet seldom did a wise one;"

and among his most signal follies were his three expeditions to Abyssinia; the effects of which his son and successor has now to deplore and to pay for, in loss, not accession, of territory.

General Loring, who served in Mexico, and who was connected also with the last Abyssinian Expedition, informed the writer that he was much impressed by the general resemblance of that country to Mexico, though, as far as he and the army were able to penetrate, having less majestic mountains and feebler vegetation. He says that, proceeding inland thirty or forty miles from the coast, one reaches plateaux two thousand feet high, and enjoys one of the most bright and salubrious climates in the world, — clear and sunny in winter, and in summer refreshed by constant rains. From June to October there are several variations of climate every day; the morning breaks

fine and sunshiny, at midday it becomes cloudy, two hours later the rain falls in torrents, then follows a cloudless sunset succeeded by a clear night, the heavens studded with stars, often both the North star and the Southern cross being plainly perceptible at the same time. The continual rains so temper the heat as to make the summer solstice as endurable as the spring season. Hence the table-lands of Abyssinia, though lying in the midst of a burning region, are both temperate and healthy all the year round.

The lower valleys produce corn, *teff* (a small grain much prized by the natives), indigo, *dourah*, or maize. Barley, wheat, flax, etc., grow on the more elevated plateaux. The vine, and most other fruit and vegetables, can also be cultivated with little trouble, though less attention is paid to such culture by this restless and nomadic race than to the raising of flocks and herds on the old Abrahamic system. They have enormous herds of cattle and also of sheep, yet subsist chiefly on *teff* and *dourah*, crops easily raised. Good cotton-lands are to be found between the Attara River and the Blue Nile. The "Happy Valley" of Rasselas, existing in the imagination of Dr. Johnson, has not yet been reached by any modern explorer; and a visit to the other valleys of that region exhibits quite a different style of living from that which the grim old lexicographer "evolved from his inner consciousness."

Enough has now been written to show the character of the country and its resources and productions. Let us next turn to the inhabitants and their present ruler, — subjects more curious still, — as proofs of the unalterable Eastern type under circumstances exceptionally adapted to its preservation. The two leading passions, both of prince and people, are for war and for religious fanaticism; and they contrive to gratify both at one and the same time, by a border warfare with "the Turks," as they style the Egyptians, and the ferocious pagan Africans with sharpened teeth (many of them cannibals), who occupy the valleys upon which they look down from their mountain eyries with the keen vision and rapacious instincts of birds of prey.

What little is known to us of their manners and customs has been derived from recent travellers and prisoners, who of course could take but a superficial view of either. But enough has been seen and told to convince any dispassionate inquirer that the Abyssinians are, both in habits and culture, thorough savages, who, while fanatical adherents to what they term Christianity, are yet in real Christian virtues



inferior to the infidel Mahometan, against whom they wage internecine war in the holy name of religion. For all the arts and appliances of civilization they entertain a sovereign contempt, clinging to the barbarous usages of their forefathers, and rejecting not only the comforts, but the decencies of civilized societies. Envoys sent from the Coptic Patriarch at Jerusalem to Abyssinia have reported their state of society and morals, as well as their neglect of religious observances other than superstitions, in language which leaves no room for doubt as to the barbarism and immorality of the people under all their show of reverence for religion. These envoys, who were despoiled and maltreated by their professing brethren, robbed and imprisoned, escaped with difficulty from the country, and reported what they saw.

They declared that no one of the cardinal sins was unpractised there, and no one of the holy sacraments of the Church observed, including the sacrament of matrimony; but that alongside of a fanatical adherence to the forms of the Catholic faith, in its most ceremonial observances,—such as the abstinence from meat during Lent,—the spirit of religion had evaporated and left the people blind tools in the hands of priests, whose lives were a scandal to their holy profession. The grossest immorality was said to pervade the whole population, and in morals as in manners all was coarse, filthy, and bestial in their daily lives. The two great humanizing attributes of charity and mercy were unknown to them, and their captives in war were either murdered in cold blood or frightfully mutilated by the savage soldiery, to whom they were delivered up among other spoils of victory. They live in huts, which swarm with vermin, an entire household usually occupying but a single room, having however various recesses, which serve different purposes. One of these recesses is devoted to the use of horses, mules, or other animals of which they may be possessed. The children run about naked, and sleep on the floor. As abstinence from intoxicating liquors and the free use of the baths are Mussulman habits, the Abyssinians get drunk freely and abstain from washing, substituting grease for water, and producing a true “odor of sanctity” thereby.

An Abyssinian may divorce his wife whenever he pleases; and very few take the trouble of being regularly married at all, although one is not supposed to receive the communion unless he has been. While the religious ceremony is thus neglected, the feasting on the occasion of a marriage is kept up most punctiliously. Their priests,

with the exception of the *Abouna*, or Patriarch, and the monks, are allowed to marry; but if they take a second wife they cease to be priests, according (it is to be presumed) to a literal rendering of St. Paul's admonition. There is an enormous number of priests in Abyssinia, the career being an easy one and the rule the reverse of rigid, as they lead a lazy life and live on the community at large instead of laboring. Intoning the Psalms of David and observing the fasts constitute their chief duties.

The female costume in the towns consists of necklaces of blue beads and a cloth, or leopard's skin, around the loins. In the more rural neighborhoods it approaches the simplicity of Mother Eve, a plaited leather girdle around the hips serving as a substitute for more voluminous toilettes. The chief, and indeed only, coquetry in costume in this primitive region, which is practised both by men and women, is in their elaborate hair-dressing.

The men as well as the women wear long hair, and spend days in dressing it *à l'Abbyssinienne*, copiously anointing it with rancid butter or grease, and plaiting it, when thoroughly saturated, into heavy folds on top of the head and tresses below. When once these solid structures have been built up, they are left standing for weeks. Into these tresses a pin of wood or metal, six inches long, is thrust to loosen the folds if necessary, or to scratch the head. The skin of the back as well as the head is saturated with the grease, which trickles down and forms a protection against the sun and insects.

Such is a faint sketch of an Abyssinian interior and its inmates, which want of space forbids making more minute, though material is abundant from the reminiscences of my captive countrymen, who, since the English consul Plowden, are the only foreign Christians who have been submitted to the tender mercies of these African brethren, —

"A little more than kin, but less than kind,"

according to their experiences.

Thus far the picture is not attractive. But there is a reverse of the medal which presents the Abyssinian in more pleasing shape. If he has the vices of a barbarian and savage, he also may boast many of the virtues belonging to the primitive man. For he is *a man* in courage, in strength, in endurance; and in carrying out his convictions he is of the stuff from which martyrs are made. Compared to the less barbarous and gentle Egyptian fellah, whom no superiority of weapons or training can make his equal on the field



of battle, he is as an athlete to a woman. Whether his antagonist be a wild beast or a man of another creed, he is ready to grapple with him, and ceases the conflict only with life. His love of country and of race is as deep as his hatred of the Turk. He is tolerant of other religions, especially towards the Jews, of whom there are estimated to be fifteen thousand in Abyssinia,—workers in gold and iron, furnishing those barbaric appliances of show, such as trinkets, crosses, emblazonment of shields, and horse-trappings, in which these wild warriors delight.

The more intelligent Abyssinians insist that they were Jews before they became Christians; for Menelek (the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba) introduced the Laws of Moses among them, which are in part observed by them even now. These they keep in common with the Copts of Egypt, their brethren in the faith, who disdainfully class our missionaries among heretics and as not of the true church. In face and figure the Abyssinians, though copper-colored, greatly resemble the Jewish type in its Eastern manifestation. They also practise many Jewish rites, such as the choice of meats, the veil of the Temple, and others more distinctive still. Long fasts and correspondingly long feasts and ceremonial usages constitute most of their religion. They also show toleration to the native Mussulmans among them, numbering several thousands.

Their present "Negous" or king, Johannes, is a central and most characteristic figure in this African empire, which his courage and genius have already enlarged and consolidated, and which, should life be spared him, he doubtless will yet further expand and develop. Of him personally much is known, since several Americans and Europeans have had opportunities of studying his character and peculiarities under circumstances calculated to call forth his better as well as his sterner traits of temper and intellect. The Englishman already referred to, Capt. de Cosson, saw him in 1873. In 1876 and 1877 two Americans in the khedive's service — Dr. Johnson of Tennessee and Mr. Mitchell, a well known geologist — were held in captivity by him for several months. A French officer also, M. Gerard, in a letter recently written from Cairo to a friend at New York, details his experiences in Abyssinia and impression of the king, from which some extracts will be made. All these eye-witnesses express very much the same opinion of this African potentate, regarding him as a born monarch, however apocryphal his relations to King Solomon or the Queen of Sheba may be.

Dr. Johnson, who was captured on the 7th of March with a detachment of several hundred men (who were most of them murdered in cold blood, or mutilated and sent back as warnings to the rest), was more than six weeks a prisoner in the tent of a *ras* or chieftain, in high favor with the king. His life was spared and his liberty finally given him without ransom from his being considered a Christian and "an Englishman," — "American" being a word not in their vocabulary. He had almost forfeited his claims to consideration by asking for meat during Lent, which was most strictly observed by the pious warriors, who amused themselves under his windows by spearing their helpless Egyptian captives. After Lent he was given meat, raw or cooked, as he preferred, — the Abyssinian preference being for the uncooked. Summoned one day to the tent of King Johannes, the doctor enjoyed an interview with that potentate. He describes him as a man of middle age, in full vigor of manhood, of a sullen and apathetic countenance, of a dark color, but many shades lighter than a negro. His features were high, his nose aquiline, with nothing of the African type in his oval face and thin compressed lips. His manner was reserved, his speech slow and hesitating. He wore a long cotton cloth with a red band running through the centre, much in the fashion of a Roman toga, with no covering on his head or feet, fez caps, shoes, and stockings being unknown luxuries in Abyssinia. His tent differed only from that of other chieftains by being larger, and having a tent for women adjoining it. The king squatted on a mat, and a tame lioness with her cubs gambolled playfully before him, — the lion being their symbol of royalty. When De Cosson saw him, the lions were also present at the interview. There were many women as well as men crowded into the tent and outside, the captive "Ingleeze" being an object of great curiosity. The women wore the scanty cotton cloths similar to those worn by the men, all coquetry of dress or ornament being conspicuously absent. Like the Indian squaws, they are treated as drudges and beasts of burden, carrying on a march not only their cooking utensils, but their children also on their backs. Of course they are not lovely, though the very young girls have pretty faces and perfect figures. The men are magnificent animals, like the Comanche "braves" in face, figure, and color. The king is one of the finest specimens, a splendid rider, a fine shot, and able to throw his lance farther than any of his people, — such gifts being the most highly prized among the rude race he rules. Dr. Johnson declares that never in his life was he more closely catechised



than on this occasion, and in subsequent interviews. After expressing his surprise that he, a Christian and an "Ingleeze," should have been fighting on the side of "the Turks" instead of on that of his Christian brethren, the king questioned him closely as to the force and movements of the Egyptian army. The captive parried the first thrust by declaring that he had not come to fight at all, but to study his profession of surgery, as he was a "Hakim" (physician) and attended to the wounded on both sides. The king then proposed that he should remain in his service, and he would make him governor of a Province. The doctor declined this offer, on the pretext of an imaginary wife and children at home.

Finally the king asked whether he would undertake, if liberated, to convey a letter from him to his sister, Queen Victoria, without the knowledge of the khedive? On the doctor's promising to fulfil this mission, Johannes declared that he would write the letter and send him to Massowah, whence he could proceed to England. Dr. Johnson was told by the interpreters (of whom the king has several, speaking English) that the priests had prepared a letter, appealing to the British Queen against the khedive's acts, but that they could not conquer Johannes' indolence or suspicious nature sufficiently to induce him to sign and despatch it.

A similar experience occurred to De Cosson. Dr. Johnson was included in an exchange of prisoners, and heard nothing further from the king.

Captain Deerholtz — a Swiss in the khedive's service — captured at the same time, fared far worse, and was most brutally treated, his wounds being shamefully neglected. The latest American captive, the geologist Mitchell, who was seized while making scientific researches unconnected with any armed expedition, was also outrageously maltreated in every way with the king's cognizance, and was happy to escape with life after such sufferings as few would have survived. Yet this savage king has found not only admirers but eulogists in some of his foreign visitors, — notably in De Cosson and in Captain Gerard, the French officer and explorer to whom reference has been already made. The following is a translation from M. Gerard's letter, containing an account of his impressions and of an interview between himself and Nubar Pacha, late minister of Foreign Affairs in Egypt, on the subject of Abyssinia and its king. M. Gerard says:—

Returning to Egypt in November, 1869, after having explored the whole of Tigré, I was presented by M. de Lesseps to Nubar Pacha, then all-powerful in Egypt. This able statesman took a lively interest in questioning me, and hearing my impressions of travel. Two long interviews sufficed to empty my budget. Nubar Pacha proposed giving me command of an expeditionary force of several battalions, with cavalry and artillery, that I might in the name of the khedive "take possession of Bogos and the Province of Hamassero." "As an old French officer, with your knowledge of the country," he said, "this will be easy for you, —for you who have had experience in the wars of the Kabyles, of the Crimea, and of Italy. You have also seen the English struggle with Theodorus, and are the very man we need. Accept this command, and every thing necessary shall be placed at your disposal; for this purpose Egypt will recoil from no efforts and from no expense." "Excellency," I responded, "what you propose is impossible. I know too well the valor of the Abyssinians, entrenched in their mountain fastnesses, to make such an attempt with ten times their numbers. Abyssinia can only be subdued by civilizing her people." The minister did not seem to relish my counsels, and turned to other advisers, chiefly to Munzinger Pacha (who perished in Abyssinia), to the Bishop of the Lazzarists, and finally to Gordon Pacha, whose counsels and acts led to the existing complications and the slaughter of many thousands of Egyptians sent to subdue these fierce mountaineers.

King Johannes is thus described by M. Gerard:—

The Negous of Ethiopia is a man of great strength of body and energy of mind, as well as force of will. He is about forty years of age, of middle height, but sinewy and muscular, with most aristocratic hands and feet, although like his subjects he marches with bare feet, placing only his great toe in the stirrup when on horseback, in Abyssinian fashion. His face is oval, with a high forehead, large restless eyes, an aquiline nose and wide mouth. His skin is not black, but of a dark olive tint; his hair plaited in an infinite number of small tresses, carefully knotted together at the nape of his neck with a silken cord. He looks more like a Greek or a Portuguese than an African. In anger his eyes blaze like burning coals. In speech he is brief, clear, and persuasive. I passed three months with him at Adowa in 1868, then his capital, and therefore draw this portrait from nature. Naturally pious and disinclined to cruelty, with instruction and other surroundings he would have made an accomplished prince.

Such is the country and such the ruler now threatening Egypt not only with reprisals but with invasion and loss of her Red-Sea ports. Should Gordon Pacha's negotiations succeed in averting a war, which Egypt is unprepared to meet, by the surrender of other ports than Massowah, it will be in consequence of English interests there. Master now of Tigré, Anihara, Shoa, and of all other provinces formerly disaffected, King Johannes (it is said) can summon to the field one hundred and fifty thousand warriors, of whom thirty thousand are cavalry. By gift from England, by purchase, and by



capture from the Egyptian expeditions he has obtained twenty thousand English muskets, fifteen thousand Remington rifles, and fifteen breech-loading cannon,—these last being spoils of his war with Egypt.

The khedive's active force has been reduced by firman to eighteen thousand men, and he is in no mood for war. English interests at Massowah are both political and commercial: political, because of the Suez-Canal and Red-Sea connections with India; commercial, because the trade is chiefly in the hands of the Banians and Parsees, Indian merchants, and British subjects, who for half a century have monopolized the commerce of the rich trade of the interior, which here finds its outlet as well as at Zanzibar. Hence it is doubtful whether the Abyssinian Tiger dare provoke the wrath of the British Lion which bars the way, having so lately felt the terrible teeth and talons of that royal beast, and professing for it that respect which is inspired by fear. But even with other outlets, Abyssinia may be content and prosperous.

EDWIN DE LEON.

## THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

**D**URING the last thirty-two years, dating back to its organization September 7, 1846, the Smithsonian Institution has steadily and energetically proceeded in the path of its labor as devised and directed. So quietly and so modestly has this work been accomplished, that to-day, in spite of the world-wide reputation of the Institution, there are comparatively few in this country who clearly understand the true character and nature of the establishment. It is commonly held that the Smithsonian is a sort of departmental bureau under Government, where the usual functions of a college or institute of learning are directed ; and in addition to this that constant search is being made for accession to a museum, any thing new or curious being purchased for large and fanciful sums. Nothing could be more incorrect than this popular notion, unless it is the idea also erroneously entertained by a great many that the Institution is supported entirely by the public treasury.

To aid in reforming these wrong impressions, and for the better understanding of the subject among our own people, we take occasion to present the following brief history of the Institution and its founder, together with an epitome of the scope and character of the service rendered by this bequest to mankind.

James Smithson was an Englishman, and personally an utter stranger to our countrymen ; and of him who sought to benefit distant ages by founding in the capital city of the American Union an institution for "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," there is but little definitely known on account of his singularly quiet and reserved life. He was, in fact, the natural son of the Duke of Northumberland ; his mother was a Mrs. Macie, of an ancient family in Wiltshire known as the Hungerfords ; he was educated at Oxford, where he took an honorary degree in 1786 ; he bore the name in that University of James Lewis Macie, but a few years after graduating he adopted that of Smithson, ever after signing himself as James Smithson. He does not appear to have had any fixed or permanent



residence, living at lodgings when in London, and occasionally staying a year or two at a time in cities on the continent, as Paris, Berlin, Florence, or Genoa. In the last-mentioned place he died on the 27th day of June, 1829.

The generous allowance made to him by the Duke of Northumberland, in connection with his retired and simple habits, enabled him to accumulate the fortune which finally passed as the Smithsonian bequest into the trust and treasury of the United States; it is significant in this connection that so far as the political bias of Smithson was concerned he was an advocate of monarchical rather than republican forms of government. Still he was in no sense whatever a partisan; he interested himself very little in questions of government, but was in warm and sympathetic association with scientific men, and as a specialty devoted his mind chiefly to chemistry. He was an active member of the Royal Society of London, and to its proceedings he was a frequent contributor; and also during his visits on the continent he became intimately acquainted with and much esteemed by the eminent chemists of France, Italy, and Germany.

Smithson's shrinking nature would not suggest, much less permit, the approach of portrait painters, nor has he given us any description of his person. There has been found, however, among the personal effects of a deceased nephew's mother a small, delicately executed miniature, probably painted from life, which represents Smithson as a pale, thin man of forty or forty-five, with light-blue, pleasant eyes, a thin-lipped, expressive mouth, and fleecy, yellow hair. His nose is aquiline and prominent, but the enormous folds of the peculiar cravat completely conceal the chin and neck. He does not look to be, in this picture, robust, but rather as one in feeble health. He is recorded as always courteous, but reserved in manner and conversation.

Failing health, coupled with the attainment of three-score years, doubtless caused Smithson to make his last will and testament nearly three years prior to his death, on the 23d of October, 1826. The reader will at once, after perusal, note as a somewhat peculiar fact, that, while the testator is minute in all directions as to the use of the money so long as it is applied to his relative and his servants, yet the terms of the bequest when it shall fall to our Government are singularly brief; indeed, they are terse almost to a fault:—

I, James Smithson, son of Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, heiress of the Hungerfords of Audley and niece of Charles the Proud, Duke of Somerset, now residing in Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, do this 23d day of October, 1826, make this my last will and testament.

I bequeath the whole of my property of every nature and kind soever to my bankers, Messrs. Drummonds of Charing Cross, in trust to be disposed of in the following manner, and do desire of my said executors to put my property under the management of the Court of Chancery.

To John Fitall, formerly my servant, but now employed in the London Docks, and residing at No. 27 Jubilee Place, North Mile End, Old Town, in consideration of his attachment and fidelity to me, and the long and great care he has taken of my effects, and my having done but very little for him, I give and bequeath the annuity or annual sum of £100 sterling for his life, to be paid to him quarterly, free from legacy duty and all other deductions, the first payment to be made to him at the expiration of three months after my death. I have at divers times lent sums of money to Henry Honoré Juilly, formerly my servant, but now keeping the Hungerford Hotel in the Rue Canmartin at Paris, and for which sums of money I have undated bills or bonds signed by him. Now I will and direct, that, if he desires it, these sums of money be let remain in his hands at an interest of five per cent for five years after the date of the present will.

To Henry James Hungerford, my nephew, heretofore called Henry James Dickinson, son of my late brother, Colonel Henry Lewis Dickinson, now residing with Mr. Auboin, at Bourg la Reine, near Paris, I give and bequeath for his life the whole of the income arising from my property of every nature and kind whatever, after the payment of the above annuity, and after the death of John Fitall that annuity likewise, the payments to be at the time the interest or dividends become due on the stocks or other property from which the income arises.

Should the said Henry James Hungerford have a child or children, legitimate or illegitimate, I leave to such child, his or her heirs, executors and assigns, after the death of his, her, or their father, the whole of my property of every kind, absolutely and forever to be divided between them, if there is more than one, in the manner their father shall judge proper, and, in case of his omitting to decide this, as the Lord Chancellor shall judge proper.

Should my nephew Henry James Hungerford marry, I empower him to make a jointure.

In case of the death of my said nephew without leaving a child or children, or of the death of the child or children he may have had under the age of twenty-one years or intestate, I then bequeath the whole of my property, subject to the annuity of £100 to John Fitall, — and for the security and payment of which I mean stock to remain in this country, — to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

I think it proper here to state that all the money which will be standing in the French five per cents at my death in the names of the father of my above mentioned nephew, Henry James Hungerford, and all that in my name, is the property of my said nephew, being what he inherited from his father, or what I have laid up for him from the savings upon his income.

James Smithson (LS.).

In view of the provisions of this will, it must impress the most casual reader that there was not at the time of Smithson's death one chance in a hundred for the United States ever to become possessed



of the property ; that the broad sweep and great license given by the testator to the nephew's possible legitimate or illegitimate children would have speedily raised up in almost every similar case heirs for a half million dollars in gold, which was indeed the plain premium literally offered for such heirs by the express and minutely drawn provisions of this instrument. Moreover, the remarkable brevity of the clause which provides for the establishment at Washington unhesitatingly suggests to mind the thought that Smithson, as he wrote, regarded the matter itself as a barely possible contingency.

John Fitall died in 1834 ; and then Smithson's nephew mentioned in his will, Henry James Hungerford, ended this life at Pisa, June 5, 1835, without children "legitimate or illegitimate ;" and on the 21st day of July, 1835, the executors of the Smithson estate called formal attention to the will by addressing the United States Consul in relation to the subject, and John Forsyth, Secretary of State, laid the correspondence before President Jackson, who in turn called upon Congress, December 17, 1835, to take such action in the matter as should enable the Government to accept the trust and obtain the funds. Much debate ensued, and several bills for the charge of the new fund were offered and laid aside ; finally on the 25th of June, 1836, a Senate resolution was adopted by the House, changed into the form of a bill, which gave the President of the United States power to assert and prosecute the right of the Government to the legacy of James Smithson.

President Jackson was exceedingly happy in selecting Richard Rush as his agent to proceed in person to the English Courts in London ; Mr. Rush received his appointment July 11, 1836, and brought the case to a hearing in Chancery on the 1st day of February, 1837. Throughout the somewhat complicated and tedious details of the trial the good sense of Mr. Rush never deserted him, and his wise action undoubtedly carried the case in favor of our Government ; so that on the 12th of May, 1838, he obtained his decree, though spurious claimants and heirs were beginning to spring up all around as soon as the great value of the estate began to be spoken of in public places. On the 3d of December, 1838, Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, announced in an official report that the legacy bequeathed to the United States by James Smithson, amounting to \$508,318.46, had been received and paid into the Treasury of the United States. It was brought over in English gold to the value

of £ 104,960 8s. 9d., which, recoined at the Mint, produced the sum in our currency above stated.

In 1861 Madame de la Batut, the mother of the nephew of Smithson, died at an advanced age, and the principal of the annuity which was conceded to her in 1836 by Mr. Rush, amounting to \$25,000 gold, with the understanding that it should be added to the bequest of Smithson when she died, was finally in 1864 brought over here in gold coin and sold for \$54,100, currency (gold being then at a premium of 107); this, added to the original bequest, makes the whole sum of the Smithsonian fund \$562,418.46. This money has been and is in the Treasury of the United States as a trust fund, bearing six per cent interest payable to the order of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; and by the provisions of law the principal can never be impaired. Upon the judicious and effective expenditure of this slender income depends the whole working of the establishment.

From the date of the reception of the Smithson fund until the trust was placed by Congress in the care of a Board of Regents, July, 1846, the interest had accrued so that it amounted to the large sum of \$242,129; and this, added to the principal of the bequest, made the sum of \$757,298 as available for the purposes of the testator. The Board of Regents were authorized to adopt a plan and expend upon a building \$242,129, which had accumulated as interest, together with such portions of interest on the original bequest as might remain unexpended in any year. It was however soon discovered that the income of this legacy would be very small in proportion to the demand made upon it in carrying out the several sections of the proposed plan of organization, and in defraying the necessary expenses of an extensive building. The regents therefore, indirectly at first, sought to increase the permanent fund by saving from the accrued and accruing interest the sum of \$150,000; and finally to this purpose they limited the annual expenditure on the building and grounds, and thus saved a portion of the accrued interest, by ordering that the building should not be completed at once, but in the course of a number of years. It was completed in 1857; and owing to an alteration made in favor of fire-proofing a portion of the main edifice, the cost in round numbers was nearly \$300,000. The handsome square of land upon which the structure stands was set aside and reserved especially for the purpose by the Government, and to-day with the matured growth of trees and shrubbery it is the most attractive park in the city of Washington.



The Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution met and held their first session September 7, 1846, and began earnestly to consider the various schemes and projects which were poured in upon them for the true and proper conduct of the establishment confided to their charge. The acute brevity of the terms of the bequest opened wide the door for argument as to what was the real meaning or wish of the testator. This was well exhibited by the several debates in Congress prior to its action in finally constituting a Board of Regents, and leaving the whole matter to them. In the Senate, Rufus Choate argued with eloquent power that a great library was the end and aim of Smithson, while Andrew Johnson in the House contended that the legacy should be expended at once in building schoolhouses in the District of Columbia, and John Quincy Adams held that the establishment of a great observatory was the proper step; and so on in endless phase and variation did the subject pass from mind to mind until it finally rested with the regents as above stated.

December 3, 1846, the first business transaction of the regents resulted in the election by their votes of Professor Joseph Henry, of Princeton, who was at that time a member of the faculty of the College of New Jersey, occupying the chair of Natural Philosophy; the contest was very close and spirited in the Board, and Henry only received just the number of votes necessary to a choice. The attention of the regents was thus favorably directed to Joseph Henry by reason of the singularly clear and comprehensive programme which he, among many others, had submitted to them for the management of the Smithson fund, and the selection of the professor was the tacit acknowledgment by the Board that it proposed to adopt his scheme. This "establishment," the "Regents of the Smithsonian Institution," through the instrumentality of which is directed the faithful application of the legacy of five hundred and forty thousand dollars, is a Board composed of our highest public functionaries for the time being, — the President, the Vice-President, the Chief Justice, and the heads of the six Executive Departments, with the commissioner of the Patent Office; and as the active council of management a Board of fifteen is created, known in the law by the scholastic name of Regents, — one-fifth of them chosen by the Senate, another fifth by the House, and of the remainder two-fifths by the joint action of both legislative chambers.

The Smithsonian method of labor as now conducted is comprised

under three general heads, — namely, its system of publications ; its conduct of foreign exchanges ; and its field of exploration and collection.

The publications of the Institution are of three classes, (1) the "Contributions to Knowledge," (2) the "Miscellaneous Collections," and (3) the "Annual Reports." The first named consists of memoirs containing positive additions to science resting on original research, and which are generally the result of investigations to which the Institution has in some way rendered assistance. The Miscellaneous Collections are composed of works intended to facilitate the study of branches of natural history, meteorology, chemistry, philology, etc., and are designed principally to induce individuals to engage in these studies as specialties. The Annual Reports contain translations from works not generally accessible to American students, reports of lectures, extracts from correspondence, besides an account of the operations, expenditures, and condition of the Institution. The rules observed in distributing these works published by the Institution are substantially as follows : 1. They are presented to learned societies of the first class, which in return give a complete series of their own publications. 2. To libraries of the first class, which give in exchange their catalogues and other publications, or an equivalent from their duplicate volumes. 3. To colleges of the first class, which furnish catalogues of their libraries and of their students, and all other publications relative to their organization and history. 4. To States and territories, provided they give in return copies of all documents published under their authority. 5. To public libraries in this country containing fifteen thousand volumes, especially if no other copies are given in the same place ; and to smaller libraries where a large district would otherwise be unsupplied. 6. To institutions devoted exclusively to the promotion of particular branches of knowledge are given such Smithsonian publications as relate to their respective objects. 7. The annual reports are presented, in short, to all reputable persons who ask for them either in person or by letter.

The proper distribution of these publications of the Smithsonian, comprising as they do to-day over three hundred different works great and small, is a labor that requires much care and the exercise of judicious selection, — the main object in view being to make known the truths which may result from the expenditure of the Smithsonian fund ; and as the twenty three or four huge quarto volumes of the "Contributions" are the most costly of the series as well as the most



valuable, they can only be presented on the express condition that while they are carefully preserved they must be at all times readily accessible to students, and to be returned to the Smithsonian Institution whenever the establishment to which they are given shall cease to exist.

In this generous manner the Smithsonian has presented its own publications, free of expense, to all the first-class libraries of the civilized world, and has rendered them convenient as far as possible to all or any students who are interested in their study. No restriction of copyright is placed upon them, and the truths which they contain are daily finding their way to the eye and the ear of the general public. This action on the part of the Institution has not only served to increase and diffuse knowledge, but it has enhanced the reputation of our own country abroad, and has been largely instrumental in aiding to promote a kindly and sympathetic feeling between the New and the Old World, grateful alike to the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the merchant.

The Smithsonian makes this promise to all persons in this country who are engaged in original research, and who are capable of furnishing additions to the sum of human knowledge, — that the results of their labors when intelligently presented shall be given to the world though the publications of the Institution.

The second great work of increasing and diffusing knowledge among men as carried on here is the extended system of literary and scientific exchange, both foreign and domestic, by which agency thousands of packages of valuable works and specimens are annually transmitted between the most distant societies and individuals free of expense to the senders and the recipients. The pith and point of this labor and service lie in a nutshell; for it is well known that almost all scientific associations, and especially those individuals who are engaged in abstract investigations, are poor in purse, and can ill afford the cost of transportation which falls upon the shipment of books and specimens, — so much so, that, without the help afforded in this direction by the Smithsonian fund, little or no free intercourse or exchange of opinion could exist between savants and investigators, scattered as they are at wide intervals over the face of the globe, where now the tide of communication flows steadily, freely, and pleasantly. This facility of interchange of thought gives an unwonted life and activity in places where heretofore absolutely no spirit whatever had been exhibited.

Year by year the plans of the Institution for this important service have been modified and improved, until the system now stands as nearly complete as the funds and force at its disposal will allow. At the present day it is the great medium of scientific intercommunication between the people of our country and those abroad, its benefits and services being equally recognized by individuals, institutions, and governments; its parcels pass all the custom-houses without question or interference, while American and foreign lines of transportation, with rare exceptions, vie with each other in the extent of privilege accorded it. To so great a degree has its sphere of activity been enlarged, that it is no exaggeration to say that a very large proportion of all international exchanges of the kind referred to are now made through its agency.

At the present time the Institution is prepared to receive, at periods made known by its circulars regularly published in relation to the subject, any books or pamphlets of scientific, literary, or benevolent character which any institutions or individuals in America may wish to present to a correspondent elsewhere, subject only to the condition of being delivered at the Institution in Washington free of cost, and of being accompanied by a duplicate list of the character and contents of the parcels sent. Where any party may have special works to distribute, the Institution is ready to furnish at once a catalogue of suitable recipients. In frequent cases where works of value have been published by the General or State governments, likely to be of great interest and importance to students abroad, application has been made by the Institution for copies, in most cases with success. All articles and volumes when received at the Institution for foreign transmission are assorted by countries and packed into boxes, and these after being properly addressed and invoiced are despatched direct to the several agents of the Smithsonian in London, Paris, Leipsic, and Amsterdam, where the boxes are unpacked and the contents distributed through the proper channels; the returns are received by these agents in the same manner, boxed, forwarded to Washington, and sent therefrom to their destination. All the expenses of packing, boxing, agencies, clerks, freights, etc., are borne by the Institution, with the exception of the local conveyance of single parcels by express or otherwise within the United States.

The third great subdivision of labor is the one most popular, and comprises the attention given to the subject of Natural History and



Ethnology, in the way of organized effort to make and secure large collections. The object of making these large collections is twofold : first, to advance science by furnishing to original investigators, wherever they may reside, new materials for critical study ; and, second, to diffuse knowledge by providing colleges, academies, and other educational institutions with the labelled specimens necessary to give definite ideas of the relations and diversities of the various productions of Nature.

In making these collections it is not the practice of the Institution to heap up specimens upon specimens ; had it done so, it would years ago have been crowded out of the building which it now occupies. The usage, therefore, is carefully to look over every collection, and reserve only type specimens of that which is new to those already on hand, and the remainder is promptly distributed where it will be the most useful to the various colleges, associations, and individuals engaged in special lines of research throughout the country. By this system all the older museums in this land, and many abroad, have been placed under substantial obligation to the Institution ; and the foundation of many new associations of a similar character has been stimulated in this manner. To all colleges and academies making special application labelled specimens have also been presented.

This great distribution of objects of natural history and ethnology differs entirely from the ordinary exchanges conducted between institutions and individuals, which usually involve the return of an equivalent. The view of the Smithsonian Institution is never one of payment in return, but to learn where a particular spare specimen or series of specimens can be placed to the very best advantage of the cause of science, and where it will be most accessible to the largest number of original investigators. Then again, the Smithsonian never buys, or makes any attempt to buy, a collection, no matter how rare or how valuable. The income of the establishment is altogether too slender for the least activity in this direction ; but, fortunately for it, the spontaneous gift and voluntary labor of thousands of unselfish men in this country have poured into the hands of the Institution lavish contributions illustrative of every section of the wide-spread branches of natural history peculiar to the American continent. These collaborators of the Smithsonian Institution are at work now, as they have been for years past, throughout the length and breadth of the Union, — here making a discovery, there a collection ; so that every day brings in results and proceeds from their labor. This gen-

erous action in the cause of science the Institution can only reward by giving annually to these workers full and handsome acknowledgment in its publications.

Such, in brief, is the plan of operations which, after weeding out at the start many errors and imperfections, and prosecuted under some adversity, has produced results which have rendered the name of the Institution favorably known wherever science and literature are cultivated, and which connect it indissolubly with the history of the progress of knowledge in our times. It has promoted astronomy; it has advanced geography; it established the extended system of meteorology, consisting essentially of the operations now conducted by the general government under the Signal-service branch of the War Department; it has promoted the science of geology, and has been largely instrumental in stimulating every branch of physical research, as well as comparative anatomy, zoölogy, and physiology; and it has been exceedingly active in directing attention to American antiquities. These are the fruits of what is called the system of active operations of the Institution, and its power to produce other and continuous results is limited only by the amount of income which can be spared for its cultivation, since each succeeding year offers fresh and important fields for investigation.

The National Museum was established by the Government in 1842, and consists of the specimens collected by the Wilkes Exploring Expedition; it was transferred from the Patent Office to the care of the Smithsonian Institution in 1858, where it has been annually enlarged by all the collections which have since been made by surveying and exploring parties of the several bureaus of the War, Navy, Treasury, and Interior departments and those of the Smithsonian Institution. Congress annually appropriates for the care and preservation of these specimens (which are the direct property of the Government) sums which have been increased gradually from four to twenty thousand dollars per annum, as the Museum has developed; and from this action is derived much of the popular notion that the Smithsonian Institution is directly maintained and supported from the public treasury.

In the original programme of organization provision was made for a library, to be regularly established in the Smithsonian building; but as year succeeded year, the expense of its proper maintenance increased so rapidly with its growth, that even as early as 1853 the income of the Institution was found quite inadequate, and Professor



Henry then made a strong plea for the establishment of a library at Washington which should be worthy of a government whose perpetuity rests upon the virtue and the intelligence of the people. He claimed that the Congressional Library should annually receive such liberal aid from the public treasury as to enable the librarian to purchase extensively, and thus build up a great national bibliothéque; and proposed the transfer to it of the Smithsonian books in trust, to be placed there on deposit subject to call. For, he argued, a large library connected with the Institution, although valuable in itself, and convenient to those who are in the immediate vicinity of the Smithsonian building, yet if accessible when on deposit in the capitol, would not be at all necessary to the active operations of the Institution; for to the greater number of its co-workers and collaborators who are scattered all over the country the importance of a library in its walls is nothing, since the libraries of the whole Union, and in some cases of other countries, are wholly at their service. In pursuance of this thought the Smithsonian Library was finally deposited with that of Congress in 1867,—the latter having not only outstripped all others in this country, but being plainly destined to be the finest and largest library in the New World.

The death of Professor Henry cannot fail to render imperative a few remarks descriptive of the man who has been so intimately associated with the successful progress of the Institution over which he presided and which he directed from the beginning to the hour of his departure from this life, on the 13th of May, 1878, at the age of eighty-one. He was the heir of poverty. Born at Albany, December 17, 1797, he was soon left an orphan, and at an early age had to struggle alone and unaided for a living. By his own efforts he gradually rose from the station of a scantily paid tutor to the favorable notice of the faculty of one of the most flourishing and prominent colleges of the country in that time, and was duly installed as the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the College of New Jersey, at Princeton. From that position, in the full flush of life, he was called to the administration of the Smithsonian fund at the close of the season of 1846; and from that time to the date of his decease his individuality has been the controlling life and spirit of the Smithsonian Institution.

The prompt action of the Board of Regents in unanimously electing Spencer F. Baird as the successor of Joseph Henry gives abundant assurance to the wide-spread friends of the Smithsonian Institution that no impairment of the functions and service of the

establishment will be sustained by the loss of the late secretary. Associated closely as he has been with the Institution during the last twenty-eight years as Assistant Secretary, Professor Baird comes into control ripe in experience, and the possessor of rare personal attributes which have rendered him in the past, as they will do in the future, esteemed and loved among men.

Such in design is the Smithsonian Institution, peculiar to itself, and therefore without a rival in the world. It cannot, as a sphere of intellectual training, have any undue pretence, nor, happily, can it evoke petifogging jealousy. It does not enter into competition with the many admirable schools, academies, and colleges which now adorn the respective States of the Union, nor will it in any manner interfere with their lines of labor and usefulness ; yet it will be a factory and a store-house of knowledge accessible to all the people of this vast Confederacy, its executive, legislative, judicial, civil, military, foreign, and domestic agents. It will be the recipient, too, of such fruits of the labors and such acquisitions of the enterprise and travels of these agents as may contribute to illustrate, explain, and facilitate the public service, or to give precision and vigor to its operations of every kind. Mr. Dallas well said of it, as he laid the corner stone of the Institution, May 1, 1847 : "As a resource and sanctuary for intellect, the Institution can hardly fail to become an object of patriotic pride and attachment, and must be felt as a persuasive inducement to preserve inviolate the Constitution, with whose fate its vow is identified. I will not dwell upon its special claim to the fostering kindness and hospitality of this metropolis. Her citizens doubtless appreciate that justly. By designating Washington for its local habitation the generous testator has summoned the intelligence, the courtesy, and the philanthropy of her inhabitants as auxiliaries to his beneficent project. Already it has added to her social scene a fixed star, whose beams pervade the scientific world ; and ere long this rising temple, consecrated to the highest of human pursuits, KNOWLEDGE, will give fresh attraction and firmness to her destiny." Prophetic words ! which have been more than realized in their eloquent promise by the service rendered during the last three decades.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THERE are two well-defined kinds of legal intellect. One is the creative mind, which develops great principles and new theories, with a profound conviction that precedents must conform ; the other is refining, hair-splitting, acute, strong on points of pleading and practice, relying on precedents, and given to doubts. Of the former class John Marshall is the type, as Lord Eldon is the best example of the second. There is no doubt that the first is the higher order of intellect, and is in its fullest perfection one of the greatest to which humanity can attain ; and it is among this class that the late Judge Curtis<sup>1</sup> takes an eminent position. Mr. Curtis was a great lawyer and jurist. It was his misfortune to have but one judicial and one forensic opportunity when he could display his powers in their fullest extent ; but the dissenting opinion in the Dred-Scott case and the argument in defence of President Johnson leave no doubt of his abilities, or of the place which must be assigned to him in the annals of English law.

There is a delusion not unfrequently encountered in this country, that American lawyers and judges are vastly inferior to their English brethren. They are, it is said, very well in their way, but not fit for comparison with the bar and bench of the mother country. This doctrine is propagated chiefly in schools, by lawyers and professors who are Eldonian in their methods and modes of thought, and to whom the keen and penetrating mind of such a judge as Baron Parke appeals as the highest form of legal intellect much more strongly than the minds of men like Mansfield or Hardwicke. The splendid series of English decisions reaching back for centuries, the long list of illustrious names which have adorned the ranks of English judges, make a deep impression upon any lawyer, and above all upon those whose god is precedent. Such men hold constitutional law very cheap ; and because eminent American judges have been distributed among many tribunals instead of being concentrated upon one imperial bench, they conclude that America has fallen behind England in judicial and legal intellect. Such views are essentially false. In the first place, constitutional law — the organic law by which a people live — is the highest kind of law, if measured by its effect upon the human race. It is true that

<sup>1</sup> A Memoir of Benjamin Robbins Curtis, LL.D. With some of his Professional and Miscellaneous Writings. Edited by his son, Benjamin R. Curtis. 2 Vols. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co. 1879.

it possesses a certain simplicity ; but this arises from the fact that it deals with fundamental principles exclusively, and its real difficulty is demonstrated by the fact that not half-a-dozen men have ever acquired a commanding reputation in this field. In the second place, a careful and dispassionate comparison of American judges, State and National, with those of England will show as much ability on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. The work of American lawyers has been, moreover, much more difficult than that necessary in England in modern times. They had not only to assimilate the great principles which they had inherited with their English blood, but they had to create and develop new branches. In the whole history of English jurisprudence it is safe to say that no single man ever achieved such results as John Marshall. He not only built up and established his court on secure foundations as one of the great co-ordinate departments of Government, defended it against attacks, and made it an object of reverence to a nation, but he evolved a great body of law, and gave to the loose clauses of the Constitution life, force, and meaning. In one word, he created a system of constitutional law. The peer of any English magistrate of any period, he was unequalled in his own generation, and has remained so among those which have succeeded. It is hardly necessary to go beyond Marshall to establish the position of the American bench ; but Story, Kent, Shaw, and Taney will rank with any English judges of the present century.

It is in this goodly company that Judge Curtis must be placed. He was as purely and simply a lawyer as a man could possibly be. His learning was unbounded, and he knew precedents as only a great lawyer can ; but his knowledge never hampered him, and he could steer his way through authorities, and grasp first principles, with unfailing strength and courage. He had, like all great lawyers of the creative kind, a transparent clearness of statement. He was not so hopelessly convincing and unanswerable as Marshall, but he was wonderfully lucid and simple. He was not a great advocate. He might convince a jury, but he could not have swayed their passions and feelings. The scientific and philosophic jurist is, as a rule, too cold, and sees things just as they are too plainly, to have the oratorical temperament, — and Judge Curtis was pre-eminently scientific. He had all the great legal attributes in high measure, — logic, force, originality, perception, and learning. The few opinions given by his biographer show the range and depth of his powers, and every one must hope that the half-promised volume of selections from these professional opinions will soon be given to the public. They will carry more weight and instruction than the great mass of judicial decisions in the reports. Nothing can describe Mr. Curtis as a lawyer better than the famous lines from Denham, so felicitously applied to him by Mr. Sidney Bartlett, we believe, at the meeting of the Boston Bar : —



"Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull, —  
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing full."

We have thus far spoken of Mr. Curtis only as a lawyer, but in comparison with his ability and eminence his life was singularly uneventful ; so much so, that, even with many pages devoted to legal opinions and arguments, the one volume of biography seems to stretch the subject to its utmost limits. He eschewed literature and oratory, and confined himself wholly to his chosen profession. The current of his life flowed strongly and evenly onward from the moment when he first entered a court-room, without any dramatic incidents, but with the calm, full force of one of his own arguments. Judge Curtis was, of course, eminently conservative by temperament, and had moreover a strong distaste for public office ; but his reputation was so high that on one or two occasions he felt called upon to use his influence in politics. In this field he does not appear to the same advantage as in that of law. Some of the very qualities which made him a great lawyer prevented his being a great statesman. He grasped principles with extraordinary firmness, but the variable thing called humanity he did not fully comprehend. A lawyer may be very great, and deal only with principles ; but a statesman must deal with abstract principles and with concrete passions and sentiments as well. Theodore Parker declared from the pulpit that he would kill the man who sought to reduce him to slavery with as little compunction as he would a mosquito. Mr. Curtis in a cool, hard, logical speech at Faneuil Hall branded this as the wild utterance of a fanatic. So it was, perhaps ; but it was also the utterance of a profound truth, and went down to the very roots of being in the English race. The anti-slavery agitation was wholly repugnant to Mr. Curtis. No reasoning, he felt, could bring any attack upon slavery within the limits of the Constitution. Here again, though he may have been correct as a lawyer, he failed as a statesman. He did not see that human slavery was doomed ; that it was in dire opposition to the spirit of the age, and above all of America ; and that its ultimate abolition was a mere question of time. He failed to see that the one thing for conservative and law-abiding men to do was not to attempt to arrest the anti-slavery movement by throwing the Constitution across its path, but to guide and control it, and bring it within the Constitution so far as possible. A peaceable solution could have been attained in this way alone, if reached at all. An unyielding constitutional resistance only made the movement fiercer, and endangered the Constitution itself.

Mr. Curtis's pamphlet against the Emancipation proclamation and the suspension of the *habeas corpus* illustrates the same form of mind. No doubt it is better to make war constitutionally than unconstitutionally ; but war will always be carried on with a view to success. Mr. Lincoln's interpretation of the Constitution may have been utterly wrong ; but when he

declared that his power to issue the Emancipation proclamation was one pertaining to the commander-in-chief, he spoke as a statesman and not as a lawyer. He preferred to take the power in this way, as in seeming at least a constitutional power; but he knew that at bottom it was a question of expediency, and that if in his opinion it had become necessary, then he would assume it, Constitution or no Constitution, for the sake of the Nation. It was well to have such a President; and it was also well to have a citizen with the weight of character, learning, ability, and unflinching loyalty of Judge Curtis, who was ready publicly to oppose excited popular passions because he thought the people in "danger of losing their ideas." To prevent their "loss of ideas," to speak out for the Constitution in the stress of civil war, was a splendid service and peculiarly fitted to a great lawyer. It is much to be wished that it had been repeated oftener since the close of the war, of which one of the worst legacies has been the "loss of ideas." The same attachment to the Constitution and readiness to stake all in its behalf, and in the behalf of sound law, was manifested in the Dred-Scott case, when Judge Curtis opposed the slave-holding doctrine and policy, which had affected even the Supreme Court. The inside history of that great case is fully revealed in this biography, and renders the blunder of the decision more glaring than ever. Probably no dissenting opinion ever produced an equal effect at the time, or has been more fully justified afterwards, than that pronounced on this occasion by Judge Curtis; and it is needless to add that very few indeed have been so masterly.

We have criticised Judge Curtis as a statesman more for the purpose of showing his cast of mind than for any thing else; but it is not as a statesman that he will be remembered. His name will go down to posterity as that of one of the very first of American jurists, and will be inseparably connected with the Constitution which he expounded and defended.

THE title of this neat looking volume<sup>1</sup> is somewhat misleading. We might well expect from it a summary of the progress of Darwinism up to the last accounts, if not indeed some new developments fresh from headquarters. Nor would it be extravagant to look for an original contribution by the accomplished author, in support or in modification of an hypothesis which he does not accept blindly or without his own reservations. In fact, however, "Darwinism" occupies only about one-fifth of the book, and consists of four short pieces already published, if we mistake not, as popular lectures or magazine articles briefly elucidating or defending Mr. Darwin's doctrine. They are very good reading, and may be safely commended to the attention of those who have not read or heard them before.

<sup>1</sup> Darwinism and other Essays. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B., formerly lecturer on Philosophy, instructor in History, and assistant-librarian at Harvard University. London & New York: Macmillan & Co. 1879. pp. viii. + 283.



The "other essays" treat of a future life as discussed by a "Modern Symposium" in the "Nineteenth Century"; of Chauncey Wright; of Table-tipping; of Mr. Buckle; of the Races of the Danube; of Mr. Fiske's work as assistant librarian at Cambridge.

The longest of them, — that on Mr. Buckle, an early production of Mr. Fiske's, with a later postscript, — it might have been as well to omit. Mr. Buckle sleeps well after his indigestion of note-books, and it is hardly worth while to disturb his slumbers at this time.

Of the rest the most interesting to us is that upon Chauncey Wright; of whom Mr. Fiske, his friend and admirer, is well entitled to speak. On one point indeed, — the relation of Wright as a consistent Positivist to the metaphysics of Mr. Herbert Spencer, — he speaks with unequalled authority. Mr. Wright, it seems, rejected as utterly unscientific Mr. Spencer's doctrine that assumptions which we cannot help making are therefore true. Beliefs, he seems to have considered, which have no better foundation than our *feeling* that they are irresistible must be always precarious; for although they may be the product of foregoing experience, yet we have no warrant that future experience will resemble the past. To this argument Mr. Fiske makes the "crushing" retort, that, since our experience is all we have, we cannot apply any other standard to the future. This seems to us like saying that the ocean cannot be any deeper than the reach of our sounding-line. But Mr. Fiske's strength seems to lie in the direction of lucid exposition and illustration of the doctrines he espouses, rather than in the invention of arguments for their support.

THREE more volumes, lately published, complete Mr. Gladstone's "Gleanings of Past Years."<sup>1</sup> If the four preceding volumes left the wisdom of this gathering together of forgotten papers at all in question, it is certain that no such question can arise as to this latest instalment. It was decidedly not worth while to put again before the public a series of rather dull essays which have, for longer or shorter periods, been relegated to their natural resting-place in the domains of oblivion. Polemics and theology have a very unfortunate fascination for Mr. Gladstone, and it is to be feared that his vanity would be a little hurt if he should ever learn how few persons will have the desire or the patience to follow him through all his lucubrations concerning the Anglican Church. Here we have a treatise on the aspect of the Church in 1843, a discussion of the doctrine of the royal supremacy in respect of the Church of England, remarks on the functions of laymen in the Church, a prolonged discussion concerning ritualism, and a sketch of the Evangelical movement. If such topics really attract many readers in England, at least they can hardly be expected to do so in the United States, — concerning the religious condition of which latter country, by the way, Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Gleanings of Past Years. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Vols. V., VI., VII. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gladstone displays once or twice a lamentable ignorance. It is to be hoped that he knows more of the sacred institutions of Italy, or his article on "Italy and her Church" can hardly be accepted as authoritative. The "Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order" is another quasi-religious article, in which Homer plays, of course, a prominent part; and this same poor old bard, whom Mr. Gladstone can never allow to rest, is dragged in as it were by the ears, and quite without justification, in an article concerning the Bill for Divorce, written in 1857. An article entitled "A Chapter of Autobiography" has an attractive title, but is deceptive. It is only an explanation and defence of Mr. Gladstone's change of views concerning the Irish Church Establishment. There is a great deal of grandiose writing, by way of introduction to the main question, which is a little tedious and quite superfluous. We all know that the lapse of many years will often cause an honest change of opinion in a statesman as well as in other people, and no one needs to have the possibility of such a phenomenon elaborately proved. Bismarck has lately met a similar crisis in his own life in a very different way. "Before I was of my present opinion," he said, "I was as ignorant and mistaken as are those who still hold my former views." But Mr. Gladstone is not a Bismarck!

THIS is a re-print of a biography<sup>1</sup> published for the first time nearly twenty-five years ago, and which long since disappeared from the shelves of the bookseller. In forming an opinion as to the character of the work it is necessary to bear this fact in mind; for if it were a new publication it would be justly open to criticisms, which, in view of the real date of its birth, ought not in fairness to be made. The subject of the biography and the biography itself both belong to an earlier and very different generation from the present, and for this very reason possess an attraction and a value which would otherwise be lacking. When Sergeant S. Prentiss lived, the style of American oratory was rhetorical and flowery to a degree which to-day seems almost oppressive to our severer taste; and when his brother George wrote his life, the exaggerated fashion of the day exhausted itself in providing a boundless supply of the most poetical and beautiful adjectives. Thus all Mr. Prentiss's speeches were miracles, and the audience was always either "ravished" or "electrified" as the case might be; his wretched opponents encountered such signal discomfitures as could have properly ended only in suicide, and he himself enjoyed a uniform course of triumphs which would have appalled the vanity of Cicero.

In fact, after all this rank growth of exaggeration has been eliminated there remains a man of striking character and great ability, a typical member of a picturesque and now obsolete society. Though a New Englander by birth, Prentiss migrated at an early age to the South-west. During his best

<sup>1</sup> A Memoir of S. S. Prentiss. Edited by his brother. Two vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



years he was a citizen of Mississippi, but a short time before his death he again changed his residence to Louisiana. His public career was very limited ; a service for a few years in the Mississippi legislature is hardly worthy of mention, and he was in the National House of Representatives for only one term. Yet in another sense of the word he was always before the eye of the people, and his fame was deservedly great in every part of the Union. By profession a lawyer, and at first rather resolutely eschewing politics, he was ere long inevitably drawn, by native fitness, into political life. He was one of the readiest, most fluent, and most effective stump-speakers who have ever raised that calling to a really high level. Of a temperament singularly combining the cool self-possession of the Northerner with the quick ardor of the Southerner, he at once escaped the danger of being disconcerted, and carried his audience always heartily with him. His oratory was, as has been said, far too high-flown for the fashion of to-day, but his power and strength are still abundantly felt through the superfluous ornamentation. His influence in the society in which he moved was invariably exerted well and wisely ; he shared the faults of the men of that section and generation sufficiently to prevent their losing sympathy with him, yet he was in advance of them on nearly all questions of social and political morality. Thus it happened that he was able to do, and that he actually did, an immense amount of good. His assaults upon the doctrine of Repudiation of State indebtedness, when that villany first found successful advocates about the year 1844, command unlimited admiration. He had sufficient intelligence and independence to see and declare the gross political unfitness of General Jackson for any high position in civil life, when only a small minority could be found to agree with him. He was a moderate, sensible Whig, though falling too much beneath the magic personal influence of Mr. Clay.

The book presents a tolerably graphic picture of a rude, pioneer society, claiming to be highly-civilized and aristocratic, and yet instinct with the turbulent and lawless traits of a border State. Prentiss was humorous, quick at repartee, spirited and outspoken. Many an anecdote and adventure, amusing, exciting, or picturesque, are to be found scattered among these pages. Once we are entertained by the tale of an actual encounter of fisticuffs which occurred in the court-room between Prentiss and the opposing counsel, one C——. The judge had sufficient sense of decency to order them both into custody till the next morning. Mr. C—— undertook in a rather truckling way to squirm out of the difficulty in which he found himself ; but Prentiss, rising with an air of great gravity and profound concern, apologized briefly and said, " But great as my offence has been, I hope that your Honor will not so far degrade me as to have me confined in the same cell with Mr. C——." The officers and spectators indulged in unlimited merriment at this escapade, in which the judge, who evidently thought that he had sufficiently sustained his dignity, could not refrain from joining. There are many

stories much better than this, which we have not room to reproduce, and many entertaining glimpses of the public men of that day. A tale of a convivial meeting, at which one of the genial comrades threw a champagne bottle at the head of Mr. Webster, is not the less interesting because somewhat outside the stately domain of formal history.

THE GRACCHI, MARIUS AND SULLA, by Mr. A. H. Beesly, continues the "Epoch" series of historical works reprinted by the Scribners. We have had occasion already to comment favorably upon other books of this series, and the present volume keeps well up to the general level of excellence. It is devoted to that most interesting of periods in Roman history which Mommsen, upon whose work this is based, calls the beginning of the Empire. The form of the Republic lived on for more than a century, but that which had given it its strength, the harmonious working of the various elements in the population, was gone. In place of it had come violent party hatreds and the rule of demagogues. Among these the most prominent were the four whose names form the title of the present work.

The author, while confessing that his narrative rests mainly upon the works of Mommsen and Long, professes to have carefully examined all of the original authorities bearing on this period, and to have often formed conclusions widely differing from those of his predecessors. An instance of this is his unbounded admiration for Tiberius Gracchus, and his defence of him for a plain violation of constitutional forms in order to accomplish a higher purpose. But it seems to us an unnecessary piece of hero-making, because at Rome the Constitution was expressly made elastic enough to meet every need of politics, provided only the people were ready for a change. Nothing was more unwise for a Roman statesman than to burden his cause at the outset with a breach of the law; and it is from the point of view of a law-loving people that Gracchus must be judged. The analysis of the agrarian troubles, which culminated in the enormous increase of great estates and of slave labor, is particularly neat and serviceable. Indeed, all that relates to the changes of the Constitution is made remarkably clear. We notice with especial pleasure the absence of the very common English tendency to Anglicize technical phrases, and thereby to take the spirit out of that which is most characteristic in a foreign tongue. Not quite so free is our author from another eminently English fault,—that of viewing men and measures from the standpoint of the "good man." The amiable character of the Gracchi and the cold-blooded policy of Sulla enter too largely into the consideration of their political measures. There is but one standard for the true historian, and that is the standard of the time in which the men lived whose actions he is judging. Again, we miss any systematic reference to the sources of information, and a map or two of Italy and Greece would have been far more serviceable than the two little cuts representing the movements of the armies at the battle of Chaeronea.



## RECENT ENGLISH BOOKS.

TWENTY years ago, the concerns of Sir James Brooke and his government of Sarāwak were brought very prominently before the English people ; and there is even now sufficient interest in that distant country and its former ruler to warrant fully a biography — “The Life of Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarāwak,” by Spencer St. John, F.R.G.S., author of “Life in the Forests of the Far East” (William Blackwood & Sons) — by one who knew Sir James Brooke well, and who for some time acted as private secretary to the Rajah. On the whole, Mr. St. John writes in a fair and commendable spirit when treating of debatable questions. Of course, on the question of Sir James Brooke’s dealings with the Borneo pirates the author is thoroughly at one with the Rajah, and against Mr. Gladstone. It is not our intention here to reopen that case, but if we did so it would be found that there is a great deal to be said from the point of view taken by Mr. Gladstone. The chief value of this biography lies in the fact that it is a plain and unvarnished history of a man who was in some respects remarkable, and whose administration of the affairs of Sarāwak entitles him to rank with sage and competent rulers. Moreover, as Mr. St. John observes, notwithstanding all that has been written, little is yet popularly known of Borneo, or of Sarāwak as one of its most important divisions. We are here taken through the troubles incident upon the Chinese insurrection and many of their episodes. The author, speaking of Chinese colonists, describes them as the mainstay of every country in the far East ; “but they carry with them an institution which may have its value in ill-governed countries, but which in our colonies is an unmitigated evil, — namely, their secret societies.” Sir James Brooke had a serious brush with them, but as they were not a formidable enemy he quickly overpowered them. With regard to the results of the Chinese insurrection in 1857, although upwards of three thousand five hundred men were killed or driven from the country, the revenue from the Chinese actually increased shortly afterwards, — a fact demonstrating the extensive system of smuggling which had been carried on. Sarāwak embraces a territorial area of some 28,000 square miles. Kuching, the capital, has a population numbering 20,000, and the estimated population of the whole country, according to the latest consular report, is 222,000. The government is a mild despotism, the Rajah being the absolute head of the State and wielding a power analogous yet superior to

that wielded by a colonial governor in a Crown colony of spontaneous and independent action. The criminal law is framed and generally administered upon the basis of English law. Slavery in the State has been reduced to the narrowest limits at present possible, and the export and import of slaves is peremptorily forbidden under severe penalties, and is conscientiously checked. The people could, under necessity, turn out about twenty-five thousand warriors. With regard to the cost of government, the civil list of the Rajah is very small. As remarked in the consular report, "it is not every government that on a yearly revenue of £40,000 sterling would be enabled effectively to rule 25,000 square miles of territory, with a population of over two hundred thousand souls; to keep up a respectable standing military force; to garrison and maintain fourteen forts; to pay a competent staff of European officers and native authorities; to maintain three gunboats; to protect commerce and agriculture; and generally to guarantee safety to life and property within its limits." We must refer those who wish to know more about Sarāwak, and all that Sir James Brooke did for it in improving and strengthening its position as a State, to Mr. St. John's interesting biography. The author has certainly produced a very readable book, and one not too fulsome in its praise of its subject, — a fault which mars so many biographies.

Miss Braddon has written her thirty-fifth novel, "The Cloven Foot" (John and Robert Maxwell). Time was when the publication of a novel by Miss Braddon was quite an event in literature; for while everybody pronounced her stories naughty, everybody religiously read them. But since then novel readers have multiplied tenfold, and the number of writers who produce novels has also increased tenfold. Now the tone of many of Miss Braddon's fictions cannot be in anywise commended, but she is unquestionably one of the most readable of authors. Even with regard to the present story, although we knew as well as possible all the tricks of the stage, and felt of a surety what was coming, we were interested in the book down to the last page. The character who supplies the title to this novel — a washed-out young poet who apes Swinburne — is a contemptible specimen of humanity, whose machinations come to nought, and whose evil devices return upon his own head. There are several other characters of the real Braddon type, while the plot, if not strikingly original, is sufficiently entertaining. The author's peculiar powers certainly show little symptom of flagging as yet.

There seems a strong feeling at present among English readers in favor of short books giving the pith of the history of great men and great movements. The series of English classical writers published under the auspices of Mr. John Morley is now supplemented by another series, entitled "The New Plutarch," under the editorship of Mr. Besant. The editor's own contribution ("Gaspard de Coligny," by Walter Besant, M.A., — Marcus



Ward & Co.) to this series is an excellent specimen of the true method of writing biography. While not neglecting the man (some may think Mr. Besant even too unmeasured in his praise of the noble French Admiral), the writer gives us a succinct statement of the condition of French Protestantism in his times. He justly regards the murder of the great Admiral Coligny on the day of Bartholomew, 1572, as giving the death-blow to the French Reformation. We hope, however, that his blood, and the blood of other French martyrs, has not been spent altogether in vain, as Mr. Besant fears. It is not too late yet for another Protestant revival in France, when the present wave of scepticism shall have passed away, and the superstitions of Roman Catholicism shall relax their hold upon the people. We must quote the author's description of the man who exacted even the admiration of Brantôme and others opposed to him in religion: "There is no grander figure in the sixteenth century," observes Mr. Besant, "than that of the great Admiral. One thinks of him as grave, but not stern; severe in speech, simple in life, but no bigot; sadly working at what lies before him to be done, yet always hoping for better things; trusted by all alike, friend and foe; trusting all in turn, save when he could trust no longer; always believing the best of everybody; never afraid, never cast down, never losing his hold on faith, hope, and charity; his mind continually full of high and lofty things." This exalted view of Coligny's character is fully borne out by contemporary evidence. If every work in this series should prove to be written with the same evident conscientiousness and ability as Mr. Besant's, they will be so many valuable and convenient additions to the general stock of knowledge upon the important topics of which they treat.

Two novels of unusual power have just appeared. The first of these, "Children's Children," by Alan Muir (Smith, Elder, & Co.), is, as regards the character of its plot, entirely different from all the novels we have recently read. Of its originality there can be no question; and its author, who is new to the world of fiction, should be heard from again — next time, it is to be hoped, with a pleasanter basis for his story. His present novel, concerned with two generations of Boltons, opens with the death of their progenitor, a singular being, and one permeated by a hatred of all religion. When on his death-bed he thus addresses that distinguished divine, Dr. Spout: "I remember on one occasion you told us in St. Dunstan's chapel that an unbeliever could not die in peace. What do you say now? Will you have the honesty to correct that statement publicly next Sunday? I am as much at peace as any dying man can be, — more so than many of your saints." Bolton leaves behind him two sons and a daughter. The former are almost disinherited; the latter receives not only her father's wealth, but undertakes to carry on the campaign against all shams and against religion. She resolves upon making the son of her elder brother,

Penruddocke Bolton, a man after the image and likeness of his grandfather, and she bends all her energies to developing in him all her hard theories. The daughter of her younger brother, whom she has vainly tried to buy from the dying father by a heavy bribe, grows up to be one of the noblest and most beautiful of women, with a firm Christian belief, a childlike trust in God. The virtues and graces of this child Diana Bolton is herself compelled to acknowledge, while the youth of her own adoption develops into the most selfish and sensual of beings. This direct result of the inculcation of her own principles completely breaks down the scoffing atheist and egoist, and she commits suicide in an appalling manner. Unpleasant as this plot is, the moral of the book is a most important one, while the several characters are drawn with singular vividness and individuality.

The second work of fiction, "Madge Dunraven," by the author of "The Queen of Connaught" (Bentley & Son), fully sustains a reputation made a few years ago at a bound by a novel of Irish life and character. The author, Miss Harriet Jay, has a keenly observant eye, and a powerful and picturesque pen. Her new work is a love-story of great interest, in which there are not lacking exciting and pathetic situations. It opens in Ireland, but the scene is quickly shifted to England, where it remains until the close. Madge Dunraven is a fine type of the high-spirited Irish girl, whose affections are deep and constant. By way of contrast to her is the cold and selfish Rosamond Leigh, an aristocratic English beauty of the Lady Clara Vere de Vere order. She enthrals Madge's cousin Conn by the splendor of her charms; but love has no place in her being, and she leaves him apparently to die under a charge of murder, when one word from her would have procured his release. Fortunately, at the last moment, Conn is saved by the interposition of the real murderer, who is drawn to confess his crime out of regard for the heart-broken Madge. This novel is strong both in plot and character. No reader who has once broken the ice over it, and become introduced to the *dramatis personæ*, can refrain from following the fortunes of the heroine and her friends to their conclusion. The book has a good tone, though there is nothing weak or vapid about it; on the contrary, it is written throughout with unusual vigor and spirit.

End of Volume















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The International review

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